

Longmans' Colonial Library

GATHERING CLOUDS

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF ST. CYPRIAN



FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D.

DEAN OF CANTERBURY

AUTHOR OF 'DARKNESS AND DAWN,' ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.



823
For

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

LONDON, NEW YORK, AND BOMBAY

1896

[All rights reserved]

This Edition is intended for circulation only in India and
the British Colonies

O:3 M311:2

CG.2

99989m

L

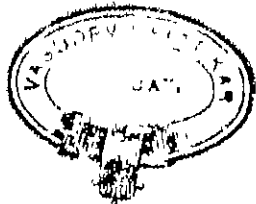


BOOK III

A CHAOS OF HATREDS

Omai convien che tu così ti spoltro,
Disse il macatro; chò seggendo in pluma
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre.
DANTE, *Inf.* xxiv. 40-48.

'Now needs thy best of man'—so spake my guide—
'For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, heaven is won.'



CHAPTER XXXVII

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

The wicked spirit, which at that time had gained possession of the
amirs of men, — ZOSIMUS.

WE cannot, for some time, see Walamir again, or live among the Goths. We must remain in the stifling, corrupted city, amidst its meanness, its hatreds, its ecclesiasties, its society seething with cabals, its Court rank with intrigues, its base, manifold corruptions of the world, the devil, and the flesh.

The longer Chrysostom remained at work, the more pronounced of necessity became his antagonism to the gross worldliness of a purely nominal Christianity. Unfortunately, in his struggle with it his unflinching honesty of purpose did not save him from errors of judgment; did not enable him always to see things in their due perspective, nor to deal with them in the most effective and the least exasperating way. Already the main body of the clergy were his deadly enemies, especially the noisiest and the most domineering of them, and those who arrogated the right to speak for themselves, and for what they called 'the Church,' by which they never meant anything but the cliques who shared their own 'views.' A little group of the best among the ecclesiastics was devoted to him. Men like the bright and earnest Palladius, Bishop of Helenopolis; men like the venerable and original Synesius, as long as he remained in Constantinople; men like St. Cassian, who ultimately founded the great monastery of St. Victor at Marseilles; good presbyters like Germanus, the friend and relative of Cassian, and so closely linked with him in friendship that they were said to have but one soul in two bodies; sincere enthusiasts and disciplinarians like Serapion the Archdeacon and the Presbyter

Tigrius — knew his saintliness, recognised his great intellect and incomparable worth. But he was feared and hated by the majority: by the great mass of loose, greedy, and fiercely dogmatic monks, led by their Archimandrite, Isaac; by the too numerous bishops who neglected their sees for their greed or ambition; by the great mass of the clergy, who would not be parted from their youthful *agapetæ*, or give up their cringing to the wealthy and powerful; and by all the sham widows, and sham virgins, and sham deaconesses, who arrogated to themselves the reverence of sainthood by virtue of the distinctive dress, which served them at once as a passport to delightful freedom and as a broadened phylactery of pretentious profession. All these detested him with that bitterest kind of virulence which the world calls 'theological,' and recognises as not to be paralleled among secular circles.

As for the world of fashion and wealth, at first it did not make up its mind whether to crush Chrysostom or to patronise him. It soon found the latter course impossible. His warnings were so unmistakable in their plainness, so direct in their aim, so unique in their severity, that they could not be classed among the other thousand utterances of vapid pulpit rhetoric, which were generally understood to mean nothing in particular. This man was not indulging in the language of professional conventionality. It was quite clear that he meant what he said, and that he would act up to it. For he was not content with idle denunciation, or with talk which might be regarded as suitable enough for St. Sophia, but might be safely ignored in ordinary life. On the contrary, he declared in the most solemn manner that he would excommunicate the worst offenders, and that he would repel from the Holy Table those who obstinately refused to listen to his warnings and to reform their habits.

Preachers in all ages have attacked particulars of dress. St. Jerome was so much disgusted with the innovation of Roman ladies in sprinkling their hair with gold dust that he calls it 'reddening their locks with flames of Gehenna.' Mediæval preachers used to attack the custom of wearing peaked boots. It is not, perhaps, wise to enter on such vain crusades. Fashions are but symptoms of pass-

ing vanity and folly, and their removal would not mean the cure of the disease. Chrysostom, however, thought it right to discourage and ridicule the silk-embroidered boots of young men, which were the marks of the most elaborate dandyism. He drew scornful pictures of these youthful dandies carefully picking their way through the streets so as not to soil their precious shoes. 'Boots,' he said, 'were made to be soiled. If your boots are so gorgeous, why don't you take them off and wear them on your heads? You laugh, but I feel more inclined to weep over your follies.'

It was a more serious matter to kindle against himself the wrath of the worst part of the female world, but Chrysostom thought it his duty to attack the custom of wearing fringes. To us this might seem unworthy of his good sense; but in all such matters we cannot judge unless we are able to transfer ourselves to the habits of thought which prevail in other lands and other countries. In the East, from time immemorial, it had been regarded as worse than unbecoming for a woman to have her hair uncovered in public, and especially in sacred places. St. Paul himself shared this view. He approved of the Oriental prejudice which, in spite of the custom of Greece, forbade a woman to have her hair uncovered 'because of the angels.' If a woman appeared with unveiled head, it was believed that the evil spirits, the Shedim, the impure demons, immediately alighted and sat upon it. The belief continued in the days of Mahomet. Khadijah tested whether it really was Gabriel or not who appeared to the Prophet, by taking off her veil; whereupon Gabriel immediately retired, which an evil spirit would not have done. In Byzantine pictures the hair of the Virgin Mary is, as a rule, carefully concealed. The same practice continues among the Eastern Jews to this day. At Constantinople itself the abandonment of the *chalebi*, a hideous female headdress of the East, was held to be a sufficient reason to account for the advent of the cholera along the coasts of the Bosphorus.

But, apart from this ancient conviction, the wearing of a fringe of hair on the forehead had hitherto been the recognised sign of women of bad character. It seemed to

Chrysostom a shameless thing that women professing to be Christians should have the effrontery—for so he regarded it—to appear in church in a guise which seemed to defy public propriety. In public and in private he spoke of this practice with angry and disdainful sarcasm.

Superannuated coquettes who aimed at juvenility of dress and manner were Chrysostom's pet abhorrence; and, unfortunately for him, the leaders of female fashion at Constantinople in his day were three ladies of high rank, of luxurious manners, of enormous possessions, and of a worldly morality which was in no way disturbed by ecclesiastical scrupulosities of outward observance. They excited his severest reprobation. They were Marsa, Castricia, and Epigrapbia, and all three were now widows, which to Chrysostom—accustomed to the unaffected piety and genuine devotion of his mother, Anthusa—made their behaviour seem the more detestable. Marsa was the widow of the general Promotus, who had been suppressed and put to death by the jealousy of Rufinus. Theodosius had taken pity on her two children, and they had been educated with his sons Arcadius and Honorius. Besides this high title to social distinction, Marsa was, on the mother's side, a cousin of the Empress. Thus, she was the unquestioned leader of fashion among the ladies of the capital.

Castricia had only recently been left a widow by the death of the brave Consular, Saturninus, who had probably died during the exile to which he had been doomed by the jealousy of Gainas. We know nothing more of her than that she closely resembled her two friends.

The worst of the three, by unanimous testimony, was Epigrapbia. In exact proportion as Chrysostom honoured a widow who, like Olympias, was a widow indeed, he felt repelled by a widow who, forgetful of her loss, cared only for the pleasures of the world, and gave rise to grave scandal by her light demeanour. Epigrapbia threw open her house promiscuously to all the clergy of worldly habits and dubious antecedents, and also to women whose character was known to be the reverse of estimable. Added to this, the way in which she tried to look young by the resuscitation of her faded charms was, to an ardent ascetic like Chrysostom, an intolerable folly.

It was this pulpit denunciation which would, to these ladies, seem directly personal, since the glance of the orator fell directly upon them as they sat in their prominent gallery, in proximity to the ambo from which he spoke. Worse than this, the surging multitude which always thronged St. Sophia to be thrilled by the Patriarch's eloquence belonged mainly to the poorer classes; and though the populace of Constantinople was not quite so giddy as that of Antioch, yet there were many among them whose levity led them to turn their laughing eyes towards the wealthy widows, and emphasise the points of the sermon by meaning smiles in their direction.

Nor was Chrysostom satisfied with public references. The three aristocratic ladies were the chief offenders, and he held it his duty to pay them a pastoral visit, and try the effect of personal remonstrance, urged with all the weight of his high authority.

He went first to the house of Epigraphia; and as this cabal of female intriguers formed their most common rendezvous in her gossip-mongering drawing-room, he found them sitting together, and, as it happened, talking of him with the bitterest anger, at the very moment that he was announced.

'They tell me,' said Marsa—

But the precious piece of scandal derived from 'They say'—who is always much more than half a liar—was for the present lost, for at this moment the slave, with a deep bow, announced 'His Beatitude the Patriarch John of Constantinople.'

The three ladies rose, and, according to the universal custom, knelt and kissed his hand; but in other respects their reception of him was ostentatiously frigid.

Chrysostom had not come to bandy compliments, and, being incessantly occupied, he could never afford to waste time. Without an allusion to the weather or the movements of the Court, he said at once that he had come for the express purpose of reproving them. He considered their dress in every sense unbecoming to their age and widowhood.

'Our dress,' said Marsa, coldly, 'is our own concern.

What can an ecclesiastic and a semi-anchorite like you know about a lady's dress?"

"Our dear Patriarch Neotarius honoured us with his respect and friendship," said Castricia. "In *his* day we were not subjected to these annoyances and insults."

"It would be much better," said Epigraphia, "if you confined yourself to your episcopal duties. We do not all choose to go about as if we were beggars, like Olympias and Salvina."

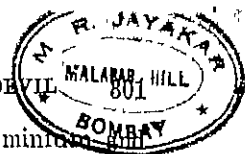
"I do not speak to you in my own name," said the Patriarch gravely. "You know the words of the great Apostle, St. Peter: 'Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and putting on of gold, and wearing of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.' Look at your dresses! Pagan ladies wear their robes of gauze woven with such scenes as the labours of Hercules. Yours, I see, are embroidered with the story of the Paralytic, and other scenes of the Gospels. Do you think that you honour Christ by carrying into the Circus, the Theatre, and all scenes of sin and frivolity, the stories of His Gospel? Oh that rather you would carry Him in your hearts!"

"Now that shows the difference between you and a truly courteous bishop like Severian," said Marsa. "When he saw us this morning in these very robes, he said, with a gracious smile: 'The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold, she shall be brought in to the King in raiment of needlework.'"

"You are not young Jewish virgins at a great nuptial ceremony. You are aged widows."

"Aged!" almost shrieked Epigraphia, while the other two winced visibly. Turning her back on the Archbishop, she said, with as much rudeness as she could possibly throw into her voice and attitude: "Pray, is your Beatitude a milliner? We dress in accordance with our rank and our own tastes, and you may rely upon it that, in spite of your horrid remarks, we shall continue to do so."

"And shall you," he asked, "persist also in wearing your hair in curled fringes over your foreheads to the general



scandal, and in painting your cheeks with minium, and dyeing your eyes with antimony, to support the illusion of pretended youth?'

'This is a mere outrage,' said Epigraphia, rising in a tornado of spleen. 'Be assured that the Emperor shall know of it. Marsa will inform her cousin, the Empress, and she will protect us henceforth from these insults.'

'To reprove is not to insult,' said Chrysostom, rising. 'But since you will none of my reproof, I must say to you, in the words of the prophet Isaiah: "Take heed, ye women that are at ease; hear my words, ye careless daughters." Until I see in you less worldliness, and more proofs of a life such as becomes widows professing godliness, I must close the doors of the Sacrament against you, and will not admit you to Holy Communion.'

'There are other churches in Constantinople besides St. Sophia,' said Marsa.

'If by that you mean the churches of heretics,' said Chrysostom, 'the guilt be on your own soul. I have but done my duty. Would that in departing I could give you my episcopal blessing; but it would be a mockery to-day.'

'We do not desire it,' said Epigraphia; 'we should prefer to be without it. And I trust,' she added, with a low eurtsey, 'that your Religiosity will not trouble yourself with another visit. If you do, you may chance to find the door closed against you.'

He bowed and left them. Isaac the Monk visited them a few moments later. He passed Chrysostom unnoticed, except by a scowl, and entered, filling the room with the scent of his carefully curled, essenced, and gilded hair. He found the three widows fuming in almost speechless rage. He heaped upon their wrath the fuel of every bitter calumny against the Archbishop of which he could think, and went out rubbing his hands, in the joyful conviction that his day of vengeance would soon be near.

But it was not only with male dandyism or female coquetry that Chrysostom became embroiled. It was with the whole world of wealth. He was naturally shocked by the contrast between boundless possessions squandered in vain ostentation, and poverty which had no

refuge for sickness, and knew not where to provide a meal. Convinced of the brevity of life and the smallness of man's needs, he regarded the excesses of luxury and extravagance as an offence which cried to Heaven. If even a Pagan moralist could say, '*Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite?*' ('Why is any undeserving person in need whilst thou art rich?') Chrysostom felt the force of the question in its full intensity. And, thus feeling it, and finding it always difficult to raise sufficient sums for his schemes of systematic benevolence, his hospitals, and his missions, he denounced display and gluttony and avarice with all his might. He asked the rich whether they ought not to be ashamed to starve provinces at a meal, and sweep land and sea to provide their unwholesome dainties, and whether it would not be wiser and better to enjoy the healthiness of temperance? He ridiculed the fashion of having a way made for them in the streets as though they were dangerous tigers. He satirised the vulgar fondness for gold, which was so lavish that he believed there were some who, already filling their houses with every sort of golden furniture, would, if they could, have the very sky and the very air of gold. He asked whether, with the utmost expenditure of lavishness, they could find tapestries lovelier than the ground bordered with vernal blossoms, or fretted roofs so beautiful as the blue or the starry skies?

Tired of these expostulations, of which the novel piquancy was soon exhausted, and to which they never had the smallest intention of paying respect, the rich began to desert St. Sophia. Their attendance had never been very regular, and even on the great festivals a spicy Atellane interlude in the Theatre, or a good programme in the Hippodrome, had quite sufficient attraction to make them turn their backs on services and communions. In coming to hear the Archbishop at first, they thought that they had 'done the civil thing,' and that their presence among his auditors was an act of condescension, for which he was insufficiently grateful. He had to say plainly in the pulpit that, if such were the views and objects with which they came, he was only too glad to dispense with their presence. He professed open preference for the

simple services, in which the nave was thronged with his eager congregation of the poor. In praising them he took too readily his own ideal of what they *should* be for what they were. Perhaps, too, he did not in his own mind sufficiently notice that the phrase, 'the poor,' in Scripture is often employed in the sense in which it had been used by the prophets and by Christ to describe the *anavim* (the poor in spirit, the meek and lowly in heart), a class to which even the rich might belong. His language was not always prudent. Regarding himself, rightly, as 'the common father of all,' it was unwise to praise the needy too unreservedly, and to say after an earthquake, without further making his meaning clear, that the city, which had been nearly destroyed by the vices of the rich, had been only saved by the prayers and virtues of the poor.

On one occasion Chrysostom told a striking anecdote. There had been a long drought, causing widespread famine and distress. There had been many prayers and litanies for rain, and at last, to the intense joy and relief of the multitude, rain began to fall, and they thronged into the churches to thank God. But in the midst of the general gladness they met a man utterly downcast and miserable. 'Why do you not come with us,' they asked, 'to our joyous thanksgiving?'

'I hate it!' he said. 'I had laid up ten thousand measures of wheat to sell at higher and higher prices. Now it has all become useless.'

Such an anecdote might fairly be told to call forth execration against cases of individual hardness and greed; but it would have been well to point out that not all the rich were monsters such as this, and not all the poor were paragons of virtue. He did, indeed, find it necessary to defend himself by pointing out that he did not regard wealth as a crime in itself, but the wrong use of wealth. But one who spoke with generous breadth and conviction did not always safeguard his words in the fashion adopted by the lukewarm, the Laodiceans, and the half-in-half. He was not in the habit of trimming and of paring away his principles by exceptions and limitations until it was difficult to say whether they meant anything at all.

The result of all this was that the wealthy and the upper classes were grievously offended. And, in addition to the other overwhelming grudges which he had excited, Chrysostom was now openly denounced as a Gracchus in the pulpit, a seditious demagogue, a flaming anarchist, a man who for his own evil purposes preached socialism and set class against class. The rich as a body did not take the trouble to understand him, or to learn the lesson which he was endeavouring to teach; but the poor, who, as always, formed the vast majority, saw that he himself, in the midst of enormous wealth, lived in severe simplicity, and cared nothing for money, except to spend it for the good of those who had need. Admiring his consistency, grateful for his protection, they sustained and cheered him, and, for a time at least, by the passionate enthusiasm of their devoted love, delayed the success of the clerical and social plots formed for his destruction.

But, among these many enemies, Chrysostom made one whose enmity was more fatal than that of all the rest. The Empress Eudoxia, proud, passionate, impulsive, domineering, intolerant of any rival in her power or any barrier to her slightest wish, had become not only alienated from the Patriarch, but strongly inimical to him. Since the death of Eutropius she had ruled Arcadius with a rod of iron. What he did was simply what she demanded. The only partial counterpoise to her autocracy lay in the rank and independence of the Patriarch as head of the Eastern Church. As soon as she saw that neither she nor anyone else could make a tool of him, or induce him either by fear or flattery or self-interest, to deflect a hair's-breadth beyond the line of rigid duty, she began to feel uneasy. But when the arrows of his harangues against luxury and oppression began to fall, or even to seem as if they glanced off, upon her, she grew hot with indignation and offended pride. Sometimes a sermon or an appeal smote through the joints of the harness of her conventional religiosity; but she hardened her heart. Two circumstances made her indignation flame into implacable wrath. One was her belief—a belief without any foundation—that Chrysostom had on some occasion betrayed to the soldiery the hiding-place of her favourite,

Count John; for whom, on the contrary, he had earnestly pleaded, and whose life he had probably saved by his intervention. The other was the fancy that, in preaching about Jezebel, and Naboth's vineyard, the Patriarch had intentionally described a piece of dishonourable chicanery by which she had robbed a poor widow named Calliotropa of her estate. Now Chrysostom must undoubtedly have said something which admitted of this construction, for we are told so by his visitor, Bishop Porphyry of Gaza. And this at least is certain, that there has never been an age in which the prophets and saints of God have not been called upon to take their stand against the rich and the ruling. So Abraham in the old Jewish legend defied Nimrod; so Isaiah resisted Ahaz; and Jeremiah withstood Jehoiakin and Zedekiah; and Daniel braved the wrath of Belshazzar and Darius; and John the Baptist rebuked Herod. Athanasius had stood up against Constantine, Basil had resisted Julian and Valens, and Ambrose had braved the authority of the Empress Justina and the Emperor Theodosius. So, in later days, St. Columban defied Thierry, and St. Anselm resisted Rufus, and Savonarola rebuked Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Luther faced Charles V. at the Diet of Worms. If there was any truth in the report of Eudoxia's misdeeds, Chrysostom was the last man who would have shrunk from denouncing them.

The contemporary account written by Marcus, the companion of Porphyry, Bishop of Gaza, on the occasion of their visit to Constantinople gives us a glimpse of the state of things. It was early in the year 401. Porphyry had come to procure from Arcadius an edict to suppress the turbulent tyranny of the heathen at Gaza, and he asked Chrysostom to help him.

'My intercession would be useless,' said Chrysostom; 'for the Emperor practically means the Empress, and the Empress is embittered against me because she supposes that I compared her to Jezebel in a sermon about Naboth's vineyard. But I will procure you an interview with her through her Chamberlain, the excellent Amantius.'

Accordingly, Porphyry and his brother-bishop were admitted. They found Eudoxia seated on a golden sofa, and she apologised for not rising to greet them because

she was speedily expecting to become a mother. She was pleased with the rustic dignity of these provincial bishops, gave them through Amantius a large sum of money for their diocese, and appointed another interview with them next morning.

When they came, she told them that the Emperor had been put out by the petition, because Gaza paid its taxes with remarkable regularity, and he was afraid that by interfering with the heathen he would retard the replenishment of his treasury. 'Still,' she said, 'I will continue to do my best.' Then she asked for their blessing and their prayers; and they blessed her, and moved her to a transport of gratitude by promising that, having been the mother of three little daughters, she would now become the mother of a son.

The promise was fulfilled, for a few days later was born Theodosius II., the first Porphyrogenitus, or prince born in the purple, since the days of Constantine. Eudoxia attributed her happy motherhood to their supplications. As speedily as possible the child was baptised with all splendour.

As the procession came out of the Cathedral a pretty little comedy was enacted, whereby Eudoxia gained her own ends; which, indeed, in these days, were rarely left unfulfilled. The Bishop, who was carrying the infant in his arms, stopped by pre-arrangement, while Porphyry placed his petition in the little hands. Arcadius took it from his child and read it. 'I cannot,' he said, 'refuse the first commands of my little son.'

The infant boy was at once dignified with the title of Augustus; and, much to the displeasure of the whole Western world, the Empress also—who was now wielding all the old power of Rufinus and Eutropius, and wielding it with equal greed and baseness—received the title of Augusta. It was not to the mere title of Augusta that the Roman world objected, but to the fact that the Eastern Empire, in its abject subjection, now to an eunuch, and now to a woman, seemed to recall the old days of a Bagoas or a Semiramis, and to have lost the stately and virile virtues of ancient Rome.

And thus, by the stratagem of Eudoxia, an ediot was

passed refusing any further tolerance to heathendom in the old Philistian city. But such repressive and persecuting edicts were not in accordance with the old spirit of Christianity. The rule of the primitive Christians was: 'Force is hateful to God'; the town-clerk of Ephesus could appeal to the whole people in witness that St. Paul and his companions had never been blasphemers of their goddess, and in Athens the Apostle had pointed to the Unknown God, whom, though in ignorance, they worshipped, and Who is the Father of us all.



CHAPTER XXXVIII

FRESH TROUBLES

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and festering sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with oil. — *Isaiah* i. 5-6.

WE have already seen enough to show the intense and all but universal corruption which ruined the true work of the Church in Antioch, and still more in Constantinople. It is distressing to find the same moral apostasy, the same revolting unreality, prevailing like a pestilence over the whole of Thrace, Asia Minor, and Pontus — indeed, over the whole of that region to which St. Peter and St. James had addressed their œcumenical Epistles. As far back as the beginning of the second century the Church, on Pliny's testimony, had so far conquered the world, even in remote Bithynia, as to empty the ancient temples of the gods; but now those gods and the vices they represented — Ares and Aphrodite, Plutus and Cybele, Moloch and Ashtoreth, Mammon and Belial — were reinstated in Christian sanctuaries under the disguise of the holiest names, and that by the clergy themselves. There is abundant proof of the like intrusion of the world, the flesh, and the devil among myriads of professing Churchmen throughout Northern Africa; and if it were within the scope of our purpose to look at all closely at the Western world, we should see that Rome was as Constantinople, and Milan as Ephesus, and Ravenna as Alexandria. All the faithful might sigh, 'The Church has triumphed — but where is holiness?' The Church is splendid, dominant, orthodox, oppressive; services are numerous, ritualism elaborate; women kneel to priests and kiss their hands; the Holy Supper has become a gorgeous and magic sacri-

fice, ending in the creation of a material idol — but where is the Christ of Nazareth and of Calvary?' Pagans like Eunapius, and Libanus, and Zosimus, said freely among themselves, 'Christianity, at first so sweet and simple in its moral ideal, has degenerated into a more intolerant and no less immoral paganism; it has incorporated the old superstitions which we had flung away; it has become more material, and more abject in its corruption, than our Neo-platonism; it has worthy sons, but most of its votaries have lost our manlier virtues, and have not failed to assimilate our acknowledged vices.' In Egypt, for instance, there was many an honest waverer who saw far more beauty and goodness in the life of the heathen Hypatia than in that of a hypocritical tyrant like the Christian Patriarch, Theophilus of Alexandria.

Christians who were Christians indeed felt their darker hours troubled by misgivings which were almost intolerable. They looked upon the abhorrent worldliness and falsity — which often seemed to them to be 'the falling away' of which St. Paul prophesied — as a sign of the nearness of the Antichrist. No language came more naturally to their lips than that of the Hebrew prophets. A century had not yet passed since the conversion of the first Christian Emperor and the assembling of the first Œcumenical Council; four centuries had barely passed since, on that first radiant Christmas Eve, the angels had sung, 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men,' and already the chief living saint and most learned writer of the day had left Rome with a curse upon his lips against her Babylonian wickedness. And if such was the condition of the Church in the so-called See of St. Peter, what was the state of things elsewhere? Egypt was in a turmoil with barbarous bishops and brutal monks. The pilgrimages to Jerusalem were, as Gregory of Nyssa had testified, scenes of vulgar debauchery. The Holy City itself was a carnival of violence and littleness. Carthage and its daughter dioceses were not only trembling under the tyranny of wicked governors, but were torn with the alternate turbulence and persecution of Donatists and Circumcellions, between whom and many of the champions of Catholicism there was but little to choose. Asia was in the deplorable

condition which we shall see immediately. And here, in the New Rome of Constantinople, there was a weak Emperor with the soul of a slave; a Frankish Empress domineering and unscrupulous as a Semiramis; a Court steeped in frivolity and guile; a world of officialism cankered through and through with bribery, greed, and oppression; swarms of sham monks and clerical adventurers; intrigue and simony rampant on every side; numbers of presbyters living with their 'spiritual sisters' in all but open concubinage; coquettish virgins, and nominal widows, and painted haridans; the lewdness of the theatre finding scope for its wit in the scandals of the clergy, and the rage of the Blue and Green factions of the Hippodrome uncontrolled in the smallest degree by the nominal Christianity of the population. Throngs of people rushed off to the public spectacles and wild-beast shows, even on Good Friday and Easter Day. On one Easter Day they saw a young charioteer, on the eve of his marriage, horribly trampled to death under the hoofs of the chariot-steeds. Avarice and licentiousness were rampant on every side. Among the lowest classes prevailed a mendicancy seething with atrocious impostures; among the upper classes, under the soft surface of voluptuous ostentation, there was a society rent by cliques and factions, bursting with splanetic malignity, and filled with such a universal plague of uncharitableness that, if here and there a saint emerged who was vexed, like Lot, with the filthy conversation and ungodly deeds of the wicked, he must be content to focus on himself the burning rays of 'religious,' even more than of secular, hatred, and to live with his head in clouds of poisonous flies. What could good men say of the Church in those days, as their tears fell on the page of Holy Writ, but 'Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water: thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves?' 'The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?'

Whether such reflexions be justifiable or no, whether the world had or had not re-intruded into the Church, whether or not the Church had gained from the infiltration of pagan superstitions and the oppressive triumph of

Pharisaic externalism, the reader must judge from almost every page of the subsequent narrative, which, in the general picture presented, is a direct reflexion of the contemporary testimony of Christian saints.

For now an event happened which was the first distinct dislodgment of the loose snowdrifts which were soon to rush down in overwhelming avalanche on the doomed head of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

It happened that a Synod of twenty-nine bishops was sitting at Constantinople, under the presidency of Chrysostom, to settle some matter of minor ecclesiastical importance. One day in September, A.D. 400, while they were in session in one of the rooms adjoining the apse of St. Sophia, a bishop who was not a member of the Synod, Eusebius of Valentianopolis, an obscure Cilbian village in the valley of the Cayster, advanced into the assembly, holding in his hand a written document, and with an air and tone of intense indignation cried that he had come to denounce a series of intolerable scandals, which had disgraced the Churches of Asia.

Startled and horrified, the Synod asked for an explanation. Speaking with fierce anger, Eusebius said, 'I am here to accuse and denounce a bishop of Asia of seven enormous crimes — of simony, embezzlement, luxury, theft, malversation, misprision of murder, and incontinence.

'First, he bought his own episcopal see for an immense sum, and to recoup himself deliberately sells other episcopal sees at a regular tariff.

'Secondly, he has alienated to his own private use an estate left to the Church by Basilina, mother of the Emperor Julian.

'Thirdly, he has melted the silver chalices and plate of the Church to supply money to his son.

'Fourthly, he has taken marbles from the baptistery to inlay his own private baths.

'Fifthly, he has taken possession of marble pillars which had been prepared for the church, and has used them for the adornment of his own triclinium.

'Sixthly, he has, in spite of his episcopal oaths, recalled his wife, with whom he openly lives, and by whom, since his consecration, he has had several children.

'Seventhly, he has retained in his service a youth who has committed murder and has never, never been brought to justice or done penance.'

'Who is the offender?' asked the Patriarch.

'He is here; he is in the midst of you; he is one of the bishops of the highest rank in your assembly,' said Eusebius hotly. 'There he sits!' — and he pointed to Antoninus, Metropolitan of the important see of Ephesus, bishop of the church in which St. Paul had preached so long, successor of St. John, the beloved disciple, successor of that Angel of the Church of Ephesus to whom St. John had written in the Apocalypse.

Antoninus, who knew his own guilt, turned white as a sheet, and winced before the pointed finger of this obscure prelate from the Cilbian hills; and Eusebius continued: 'Yes, and the simoniacal intruders whom he has appointed, these who have trafficked for their sees, these hucksters of sacred things, these men who have sold and bought for money the Holy Spirit of God, they too are here, they too are of your number.'

'Surely,' said Chrysostom, 'you must be under some mistake. What you say sounds incredible. Brother Paul of Heraclea, you are a personal friend of the Bishop of Ephesus. Will you consider the matter with him and his accuser, and try to reconcile the strong enmity which seems to subsist between them?'

'I refuse any mediation,' stormed Eusebius.

The bishops might well be disturbed by an accusation so vehement and so detailed; but Chrysostom, who is often accused of reckless haste, did not for a moment lose his calm. He acted with consummate kindness and circumspection. He saw that, even if all the charges could not be denied, some of them might admit of explanation or palliation. The one which seemed most seriously circumstantial, and which, if true, could not under any circumstances be extenuated, was the charge of open and shameless simony.

'Brother of Ephesus,' he asked, 'what say you to this grave accusation?'

By that time the Bishop of Ephesus had partially recovered his presence of mind. Summoning such fragment of

dignity as was left him by his guilty conscience, he rose and said:

'I am entirely guiltless of all these crimes. They can be refuted. This man is a false accuser.'

'Eusebius,' said Chrysostom, 'you are evidently in a heated frame of mind. You seem to be influenced by personal animosity. I entreat you to be sure of your ground. Do not bring these tremendous indictments unless you can prove them. Bishop Antoninus has denied your charges. He says he can disprove them. Beware, then, how you bring needless scandal on the Church.'

But Eusebius, who was still in towering wrath, refused to withdraw what he had said, and endeavoured to thrust his schedule of gravamina into the Patriarch's hands.

'Nay, brother,' said Chrysostom, 'I refuse to receive your schedule at this moment. We are about to enter the church. We are about to begin the Holy Office. Think the matter over; if, after due prayer and deliberation, and when you are quite calm, you think that duty, and not passion, requires you to accuse your brethren, then come and hand in your charge. The Synod is ended; let us enter the church.'

The bishops rose; Chrysostom led the way to his episcopal chair at the end of the apse; and when he had pronounced the opening Benediction, 'Peace be with you,' the other prelates took their seats in a semicircle on either hand. The service began, when suddenly Eusebius was seen hurrying up the nave with great strides, and, amid the astonishment of the crowded congregation, he went straight up the steps of the sanctuary, passed the Holy Table, and, stopping in front of the Archbishop, who was seated behind it, endeavoured once more to thrust the paper into his hands. As Chrysostom was still reluctant to take it, he broke into the most terrible appeals, adjuring the Patriarch by the life of the Emperor not to refuse justice in a matter which concerned the inmost purity of the Church. His demeanour was so tumultuous that the people thought he must be demanding immediate intercession for the life of some condemned criminal. Unwilling to prolong the unseemly spectacle, which was disturbing the sacred solemnity, Chrysostom took the paper, and

the Lessons of the day were read. But when the time came for the Eucharist, the Archbishop found himself in a state of such strong mental agitation that, fearful of unworthy participation, either on his own part or that of the bishops, who shared his emotions, he begged Pausophilus, Bishop of Pisidia, to consecrate the elements, and made a sign to the members of the Synod to follow him into the baptistery. Thither he summoned Eusebius, reproached him for his violent precipitation, and began the investigation which he so urgently demanded. Some witnesses were produced, but Eusebius declared that others, and the most essential, were in Asia, and that there he would produce them. 'Then,' said Chrysostom, 'since the honour of the Church is at stake, I will myself proceed to Asia to examine them.'

Matters had now assumed a serious aspect. Antoninus felt that his scandalous misdoings had been too flagrant to escape condemnation at the hands of so pure a judge. He fell back on astute manoeuvres. The times were troubled. The absence of the Archbishop, in the darkness of the political horizon, might cause grave inconvenience. Among his other gross irregularities, the Bishop of Ephesus farmed an estate in Asia as agent for one of the great Court officials. Anxious to gain time for his doublings, and if possible to avoid being run to earth, this ecclesiastical wolf in sheep's clothing went to his patron, and begged him to use his influence with the Emperor to prevent permission being given for the Patriarch's departure. In this he was successful. But Chrysostom did not mean to let matters rest. Since he could not go himself, he sent a commission of three bishops, one of whom was his friend and ultimate biographer, Palladius of Helenopolis. They met at Hypæpæ, near Ephesus, with the bishops of the province, and summoned Eusebius and Antoninus to appear before them.

Meanwhile, by fresh acts of collusive baseness, these two ecclesiastics had done their utmost to reduce the commission and the inquiry to a despicable farce. The brazen front of Antoninus was not likely to recoil before new villainies, and Eusebius had revealed himself in his true colours. The frantic denouncer of simony had himself become

a simonist; the indignant opponent of Antoninus had become his secret accomplice; the accuser of misprision had accepted an enormous bribe as the guerdon of misprision. The judges were mocked with plausible excuses. 'Yes, certainly Antoninus had his witnesses who could prove his innocence, and Eusebius had his witnesses to support his contentions, but to get them together was a difficult and expensive matter. They were scattered over half Asia.'

'How long, then, will it take to collect them?' asked Palladius, who was as earnest and upright in the matter as Chrysostom himself.

'Forty days at least,' said Eusebius blandly.

Forty days!—and that in the heat of the malarious autumn! It seemed evident that the delay was intentional, and that so long a period was fixed in the hope of tiring out the patience, perhaps of undermining the health, of the commissioners. They waited, however—at least two of them, for the third, a secret ally of Antoninus, refused to act. At the end of the time Eusebius did not appear, and was at once excommunicated by the Bishops of Asia for connivance and contumacy. He had quietly sneaked off, and was lying hid in the slums of Constantinople. This exemplary personage, who, like other bishops, was saluted as 'your Sanctity,' had egregiously proved his wickedness and worthlessness. His zeal for Church discipline had been nothing more than a cloak for jealousy and ulterior designs. What became of his Lordship's diocese we do not know; but it must be borne in mind that there were scores of bishops in those days who, apart from their title, had not one hundredth part of the duty or responsibility of even a humble country vicar. When St. Gregory Thaumaturgus was made Bishop of Neo-Cæsarea, he had only six parishioners under him; and Sassima, the diocese to which St. Basil so unworthily and unaccountably relegated the friend of his youth, the great St. Gregory of Nazianzus, was a roadside horse-station. Probably the mountaineers of Valentinianopolis, wherever it was, were well rid of their scoundrelly pastor.

The commissioners stayed a month longer to no purpose at Hypæpæ, and then returned. When they stumbled

across Eusebius in the purlieus of Constantinople, and taunted him with his mischief-making perfidy, he coolly asserted that he had been ill.

Meanwhile Antoninus, Metropolitan of Ephesus, had gone to his last long account, to stand with all his falsities, embezzlements, and simony on his head before the bar of that Judge whom no sinner can escape, and where the guilty man is also

Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The witness at the bar, always condemned,
And that drags down his life.

Among his stolen marbles and appropriated columns, and perhaps with the sons by his bedside whom he had endowed by sacrilege and begotten in perjury, the bishop by purchase of the See of St. John the Divine escaped the earthly tribunal to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, Whose name he had covered with infamy, and of the Holy Spirit, Whose gifts he had bought and sold.

And, as always in the case of those great sees—once more as at Antioch, as at Rome, as at Alexandria, as at Cæsarea, as at Constantinople—there broke out the blighting storm of base ambition and underground intrigue which was the normal result of the death of a bishop of the Church of Christ in those bad days, and which we need not again describe. And, as at Constantinople, and Rome, and everywhere else, the faithful few grew sick of this state of things, and interfered to cut short the mean rivalries of contending Churchmen. Hating the debasing turmoil, and dreading the infamies of some new Antoninus, some of the clergy and neighbouring bishops wrote an appeal to Chrysostom. 'For many years,' they wrote, 'all law and order have been violated among us. We implore your Dignity to come and reimpress some form of divineness on our distracted Church. Our misfortunes are unparalleled. On one side the Arians tear us to pieces, on the other many, like deadly wolves, are lying in wait to plunder our episcopal seat. Even now bribes are flowing among us in rivers of simony.'

It was the dead of winter, and Chrysostom felt worn-out and ill; but he could not resist so solemn and

anguished an appeal. The earnestness of his soul supplied the failing strength of his body. On January 9, 401, he set sail from Constantinople for Apamæa. The end of the troubles involved in the revolt of Gainas and the activity of the Arians left no excuse for the Court to oppose his departure.

CHAPTER XXXIX

BAD ECCLESIASTICS AND BASE PLOTS

The priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say; Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us. — *Micah* iii. 11.

E furon le sue opere e le sue colpe
Non creder leonino ma di volpe.

PULCI, Morg. Magg. xix.

CHRYSOSTOM would fain have taken Philip with him, for Philip grew more and more endeared and more and more useful to him. But Philip, as manager of the Archbishop's household and an assistant in all matters of business, could not be spared for a long absence from the Patriarcheion. To take Eutyches would have been pleasant, but it seemed undesirable to expose his youth to the inevitable hardships of rough travel; and Chrysostom, who hoped for the day when he might be a presbyter or a bishop, and all that such an officer of the Church should be, was unwilling to disenchant him too painfully by those glaring contrasts between the ideal and the reality which would confront him at every turn in the now corrupt, superstitious, and simoniacal churches of St. Paul, St. Philip, and St. John. So Chrysostom took with him the graver David, whom he esteemed no less highly for his work and character, but whose grave temperament had not the buoyancy and brightness which often refreshed him in the other two. David also was considering the question whether he could face the responsibilities of the presbyterate; but he had been more familiarised than Eutyches with the existence of ecclesiastical unworthiness by his longer and more varied experience.

So Chrysostom set sail, accompanied by the Deacon Heracleides—a man of the highest worth—by some other

presbyters and deacons, and by David. He had already sent before him Cyrinus of Chalcedon, Paul of Heraclea, and Palladius of Helenopolis, who were to act as his assessors. In the guileless straightforwardness of his disposition he was unaware of the fact that the first two were wholly out of sympathy with himself, even if they had not yet assumed the attitude of his open enemies. Still more generous and guileless was the arrangement which he made for a substitute to supply his place in the pulpit of St. Sophia during his absence. He appointed the worthless Severian of Gabala to fulfil this function, and Severian of Gabala was a contemptible intriguer of the most vulgar description.

Gabala was a town of Galilee, and its bishop under ordinary circumstances would have been of less account in the great world than one of our obscurest country clergymen. But Severian was ambitious, and regarded himself as an orator. He did not mean to hide himself at so dreadful a depth below the surface as Gabala, and so long as he advanced his own position he cared very little what became of his sheep in the wilderness. He separated himself from them for years, with little loss to them, but without the smallest compunction, so long as he fancied he could further his private interests. Wealth, rank, fame, Court favour,—these were the dazzling lures which the devil dangled before him. This clerical opportunist would hold no views which were not popular; would express no opinion which would tend to hinder his advancement; would reject no alliance, however contemptible, which seemed likely to elevate him ever so little in the direction of the inch-high dignities which he coveted, and which a diseased ambition represented as enormous altitudes. With the whole meanness of his soul he was exclusively devoted to

This bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly.

He was thus in every respect the antithesis to Chrysostom, whose simple godliness, apostolic simplicity, and transparent guilelessness he despised from the whole height of his own inferiority.

Severian's appearance reflected his character. He was unctuous and portly. His hair was oiled and curled in a manner which would have reminded our latest Laureate of an Assyrian bull. His face was broad, his features regular, his dress irreproachable, and he had gained a character for boundless affability by cultivating a smile so sunny that it would have ripened a peach. He could never contemplate the short figure, humble dress, and brusque manners of Chrysostom without an inward murmur against the indiscriminating obliquities of fortune. How much more popular and imposing a Patriarch he would himself have made! He could see himself, in his own ecstatic imagination, sailing through the small pompousities of gorgeous functions in a manner so supremely ornamental that, externally at least, the whole Church could not have failed to be edified. He would have outshone Nectarius himself! Whereas this John of Antioch, who wore no vestments to speak of and gave no banquets, relied on mere goodness and spirituality, and was only cared for by the poorer classes. He had been fired to struggle out of his provincial obscurity by the 'success' — for so he enviously regarded it — of Antiochus, Bishop of another Syrian town — Ptolemais. Antiochus had left his diocese for the grander and more glaring theatre of the capital. He had been asked to preach in St. Sophia; had created a certain reputation for eloquence; had for a time been 'the vogue' in fashionable circles; had been introduced at Court; and whenever he condescended to go back to his humble 'throne' at Ptolemais, went back with a purse heavily replenished, and in a blaze of popularity. And yet Severian was quite convinced that, as an orator, he could easily surpass anything which Antiochus could do.

So he occupied himself some time in preparing and committing carefully to memory a stock of sermons; and when he felt sure that they were polished into sufficient sonorousness and inanity, he set sail for Constantinople, convinced that no misfortune could happen to the barque which carried Severian and his sermons. Arrived at the capital, he waited on the Archbishop, treated him with abject deference, and begged that he would ask him to

preach in St. Sophia. The invitation was not difficult to obtain, for strangers, and especially bishops, were frequently requested to deliver the sermon; although the people were so much fonder of hearing Chrysostom that, even in the Cathedral, they would sometimes venture to clamour and remonstrate if they saw anyone ascend the pulpit in his place.

So Severian was asked to preach, and, selecting the sermon which he regarded as most original and striking, and practising it in his lodging before a large silver mirror until he felt himself perfect in the most accidental and spontaneous gestures, he seized his chance. At first the people were inclined to titter at his harsh and unfamiliar Syrian accent; but as soon as they grew accustomed to his voice they were delighted with the apparently unpremeditated flow of sonorous, vapid, and conventional rhetoric. It tickled their ears without in the least disturbing their consciences, or giving them the trouble of thinking of anything which might interrupt their vices or ruffle their self-satisfaction. The aristocratic world was specially delighted. These sermons were charmingly short and exquisitely unctuous. One had time, when they were over, to go to the theatre. There were no offensive attacks on dress; no stringent demands for self-denial; nothing to disquiet the serene conventionality of routine religionism, or to force the hypocrite to look inwards at the many-headed monster of his own ill-regulated passions. Here indeed was a delightful preacher! Castricia, Marsa, Epigraphia, could listen to such sermons for ever without being tired! How immensely superior to the crude violence and uncourtly personalities of the Antiochene intruder, for whom they had no one to thank but the wicked Eutropius! Severian was such a dear man! The female world of Constantinople was soon at his feet.

So the Bishop of Gabala was successful beyond his wildest dreams, and — heaven of heavens! — the Emperor and the Empress themselves actually asked that he might be presented to them. In spite of the obsolete canon which forbade the transference of bishops to other dioceses, Severian might be translated. If he could only kick down the humble and hated ladder by which he had ascended, he

might—who knows?—become Patriarch of Constantinople itself! Oh! Paradise!

Such was the man whom, in his guilelessness, Chrysostom left in his place to be the moral instructor of the people. It was not his fault. He was himself intensely humble. He was so generous a critic that, always seeking the good in every sermon, he thought every sermon good, and better than any which he could preach himself. Apart from such glaring evidence as could not be disputed, he would not believe that anyone could be actuated by rivalries so base as those of Severian; nor could he even conceive of a character which, under its film of iridescent semblance, could conceal such Dead Sea depths. No other bishop equally well known happened to be then present in the capital. Philip grumbled openly; Eutyches shook his innocent head; David would not breathe one syllable of approval. Serapion declared quite plainly that he regarded Severian as a designing hypocrite. Chrysostom's best and wisest presbyters—Tigrius, Germanus, Cassian—expressed their serious doubts about the man and his aims, and the sincerity of his teaching. Bishop Palladius did not hesitate to tell the Patriarch privately that Severian was no better than an unsavoury windbag. But Chrysostom's charity would think no evil; and, indeed, it was difficult for him to make any other provision, for the Emperor, who had some right to ask, had, at the instigation of Eudoxia, made it his personal request.

But though he left the pulpit to Severian, he would not entrust to him (as he wished) the management of the diocese. He left that in the stern yet faithful hands of the Archdeacon Serapion.

No sooner had he set sail than he was glad that he had not taken Eutyches with him, for it required a hardy frame to bear the trials of the journey. His ship had barely reached the Euxine when a north wind broke on them with unwonted fury. They had to take refuge under the promontory of Triton, and there for two whole days tossed at anchor in the storm. The delay was so unexpected that the captain had not even provisioned his ship, so that, to add to their misery and sea-sickness, they were actually

starving. Then, fortunately, the wind changed, and they arrived safely at their destination.

The first thing to be done was to provide Ephesus with a new and worthy bishop. The only way to satisfy the factions which existed was not to exalt one set of partisans over another by electing their candidate, but to appoint someone who had never coveted the office. Accordingly, Chrysostom presented to them his friend and fellow-traveller, Heracleides. Heracleides had only been a deacon for three years, but he was a man of mature age, of learning, piety, wisdom, and knowledge of the Scriptures, and for many years he had lived with an ascetic community in the Sketic desert. He was in every way fitted to adorn his high office; but he was too good a man for that age and that country, and the unwished-for elevation which he won by the eloquence of his friend only plunged him within a few years into an abyss of misery and ruin.

The next step was to inquire into the case of the simoniacal bishops; and at this stage of the proceedings, Antoninus being dead, to whom he had sold his silence, the miserable Bishop of Valentinianopolis reappeared on the scene. 'I implore your Piety,' he said, 'to readmit me to communion with my brethren, and to allow me now to produce my witnesses against the six bishops whom I accused.' Such was the indulgence with which the man was treated that his excommunication was removed and he resumed the rôle of accuser. The six bishops stoutly asserted their innocence; but they were overwhelmed with the counter-testimony, not only of lay persons, both male and female, but of ecclesiastics. Some even of their own presbyters, in whom they had trusted, inculpated them with proofs of the time, place, character, and exact amounts of the bribes by which they had purchased the titles of 'your Piety' and 'your Sanctity.' When they were no longer able to deny, they confessed, and humbly begged for pardon for their simony, though not, apparently, for their persistent lying. They could only offer a twofold plea, and each plea was disgraceful to the Church in general. First, they argued that they were not conscious of doing anything wrong in their trying to purchase the gifts of God with money, because it was a regularly established

custom, so that they were very far indeed from being the sole offenders. Next, the reason for their offence was the same which existed in the case of many others. They were *curiales* — that is, they possessed farms of more than twenty-five acres in extent, and therefore, in the horrible pressure of taxation in troubled times and under an Administration at once feeble and corrupt, they were not only compelled to pay taxes, but to enforce the payment of them by others. This was a duty onerous and odious, and, being purely secular in its character, Constantine had excepted the clergy from the burden. The consequence had been that many had purchased bishoprics without a single call to the office, or qualification for it, solely because they wished to be exempted from the trouble of civic obligations. All that they could now say was, '*Habetis confitentem reos.*' They threw themselves and their acknowledged guilt on the mercy of the Patriarch and his commissioners. Two things only they asked: the one that, although they forfeited their sees, they might still be allowed, as ex-bishops, to communicate with their episcopal brethren within the rail of the sacrament; the other, that the money which they had simoniacally expended might be restored to them. For, they said, the greed of the Bishop of Ephesus had demanded large sums, and in order to become bishops they had been forced to strip themselves of all their own possessions, and even of the furniture and jewels of their wives.

All their requests were granted; only, since the Church could not repay them their vilely-expended money, they were allowed to recover it from the heirs of Antoninus in the courts of law. Chrysostom was afterwards accused of haste, violence, and arbitrary injustice; but so far, at any rate, he and his fellow-judges seem to have gone to the extreme verge of a too compassionate leniency.

Whether his subsequent proceedings were less anxiously merciful, and more summary, we cannot judge, for we only have the testimony of his enemies. He was accused of having traversed Lycia, Pamphylia, Phrygia and Pontus, and there, with usurped jurisdiction, without even the excuse (as at Ephesus) of any appeal to his intervention, to have accused, judged, and condemned no

less than sixteen bishops, one of whom, Proœresius of Lydia, had been accused by himself alone. It was said that, in spite of the canons, he had sometimes ordained as many as four bishops at a time, that he had appointed new bishops *proprio motu*, without even consulting the local synods, and in spite of their wishes; and that this had been done so carelessly that, in some instances, he had consecrated unenfranchised slaves of a character actually criminal.

Probably there was no truth in any of these allegations, although it is possible that Chrysostom, filled with shame at the condition of the Church, thwarted on every side by perjury and chicanery, and anxious to get back to the duties of his own diocese, may have been carried into hasty measures by the passion of his reforming zeal. As for his jurisdiction in Asia Minor, it rested on prescription. It was only actually established fifty years later, by the Council of Chalcedon, but no one seems at the time either to have challenged or doubted it. Chrysostom clearly thought that he was acting within his rights, and was only obeying the painful commands of duty. As for smaller matters, multitudes of canons existed which, by universal consent, had come to be treated as obsolete almost as soon as they were enacted; and a man like Chrysostom, who viewed all questions in the large air of moral and spiritual obligations, was not likely to worry himself with the chicanery of niggling scrupulosities in which small and peddling minds find their chief delight.

But even now this disastrous mission was not to close. On his way back through Bithynia, Chrysostom stopped at its capital, Nicomedia, to bring under his patriarchal censure this time not only a bishop, but an archbishop, and one of the strangest specimens whom the office could produce. He was an Italian named Gerontius, and had been half-physician, half-neeromancer at Milan. He figured as a sort of fourth-century Paracelsus or a nineteenth-century Mahatma; but whatever skill or knowledge of medicine he possessed, he eked it out with theurgic pretences. He professed to wield a power of evoking demons and subjecting them to his control, and he was anxious

to add sacred claims to those of his worldly profession. He boasted that on one occasion he had seen one of the horrible night-spectres known as an Onoskolis, which sometimes appeared in the guise of an ass. But the piercing gaze of Gerontius had penetrated the disguise; he had seized the ghostly impostor, thrown a halter over its neck, and compelled it to work in grinding a mill! He so completely took away the character of the harmless donkey that it was henceforth regarded as a subjugated demon!

This charlatan had managed at first to deceive the great St. Ambrose, who had ordained him deacon, but who, on discovering his quackeries, had chased him out of the Church of Milan. He then transferred his practice to Constantinople, and used his spells and sorceries among Easterns, who were more deeply sunk in superstitious credulity. Here he in some way came across Helladius, Archbishop of Cæsarea and Exarch of Pontus. Having obtained a footing at Court as a physician, Gerontius, with an eye to future favours, had been able to render Helladius a service by procuring a first-rate military commission for his son. Helladius, by way of gratitude for this use of backstairs influence, was required to ordain him, first presbyter, and then Archbishop of Nicomedia. At Nicomedia, in his double capacity of healer of souls and bodies, he had acquired great popularity. Ambrose, indignant at the elevation of so flagrant an impostor, had written urgent letters to Nectarius, entreating him to free the Church from the disgrace of such dubious presidency. The easy-going Nectarius was too timid to incur the displeasure of the degenerate Christians of Bithynia. Not so Chrysostom. He summoned Gerontius before him, cashiered him from his office, and gave the Church a worthy prelate in the person of Paschasius, a philosopher and a Christian, who had been the tutor of the Empress Eudoxia. The Nicomedians, however, were anything but grateful. As though they had been devastated by a pestilence, they went through the streets in funeral apparel, chanting doleful litanies over the catastrophe which had happened to them, in order to induce the Almighty to restore to them their

bishop. Not content with the signs of public mourning in Bithynia, their fellow-citizens at Constantinople tried to excite odium against the Patriarch by there adopting a similar method of expressing their displeasure.

And thus, as though the hatred which Chrysostom had created by his fearless righteousness in the corrupt Church of his own city had not been sufficient, he had now evoked hurricanes of calumny, which were henceforth to burst upon him from every province of Asia Minor. Every bad, mean, and worldly ecclesiastic gnashed upon him with his teeth, as it had been a ramping and a roaring lion.

Nor was this the worst. He had been repeatedly apprised by letters from his faithful Philip and Serapion that Severian was abusing his position to intrigue against him. Lies and sneers and misrepresentations were rife, and not a few of them could be traced back to Severian.

There were in those days no 'religious' newspapers, but the battling coteries of unscrupulous partisans served the same purpose of puffing all their own adherents, and of blackening all who did not agree with them. Severian had two plans — the one to pander to his own popularity, and by any amount of flattery and compromise to ingratiate himself with the powerful; the other, to omit no opportunity of surreptitiously creating an unfavourable opinion of Chrysostom. By these two means he hoped in time to supersede him. Even his sermons, which might otherwise have been described as 'syllabubs whipped in cream,' abounded in innuendoes and side-allusions, which were intended to glance off and to wound the hearts of Chrysostom and his adherents.

Of all this Chrysostom was warned; but he was too magnanimous to stoop to resentment of small annoyances, or to contentions with unworthy antagonists. The spirit in which he acted in the face of even the grossest perversions of truth as regards himself was that of the inscription on the wall of Marischal College, Aberdeen: '*They say. What say they? Let them say!*' He got the thing done, and let them howl.

But at last he was informed of an incident which demonstrated the unfitness of Severian for the sacred

functions assigned to him, and was too flagrant to admit its being passed over in silence. What that was we shall hear a little later on.

The machinations of his enemies throughout the Church, and above all of the corrupted clergy, had been deadly and incessant. Among these there were two who would have been willing at any moment to take his life, if opportunity should offer. He had excommunicated them both: one for detected adultery, the other, whose name was John, for murder—since brutality of passion had made him actually beat to death a young slave who had offended him. But with them were joined all those whom he called 'the priests who ate at Jezebel's table,' and all those whom his witty friend, Bishop Palladius, describes as the 'belly-worshippers, table-giants, and women-hawks,' who disgraced the ranks of the priesthood. The people, however, knew how to estimate these gentlemen by a very different standard from that of their own exalted spiritual pretensions. They showed themselves profoundly indifferent to the lies which false monks and cunning priests had let loose. When their weary Patriarch landed from his returning barque they thronged the quay and the streets in myriads, received him with louder bursts of acclamation than were ever vouchsafed to Arcadius or Eudoxia, and pressed forward in such countless numbers to kiss his hand that his way to his palace was very slow. He bade them meet him in St. Sophia, and there poured forth into their enraptured ears the expression of his heartfelt gratitude for a fidelity which had withstood the assault of so many open attacks and secret machinations.

CHAPTER XL

A VISIT FROM VIGILANTIUS

Quam dissimilis est nunc a se ipso populus Christianus!

SALVIAN, *de Gubernat. Dat.*

‘PHILIP and David,’ said Chrysostom, ‘Proclus has just told me’ — Proclus was the young deacon who helped Serapion to arrange audiences with the Patriarch, and he ultimately became Patriarch himself — ‘that I am to receive a visit to-day from the well-known presbyter, Vigilantius. He has travelled in many lands, and brings me a letter of introduction from the Western post, Paulinus, Bishop of Nola. I think you will like to hear something about the great men whom he has met; so, if Eutyches will take a little of your work, you may come in after dinner and meet the Gaulish presbyter.’

‘Eutyches won’t mind, I know,’ said David, ‘for there is not much to do to-day, and he is anxious to write a letter to his friend Walamir, who, as we have just heard, is now with Alaric at Æmona.’

‘Very well,’ said Chrysostom. ‘Vigilantius will be here at noon.’

‘I hope, father,’ said Philip slyly, ‘you will give him a better dinner than you gave to the Bishop of Beroëa, or we shall have more trouble.’

‘I shall never hear the last of that unhappy dinner,’ said Chrysostom, smiling; ‘and you know it was all your fault, Philip. But, happily, the Lady Olympias has now taken all that out of your hands, and I have no doubt she will manage much better.’

So Vigilantius was invited. He was a Gaul, born at Convena, and afterwards settled at Calagurris. Jerome has deluged him with some of the — pardon the phrase, reader, which, if I dared to quote, would be more than

amply justified — of the worst clerical and ecclesiastical Billingsgate. Untaught by the way in which his own heart had been lacerated by shameless calumnies, the eremite of Bethlehem was disgracefully reckless in the virulence with which he spoke of others. Jerome habitually calls him, not *Vigilantius*, 'the watchful,' but *Dormitanti*, 'the snorer,' just as, after his quarrel with the learned, saintly, and ascetic Rufinus, of whom originally he could speak in no terms of eulogy too exalted, he pursued that great man, even to his death, with the name of *Grunnius*, 'the grunter.' Even when he lay dead in Sicily, the unforgiving saint, in a commentary on Holy Scripture, has no better epitaph for the friend of his youth, whom he had once called 'his true colleague and brother,' than '*the Scorpion is crushed to the earth between Enceladus and Porphyrio, and the hydra of many heads has ceased to hiss against me*,' — this 'hydra' being one of the holiest Churchmen of his day, whom Bishop Palladius describes as a man of 'unequaled learning and unequalled humility.'

It is said that the father of *Vigilantius* was a vintner; hence Jerome calls him 'a base-born tapster, a Samaritan, a Jew, a man who belches forth his impure crapulousness, whose tongue ought to be cut out by surgeons, and his insane head healed.' But, in spite of this torrent of foul invective, *Vigilantius is spoken of with respect by the voice of history.* He was a man of blameless life, of bright intelligence, of fearless candour, and of a forgiving modesty, which is best illustrated by the fact that he never answered by a single syllable the rancorous and frantic vituperations to which he had been subjected by the passionate recluse. The extent to which we are forced to discount the invectives of Jerome may best be estimated by the fact that he has nothing better to say of Chrysostom, a saint whose holiness was incomparably superior to his own, than that he was 'a mad, pestilent, contaminated, furious, and insanely tyrannical person, who had sold his soul to the devil,' and 'an impure demon who drags along a filth of words like a torrent.' Jerome, it is true, only translated these words from a hideous libel written by Theophrastus; but he lent them the endorsement of his

Latin eloquence and his mighty name. And the other saint of his day — St. Ambrose — he described as 'a croaking raven, who, himself entirely dingy, laughs in marvellous fashion at the colours of all other birds.' There are some men, and even good men, who seem at once to inspire each other with mutual antipathy; there are others who are at once drawn to one another. Vigilantius and Jerome disliked each other almost from the day on which they met. Their characters and their temperaments were wholly dissimilar. But the Gallic presbyter felt at once drawn towards Chrysostom, and there was something in his frank impetuosity which attracted the Patriarch's sympathy.

After their brief repast, which the simple Vigilantius thought excellent, though he had been warned beforehand that Chrysostom's entertainments were profoundly despised by connoisseurs, the two youths came in.

'Let me introduce to you,' said Chrysostom, 'two of my young secretaries, Philip of Antioch, and David — of Constantinople at present, but once of Nazareth.'

'Of Nazareth?' asked Vigilantius. 'I know well the village where Christ was born. I visited it when I was staying with the saintly Rufinus at Jerusalem. Never can I forget its sweet, green valleys, and the prospect from its hill, on whose summit the Lord Jesus in His happy boyhood must have stood so often.' He fixed so earnest a gaze on David's face that the youth was not sorry when Eutyches came in, and called him to settle some point in the Patriarch's correspondence about which he was uncertain.

'Who is that youth from Nazareth?' asked Vigilantius. 'I fear I stared at him too rudely, and made him blush. But my reason was that I have seen in the catacombs of St. Callistus, at Rome, a picture of Christ of which his face at once reminded me.'

'A picture of Christ!' said Chrysostom. 'Are there such in existence? I thought that we had every reason to disapprove of all attempts to represent Him in His human aspect. The Council of Eliberis forbade it, and the great Eusebius of Cæsarea was almost indignant with the Empress Constantia when she asked him to procure her a picture of Christ.'

'That is true,' said Vigilantius. 'This catacomb-picture is the earliest attempt to represent the Son of God, and is later than the days of Constantine. But in Palestine I heard that there were some dim and faint traditions about His human aspect, which were repeated to me, especially as to the wonderful sweetness of His smile; and your young secretary reminded me both of this description and of the picture in the crypt of St. Callistus.'

'Ah!' said Chrysostom, 'there is a something about him which, out of reverence and humility, he keeps in the depths of his heart; but I may tell you — if you will promise not to speak of it — that he is lineally descended from the family of the Desposyni.'

The wonder and surprise of Vigilantius remained unexpressed, for at this moment David came back; but, rising from his seat, he grasped the youth's hand, and apologised for having stared at him, as he was interested in one who had been born at Nazareth.

David readily forgave him, and Chrysostom said: 'You have mentioned to us the pictures in the Catacombs; are they not being also introduced into churches in the West?'

'The first church which I have seen painted all over with pictures,' said Vigilantius, 'is that of my kind friend Paulinus, Bishop of Nola.'

'It is a Church of St. Felix of Nola, is it not?' said Chrysostom.

'Yes, he is devoted to St. Felix. He writes a poem in his honour every year; he has an immense festival in his honour on the day of his martyrdom, and has painted the whole church with scenes from his history.'

'It is a serious innovation,' said Chrysostom.

'It is,' said Vigilantius, 'and, in my humble opinion, in these days, a dangerous one. Paulinus calls his pictures "The Bible of the laity," but it is mainly a Bible of St. Felix.'

'Who was St. Felix of Nola, sir?' asked Philip.

'Only to think that you should not know,' said Chrysostom, 'whose intercourse with Philip was habitually playful. Why, even a boy like Eutyches would tell you that.'

'Will your Beatitude try him?' said Philip, revenging himself by a title which, in public, his adopted father could hardly reprove. 'Eutyches!' he called out, 'his Beatitude wants you.'

'Philip does not know who St. Felix of Nola was!' said Chrysostom. 'Tell him, Eutyches.'

Eutyches looked puzzled. 'Come, Eutyches,' said Philip, 'the Patriarch wants you to pour out the stores of your erudition, and to shame my ignorance.'

'This must be one of Philip's jokes, my Lord,' said Eutyches. 'Frankly, I don't know.'

Philip smiled in mischievous triumph. 'Well,' said Chrysostom, 'Vigilantius will tell you.'

'Felix,' said Vigilantius, 'was a priest of Nola who was a confessor in the persecutions of Decius and Valerian, but of whom little is known except legends. I will tell these youths one pretty story about him. On one occasion he was being pursued by the soldiers during the persecution. He had barely time to hide himself in a cave on the mountain-side, and a spider instantly spun its web over the entrance. The pursuers, seeing the spider's web, did not enter the cave. "*Ubi Deus est,*" said Felix as he came out after they had passed: "*ibi aranea murus; ubi non est, ibi murus aranea.*"'

'Translate that for Philip's benefit, Eutyches,' said Chrysostom.

"Where God is," said Eutyches; 'but Philip knows it without my translation — "there a spider's web is a wall; where He is not, a wall is but a spider's web."'

'Thank you, sir,' said Philip; 'and now that Eutyches has made me blush by his erudition' — he looked at the Patriarch with twinkling eyes — 'he had better go back to his work, or we shall get behindhand.'

Eutyches punished Philip by an unobserved pull at his ear as he went out, for which he was repaid afterwards.

'Tell us more about the Chapel of Paulinus,' said Chrysostom. 'Are his pictures really useful?'

'Far from it,' said Vigilantius. 'The half-Pagan rustics practically worship them.'

'I hope not; that were an idolatry to be abhorred of

Christians. But surely Paulinus does not venture to paint Christ?

'No; he stops short there,' said Vigilantius. 'When he wants to indicate Christ he paints a snow-white lamb under a bloodstained cross. Another of his novelties is to have endless candles burning round the shrine of St. Felix, even in the day time; and he undoubtedly prays to him, as if the saints were ubiquitous.'

'I am unwilling to say anything severe of a truly good man like my brother, the Bishop of Nola,' said Chrysostom, 'but I will confess to you that much of this seems to me to be fraught with danger, and to be utterly unwarranted by Holy Writ.'

'I love and honour Paulinus,' said Vigilantius, 'but, my lord Patriarch, I cannot but admit that being, as he is, a late convert from Paganism, he has carried into Christianity much Pagan ritual and many Pagan superstitions. Perhaps I speak with unbecoming freedom before your Dignity?'

'Speak freely,' said Chrysostom; 'and as for titles, I gladly exonerate all my visitors from using them.'

'I was going to be so bold as to say that there seems to be some truth in the complaint of Faustus when he says of Christians: "The sacrifices of the heathen you have turned into love-feasts, their idols into martyrs, whom you worship with similar devotion; you propitiate the shades of the dead with wine and vanities; the solemn days of the Gentiles you keep with them, and — though this, thank God! is not true of all — certain it is that you have changed nothing from their manner of life."'

'Faustus the Manichee? Was he not once a teacher of Augustine of Hippo, some of whose writings I have read?'

'Yes. Faustus spoke severely, but there is a terrible substratum of fact under his denunciations.'

'It is too true,' said the Patriarch; 'there is much to fear from this re-intrusion of Pagan ritual into the Christian Church; and

ideal of Christian
of my heart. Do
blaze of candles in
festivals, have a gc

'None at all, or a bad one, on the testimony of Paulinus

himself. I have heard him bitterly deplore the orgies of drunkenness, and other grave scandals, caused by the nightly vigils which the Council of Eliberis so strongly condemned, as Augustine of Hippo has also done. As for relic-worship, even Jerome sneers at "superstitious womanlings" grovelling over supposed fragments of the true Cross. If the example of Paulinus prevails, we shall soon have a new polytheism. What need have we to pray to imperfect mortals, when we can pray to Christ? Is it not monstrous, Bishop, to imagine that they are more compassionate than He, or that we need to thrust their intercession between our souls and His infinite tenderness? Jerome has no language too abusive to denounce me for holding these opinions; he taunts me with incredible ignorance; he expresses a pious hope that during my snores I may be destroyed like the firstborn of Egypt. But when he condescends to arguments, all that he can adduce seem to my simplicity to be so sophistically misapplied that even a well-taught child could answer them.

'Ah!' said the Patriarch, 'I am sorry that he should thus speak and write of you. This ferocity which cannot forgive a difference of opinion is the plague-spot of our Christianity. How intensely we all need the verse, "I said I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue."'

'Amen! and amen!' said Vigilantius. 'When I read how Jerome says that I am more pernicious than Cacus or Geryon, a more portentous monster than Leviathan or the Nemean lion, I am only sorry for him, and for the effect of such a style on the minds of others — not for myself. It cannot hurt me. His offence is more rank when he tries to blacken my character by a ridiculous story. He says that one night, when there was an earthquake at Bethlehem, I leapt out of bed, equally destitute of faith and clothing, and, being intoxicated, remained at night praying in the Cave of the Nativity as naked as Adam and Eve in Paradise. His falsehood that I was intoxicated — which I have never been in my life — is his way of reviving the untrue sneer that my father was a publican. May God forgive him! I am sure I do.'

'Alas!' said Chrysostom, 'it is language like this which

makes the heathen say, with a sneer, "There was a day when *even Christians* loved one another." But why is he so vehemently embittered against you? Were you not his guest at Bethlehem?

'I was, Bishop; and, oh! with what reverence my soul was filled when I was sheltered in his cave, which is close by the cave of Christ's nativity. I can sympathise with Jerome when he calls the village of Bethlehem more august than the city of Rome.'

'His must be a delightful life.'

'It might be,' said the Gaul, with a sad smile. 'The place is full of charm. The fields in spring are embroidered with blue and purple and crimson flowers, like the High Priest's ephod, and they ring with the songs of birds. In summer there are the shadows of the hills, and of groves rich in foliage. In autumn it was pleasant to pace the leaf-strewn walks. Even in winter there was no fear of cold, for there is an abundance of fuel.'

'Happy Jerome!'

'No, not happy, I fear. Yet Jerome might be as happy as anyone. He lives pen in hand, and has the delight of constant occupations. He daily teaches the two noble ladies, Paula and Eustochium, who came with him from Rome; he writes many letters and many books; he instructs the monks; he educates the boys of his monasteries, and preaches to the pilgrims, who swarm in hundreds to his *cœnobium*.'

'Then how comes it that you only say his life *might* be happy?'

'For two reasons. First, he makes himself ill, fretful, and irritable with over-asceticism; and, next, he is always involving himself in a whirl of controversies, which he renders ten times more bitter by his ferocious eloquence.'

'You have not yet told us why his anger burns so hotly against you.'

'It is because I dare to hold some of the opinions which the wronged Jovinian also held, against which Jerome has written his fiercest denunciations. Jovinian, as you know, had been a monk and an ascetic, who wore a single rough tunic, lived on bread and water, and even went about in winter with bare feet. Experience con-

vinced him that there was no essential moral or spiritual profit in this will-worship. He never married, but he held that it is only a false tradition which imposes celibacy on presbyters. In that he agrees with the Nicene Fathers. Surely marriage is in all respects as sacred as celibacy? Did not Clement of Alexandria say that to disparage marriage was to disparage the Apostles? Was not St. Peter married? Did not the holy Philip give his daughters in marriage? Does not St. Paul say that a bishop must be the husband of one wife? Did not Athanasius say that "nothing prevented the right of a bishop to marry if he chose"?

'Marriage,' said Chrysostom, 'is honourable in all. I have myself ventured to say distinctly, "Enjoy the married state with due moderation, and you shall be first in the kingdom of heaven, and enjoy all blessing." But you would not disparage celibacy for such as feel themselves called to it?'

'No,' said Vigilantius; 'but when I consider the vile custom of living with *agapete*, with which even imperial laws have tried to grapple in vain, it is clear to me that the enforcement on the many of an ideal possible only for the few, will be in the future, as it has been in the past, a source of immense demoralisation and a curse to the whole Church of God.'

'Was this the only ground of Jerome's wrath?'

'No,' said Vigilantius. 'I have ventured to raise my voice against what seem to me to be trivialities and superstitions; and I have held this to be all the more incumbent on me, because herein I oppose the current tendencies.'

'Is it true that you have denounced fasting?'

'No; I have only said that it is nowhere enjoined as a Christian duty; that it cannot be intrinsically pleasing to God as an end, but only as a means; and that for most temperaments it makes the Christian life not more easy, but more difficult.'

Here Philip ventured to interpose a question. 'Bishop,' he said, 'may I ask the Presbyter what he would say to the words, "But the days shall come when the Bridegroom shall be taken from them. Then shall they fast, in those days"?'

'I could reply,' said Vigilantius, 'but it will be more respectful if I leave the answer with the Patriarch.'

'That text does not apply, Philip,' said Chrysostom. 'These are in no sense the days when the Bridegroom is taken from us. He is with us always, even to the end of the world; and much more with us than He could be by His bodily presence. My views about fasting have changed greatly since the days when I destroyed my health by it for ever.'

'As to fasting,' said Vigilantius, 'Jerome, in his to famous letter to Eustochium, shows how absolutely powerless it was to deliver him even from the temptation which he most hated. But one of the truest saints I ever knew told me that fasting made him irritable and ill tempered; that it robbed him of command over his act feelings, and expressions; that it makes his tongue, lip and brain no longer in his power; that it deprives him in many ways of all self-command, makes him use the wrong word for the right, makes him seem out of temper when he is not, and makes him smile or laugh when he ought to be serious. Worse than all, he said that when thoughts present themselves to his mind in fasting, he feels wholly unable to throw them off any more than if he were some dead thing, and that thus they make an impression on him which he is unable to resist. So far from making his prayers more fervent, he finds that fasting hinders him from fixing his mind upon them. From sheer languor and listlessness it tempts him to sloth; and, what is worse of all, he says that even moderate fasting is so undeniable a means of temptation as to expose him to thoughts from which he would habitually turn with shame and abhorrence. Yet he persists in fasting, because he says that it is enjoined by God. Surely this is a fatal error? We are to fly from temptation, not seek it; and God would not have enjoined that which is for most men a source of greater moral difficulties.'

'The right fasting,' said Chrysostom, 'is habitual moderation, and abstinence from evil. My predecessor, Gregory of Nazianzus, once, most wisely, kept his Lent by silence because he felt himself too much tempted to hasty words. And in that beautiful "Shepherd," by Hermas, which

gave to you boys the other day, Philip — you remember what the good Shepherd says to Hermas?

'Yes, sir,' said Philip. 'He tells Hermas that the true and acceptable fast is the forgiveness of injuries, and the advance in godliness.'

'That is my view,' said Vigilantius; 'and even if I be wrong, I hardly think,' he added, laughing, 'that what I have said justifies Jerome in his remark that I wish to reduce men to the condition of swine, or that I call abstinence a heresy, or that my object is to enrich my drinking-shops! I need hardly say that I have none; but that matters nothing to such controversialists.'

'My son,' said Chrysostom, 'do not let these assaults irritate you. There never yet was a good man whom some did not call Beelzebub, as they called our Master. Forget them.'

'When I need comfort,' said Vigilantius — 'and I often do — I think of Him Whom men called a "gluttonous man and a winebibber," of Whom they said that He was a Samaritan, and had a devil. Jerome's writings will live, and I shall be handed down, it may be, to after-ages as a name of scorn. What matters it? God is the judge; not man.'

'But you must also forgive your slanderer.'

'I forgive *him*,' said the Presbyter, 'with all my heart. Jerome, much as he has wronged me, is sincere. The Church owes him much service, if some wrongs. I shall not answer him. I shall not defend myself. I trust my cause to Him that judgeth righteously. I shall retire, till my life ends, to the quiet duties of my office and my home. I kneel for your blessing, Patriarch, and thank you for your kindness to one whom the Church hates.'

'Farewell, Vigilantius! May God be with you!' said Chrysostom, and over the head of the kneeling presbyter he pronounced his blessing. 'If you are dear to Christ it will matter very little that you are hated by some who profess to be the sole true representatives of His Church.'

CHAPTER XLI

A FAREWELL

For I am long since weary of your storm
Of carnage, and find, Hermod, in your life
Something too much of war and broils which make
Life one perpetual fight. — MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Balder*.

'WHAT a long talk you have been having!' said Eutyches, when David and Philip came out of the study. 'Tell me all about it.'

'Well, first you told us all about St. Felix and the Bishop of Nola.'

'You witty fellow!' said Eutyches.

'Then you pulled my ears, for which you shall catch it.'

'It was less punishment than you deserved.'

'Then Vigilantius told us all about Jerome of Bethlehem, who, according to him, must be a singularly amiable person.'

'You are no good,' said Eutyches; 'David is ten times as patient as you, and is never in a hurry, as you always are. So I shall ask him all the rest.'

David gave him a sketch of what had passed, though, with characteristic sweetness, he softened down all that seemed most unfavourable to Jerome. Eutyches listened with interest, and some surprise.

'Have you written to Walamir?' asked Philip. 'If you have, I hope you gave our kindest greetings to him and Thorismund.'

'I have,' said Eutyches. 'One of Aurelianus's soldiers happened to be starting for Illyricum to-morrow, and he is going to take my letter. I must give it him at once. I shall have to pass through the Chalkoprateia.'

'To the owls with your Chalkoprateia!' said Philip; 'you know I am too busy to come with you.'

'And when are you going to pay me that bronze what's-his-name which you have owed me for ever so long? I believe you go to the Chalkoprataia once a week, and pretend to choose it, but I have never got it; whereas David gave me the pentray at once, like a man.'

'I don't approve of bets,' said Philip.

'Then why are you always going to choose it at the Chalk——'

Philip chased the boy out; and when he had started, David turned to him, and said, 'Philip, I want to talk to you. What do you think of all that Vigilantius said?'

'I agree with it heart and soul,' said Philip.

'And I,' said David; 'and it only deepens my conviction that I can never join the ranks of the clergy.'

'I came to that decision long ago,' said Philip, 'but it was because I felt no vocation. I can serve God better in other ways. But you are different, David. And Vigilantius quoted saints and Councils, as well as the Scriptures, for his views.'

'And yet,' said David, 'it is Paulinus, and Augustine, and Jerome who in some of these matters speak the voice of Rome and of the West; and though in these and other things their views are not those of the early Church, I do not wish to join a body by whom Vigilantius is treated as a monster, and to whom it is due that Jovinian, a profoundly good man, was beaten with leaded scourges, and banished to Dalmatia. I believe as little as Vigilantius in the exaltation of celibacy, and relic-worship, and the supreme meritoriousness of dirt and self-inflicted misery, and the trampling down of the sweet natural affections which God has given us. It seems to me un-Christlike and altogether unscriptural. It is based on human ordinances, or on false conceptions, twisted out of a few childishly misinterpreted texts.'

'I agree,' said Philip. 'Our excellent Cassian was talking to us the other day about monkish saintliness. He exalted one monk above everything because, in holy obedience, he walked three miles every day for years, at his abbot's order, to water an old stick. Could he find nothing better to do, and the abbot nothing more sane to command, in a world lying in wickedness? He told another story of

a monk named Marcus, who had a little son eight years old. To wean him of the crime of affection for this son his brother-monks purposely left the child dirty and neglected, and beat him that he might be always in tears. Finally, the abbot told Marcus to fling the boy into a river—and he did! And this unnatural Paganism is exalted as super-human virtue! And, all the time, our Eutyches was listening to Cassian open-mouthed with admiration. That is just how young souls are spoiled. I cured him afterwards by telling him the story of Stagirus.'

'Yes,' said David; 'and the strange thing is that a holy man like Cassian still upholds the system, though there is scarcely a monkish community, however small, which has not been a hotbed of enormous scandals—even the monastery of Jerome at Bethlehem, even the canonium of Augustine at Hippo. Jerome says that in the holy frightfulness of the Nitrian desert he found adders as well as monks, and Augustine speaks of the numbers of hypocrites under the guise of hermits. Cassian himself dwells on the horrible liability of the monks to the principal vices which infest human nature—gluttony, uncleanness, avarice, anger, vainglory, pride—above all, that despairing and unaccountable melancholy which they call *acedia*, and describe as "the demon that walketh in the noonday." That is what comes of inventing our own sacrifices, instead of offering those with which God is well pleased.'

'But you can be a presbyter without approving of dangerous and unnatural asceticism,' said Philip.

'Yes,' said David; 'a simple, true presbyter, if that were all, as St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. John are content to call themselves. But nowadays every presbyter will arrogate to himself the exclusive name of a sacrificing priest, which the New Testament never once allows them.'

'The Eucharist?' said Philip.

'Philip, is the name of "a sacrifice" so much as once given to the Eucharist by Christ, or the Apostles, or the Evangelists? The sacrifice of Christ, of His Incarnation, and His whole life, as well as His death, was offered once only, once for all. It cannot be re-offered. Three of the Evangelists record the institution of the Lord's Supper. In which of them is there one syllable about its being a

sacrifice? How could it have been, when the Lord still stood a living man among His disciples?’

‘I don’t profess to be a theologian, David; but I have a profound trust in the Patriarch, and did not he talk in one of his homilies of “offering the tremendous sacrifice,” and speak of “the Lord” Himself sacrificed and lying there, and the priest standing at the sacrifice, and the receiver reddened by the blood?’

‘Rhetoric is not logic, Philip. I asked him about those very words, and, admitting at once that this was impassioned and metaphoric language, he pointed me to his Commentary on Heb. x. 9, where he says, “*We do not offer another sacrifice, but we make a commemoration of a sacrifice.*” Philip, half the things which seem to me like superstitious and materialising aberrations from the pure and simple faith of the Gospel arise from teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, or from failure to interpret in their allegoric significance the simple metaphors of the East. This applies especially to the Lord’s Supper. The elements of bread and wine have already begun to be treated as though they were dreadful idols — actual flesh and actual blood — although the body of Christ is now a Spiritual Body glorified in Heaven.’

‘How do you understand the discourse at Capernaum?’ asked Philip.

‘To my mind,’ said David, ‘the fact that it was uttered two years before the Lord’s Supper is sufficient to prove that it referred generally to Christ as the Bread of Life. The simple Eastern metaphor of “eating” expresses the closest spiritual union, and has been grossly misapprehended. That discourse, had it referred to the Lord’s Supper, would at the time have been perfectly meaningless. It was not so because every Jew knew that “to eat of” meant “to be united with.” They had read the words used about wisdom, “He that *eateth Me* shall even live by Me;” they knew the proverb, “To eat of the years of the Shechínah.”’

Philip mused awhile, and David added: ‘But, dear Philip, opinions differ, and will differ; it is not by our opinions that Christ will judge us, but by our fruits. We may go to heaven with many wrong opinions, but not with

wicked hearts. I only spoke to you about these things to show you why I can never become so much as a deacon. The feeling was rendered invincible by the disgraceful spectacle of the Churches of Asia, when I went there with *him*. But that being so — Oh, Philip! I am for many reasons very sorry — but in less than a month we shall all leave Constantinople.'

'What!' said Philip, with a movement of sudden alarm; 'you, and your father, and' — he bowed his face over his hands — 'and Miriam?'

'It is so, Philip; and our one pang, our sole pang, will be to part with the Patriarch, and Eutyches, and, above all, with you.'

'Oh, David! But why is this?'

'I will tell you. My father, being the descendant of Jude, whom Apostles and Evangelists called the "Lord's Brother," has never been in the least ashamed of his bronzesmith's shop, any more than St. Joseph was ashamed of the shop of the carpenter at our Nazareth. But God has largely prospered my father: not only our own people, but all Constantinople, know his integrity; and, besides his prosperous trade, he is employed in many transactions which make him honourably rich, far above our simple needs. His brother Simon has long been farming our lands in Galilee, but we have just had news of his death. His only son was slain in a recent invasion of Isaurian robbers who swept down even as far as Bethlehem. My father now inherits those lands, and we are going to fix our home there. He shares my views, and approves of my decision never to become a presbyter in the Church as it now is.'

'Oh, David!' said Philip, who was now very pale, and into whose eyes the tears had rushed. 'And Miriam? You know that I love her, and I had hoped that she loved me.'

'She loves you, Philip. There is no levity in Miriam. She has never seen any youth whom she loves as she loves you, with a love pure and intense.'

'And yet you doom us never to meet again.'

'Why so, Philip? She is quite too young to marry yet, nor would it be right for you to leave *him*. But there

are thousands of pilgrims to Palestine every year, and what is to hinder you from hearing constantly of each other? We see not how — yet my father does not doubt that the changing years will bring you together.'

But to Philip at that moment the whole world seemed to have turned into ashes; he laid his head upon his hands, and wept.

'Do not weep, Philip,' said David. 'God is love. Build your faith on that.'

'I lose my friend,' said Philip, 'and I have but few; I lose my love, and I never had but one — and you bid me not to weep!'

'Dear friend of my youth!' said David, rising and embracing him; 'but you still have your father, and you have Eutyches; and, more than all, you have duty, and you have hopes to shine on you like stars; and, most of all, you have God your Father in heaven, and Christ your eternal friend.' But David was himself in tears.

But Philip would not be comforted, and both were silent till, far off, they heard the voice of Eutyches in the garden, singing in his blithe young voice, as he approached, the Latin hymn of Ambrose:

Veni, Redemptor gentium,
Ostende partum Virginis;
Miratur omne sæculum!
Talis decet partus Deum.

As he approached the garden-entrance of the Patriarcheion he was in high and happy spirits. The soldier whom Aurelian was sending back to Æmona had come from Illyricum, and by him Walamir had sent Eutyches an ancient Gothic silver ornament of great beauty, in the shape of a gryphon, with a brief letter and the kindest messages. Eutyches had just been sending to him with his own letter two little pictures which he knew would delight him — one, a really good likeness of the Patriarch, painted on a blue ground, and the other a likeness of Wulfila, the apostle of the Goths.

He burst into the room full of his news, and said 'Philip! I have been where you would like to be — Chalkopræia; and I saw by a certain door the

figure of ——' He stopped short. 'What is this? You cannot conceal from me that you have both been in tears. What is the matter? Is it possible that David and Jonathan have been quarrelling?'

The suggestion sounded so ludicrous to them that they both smiled. 'Ah! that is better,' said Eutyches; 'but, in the name of Heaven, what has happened?'

'My boy!' said Philip, and again his tears burst forth, 'you will never be able to chaff me again about my love for the Chalkoprateia. David has just told me that he and his father and —— and my Miriam are about to leave us for ever.'

'For ever?' said Eutyches, thunderstruck at intelligence so wholly unexpected.

'For ever is a very long word, Eutyches,' said David.

'But where are you going to live?'

'In our old home, not far from Nazareth.'

'Does *he* know?' asked Eutyches.

'Not yet,' said David; 'but the plan cannot be changed.'

'My poor, poor Philip!' said Eutyches. 'I am so sorry that I hurt you. What will you do without David, and —— Oh! this is very sad.'

He laid one hand on Philip's shoulder, and grasped his friend's other hand. But Philip could not trust himself to speak. It was as though all the brightness of his life had been quenched in sudden midnight.

Chrysostom was deeply sorry to lose the services of David. After a long and solemn talk with him, and with his father Michael, he did not feel it right to interpose any obstacle, but he spoke anxiously about Philip and his love for Miriam.

'They love each other with a true love,' said Michael; 'but Miriam is not sixteen. She is too young to marry; nor would it be right for Philip to leave you yet.'

'It might be easier in a few years,' said the Patriarch. 'As far as means are concerned in these hard times, Philip will not be penniless. He is the owner of his father's house in Antioch, which is let; and with it he also inherited a small sum of money, which is being faithfully husbanded for him. Besides this, though he does not yet

know it, I have, by my will, bequeathed to him my old house in Singon Street, which brings in a yearly income, and I have divided what remains of my own modest income between him and Eutyches. I did not include your David because you once told me that he was well provided for, and needed nothing.'

'He whose desires are few is rich, Patriarch,' said Michael; 'nor would there be any objection on the score of even poverty, for Miriam will have an ample dower. But —' A very troubled look passed over his face. 'My Lord Bishop,' he said, 'God sometimes gives me the power to look dimly into future years. I know not how or why. I only know that I can sometimes see something of the future as though it were present. I know that I am bidding you farewell for ever. I thank you for all your goodness and kindness to David, and to me, who am but a humble artisan of Jewish birth. But forgive me if I speak. As I look into the future I see clouds before you, and thick darkness. Fain would I avert my gaze from those coming years. May the Christ of God be with you! I know that you daily hear the Voice saying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and" — you will need that promise to sustain you — "and I will give thee the crown of life."'

'I know it,' said Chrysostom; 'but He Who for our good sends our calamities to purge us as gold is purged in the furnace, never fails also to send grace to help in time of need. Let us both kneel down, and pray for His blessing — even if it comes veiled in darkness — for each other, and for us both.'

They knelt side by side — the Patriarch of Constantinople and the humble Desposynos — and they rose strengthened for any fate.

The last day of Michael's sojourn in Constantinople came. Chrysostom, with a heavy and foreboding heart, had parted from David, and given him the kiss of peace, and blessed him. He presented him with a beautiful manuscript of the Commentary on the Hebrews as a token of his parting love. The family were to sail away at evening, and all their goods were on the barque which lay at

anchor by the quay to take them to the port of Accho. With the full consent of Michael, and in his presence, Philip and Miriam had pledged themselves to one another in solemn and sacred vows, and had exchanged their gifts of betrothal. Philip had given to Miriam a precious jewel which had belonged to his mother, and Miriam to Philip one of the little carcanets of gold coins which Eastern maidens often wear round their hair. It had been for years a treasure in the family of the Desposyni; and since it consisted of the Maccabean coins of the High Priest Simon, stamped with the lily, had once—it was whispered among them—been worn by the Virgin Mother herself, and so had acquired in their eyes an inestimable preciousness. One coin was missing, and it had purposely been left unreplaced, for they saw in it an illustration of 'the woman and the lost coin,' and a sign that Christ would regard *all* His work as marred if but one soul were missing of those whom His Father had given Him to keep. To no one—not even to Philip—would Miriam have thought of entrusting this priceless treasure if Michael had not solemnly told her that the day would certainly come when Philip would restore it to her own hands again. The two lovers had also exchanged locks of each other's hair, to be worn on the heart till they met again. They had been suffered to clasp each other in one long embrace before they spoke the farewells which 'press the life out of young hearts.'

'Be brave, dear son,' said Michael to Philip, as he started with Miriam and her female attendant to the barque. 'It is through much tribulation that we must enter into the Kingdom of God.'

'My father! my father!' sobbed Philip; 'I shall see your face no more. It is that which makes me weep most of all.'

'Nay, Philip,' said Michael, solemnly; 'fear not. Something tells me, quite surely, that whether you and I meet again or not on this side the grave, you and Miriam will be one. I see dark, dark waves before us all—storm and tempest; but a sea over them, and in the
farewell! farewell!

David stayed on shore till the last, to make the last few final arrangements. The shadows of night were falling when Philip and Eutyches walked with him to the quay on the Bosphorus. Philip had given David as his last gift a silver box made and beautifully chased by his father in Antioch, and had received from him a golden Eastern lamp of unknown age and perfect workmanship.

There was no more to say. They knew each other's thoughts. They pressed each other to the heart. They could not speak; they parted in silent tears. David stepped on the deck, and the vessel spread her sails. It had very soon melted into the deepening dusk. The last thing which Philip saw was the waving of Miriam's white scarf from the ship's deck. Then the darkness rushed down. He turned away, and walked home with Eutyches in silence, only broken by the occasional sobs which shook his whole frame. It was not only the anguish of parting from his love, and from his friend, which shook him. It was an unspoken, immense foreboding. It was an horizon which looked to him as black as the gathering midnight. Eutyches knew that it was vain to try and comfort him. He could only press his hand in silence. The one thought which flapped its wings like a vulture over Philip's mind, and returned again and again to tear his heart with obscene beak, was, 'I have lost my friend; I have lost my love for ever—for ever; nothing remains for me but despair and woe.'

Many dark days ensued. All that the Patriarch could do, all that Eutyches and Olympias and Nicarete could do to lighten that heavy heart was done; and time laid on the youth's misery a healing hand. The days were, fortunately, full of duties and occupations; but it was long before Philip's manner resumed its natural brightness and elasticity, and long ere those who loved him best recognised upon his face the glad smile which played over it like an incessant gleam of sunlight in happier days.

CHAPTER XLII

THE MISDOINGS OF SEVERIAN

Superbia, invidia, ed avarizia sono
Le tre faville ch' hanno i cori accesi.

DANTE, *Inf.* vi. 74, 75.

A FEW days afterwards the Archdeacon Serapion came into the room of the Patriarch with a face flushed with indignation.

'I come, my Lord Archbishop,' he said, 'to bring a complaint of the utmost gravity against the Bishop of Gabala.'

'What has Severian been doing now?' asked the Patriarch.

'My Lord, I was sitting yesterday in the Thomaites with the Presbyter Tigris, the Bishop Palladius, Proclus, young Eutyches, and others, when Severian passed into the anteroom where Philip was sitting. He asked for you; but you had gone to visit a sick presbyter, and he again passed out through the hall. Eutyches and the others rose as usual, and with them the Ladies Pentadia and Olympias, who were awaiting your return, as they had to see you on business respecting the institution of deaconesses. I did not rise. I happened to be writing, and did not observe his presence. If I had done so I should probably have risen, although I cannot tolerate the Bishop of Gabala.'

'It were better to rise, Serapion,' said Chrysostom. 'It is a conventional mark of honour paid to bishops, and has become usual.'

'I will do so in future,' said Serapion. 'The wish of your Dignity on the subject is more than sufficient for me. I cannot, indeed, stand up when he passes with any

pleasure, and do not pretend to feel any respect for Severian. To me he seems to be a traitorous hypocrite.'

'I grieve that your feelings about him are so strong. You can, however, respect the office, even if you cannot respect the man. And should we not fight, Serapion, against these intense feelings of dislike and disdain for our fellow-men? We all have need of large forgiveness, of infinite forbearance. No man is all devil; something of the angel must be somewhere hidden in the depths of his heart. The Holy Spirit within us may be desecrated, but never wholly lost.'

'I bow to your reproof,' said Serapion. 'I will follow your exhortation, although my disdain has been kindled by his treachery and baseness towards you. But what I have to report is very serious. Seeing that I had not stood up, Severian glared at me, and said in a tone of fury, in the hearing of us all, "Christ was never made man."'

'Surely that is inconceivable, Serapion,' said Chrysostom; 'your ears must have deceived you.'

'Mistake was impossible,' said the Archdeacon.

'But what could he have meant?' said the Patriarch. 'What conceivable object could he have had in uttering words of blasphemy which, if he spoke them, would at once brand him as an hypocrite?'

'I cannot pretend to explain,' answered Serapion, 'but will you question the others? They are here.'

Those whom Serapion had mentioned came in one by one. Olympias and Pentadia said that they had been seated at some distance from the table where Serapion sat, and the back of Bishop Severian was turned to them; but those words, uttered in fierce anger, they unquestionably heard. Proclus and Tigrius also heard them, and noticed the look and accent of fury with which they were spoken. Eutyches, who had been sitting by Serapion, and who rose as the Bishop of Gabala passed, said that the Bishop seemed first to mutter something which he could not hear, and then burst out with the blasphemous sentence.

'What did you take to be his meaning, my boy?' asked the Archbishop.

'I thought,' said Eutyches, 'that in his uncontrollable

anger he had broken into a sort of oath. May I speak further?’

‘Certainly.’

‘Well, sir, St. Paul, when he speaks about the abuse of tongues at Corinth, says, “No man speaking by the Spirit of God says ‘Jesus be anathema.’” I have heard you explain this to mean that in overpowering excitement men lost all self-control, and their tongues were then forced by evil spirits to call out blasphemies. The word which exploded from the wrath of Severian reminded me of that.’

‘My boy,’ said Chrysostom, ‘I can no longer doubt that Severian did speak those awful words, and there may be wisdom in your suggestion about them. Let the Bishop be summoned into my presence.’

Severian came, serenely unconscious of what had happened — came in with the airs and graces of the handsome, portly, well-groomed, self-satisfied ecclesiastic. Chrysostom rose to receive him, but rose with so stern a look upon his face that the Bishop of Gabala suddenly stopped short in the well-turned compliments and remarks about the weather into which he had begun to glide.

‘Your Religiosity seems to be disturbed to-day,’ he said.

‘Severian,’ said the Patriarch, ‘it is reported to me by six credible witnesses, who could not and would not lie, that you exclaimed, in their hearing, “Christ has not been made man.”’

‘How can you listen to such vain gabble?’ said Severian. ‘Why, if I believed half, or a tenth part of the things which are daily said about you, I should regard you as an utter demon.’

‘What may be said about me,’ said Chrysostom, with contemptuous sternness, ‘is not the question. If any man can witness aught against me, let him speak. But,’ he said, with a wave of the hand, ‘the charge against you is perfectly definite.’

‘I never said anything of the kind,’ said Severian, with brazen front. ‘When and where did I say it?’

‘Yesterday, in the Thomaites.’

‘Who says so?’

‘Serapion, Tigrius, Proclus ——’

‘All my enemies,’ said Severian.

‘My young secretary, Eutyches.’

‘A pert, conceited boy,’ said Severian.

‘Silence, Bishop!’ said the Patriarch. ‘Eutyches is little more than boy, but one more modest and one more blameless I have never seen. And, besides these, the ladies Olympias and Pentadia.’

‘Special friends of your Sanctity,’ said Severian, with an undisguised sneer.

‘I blush for you,’ said Chrysostom; ‘would to God I could see you blush for yourself! You, a Christian bishop — do you so much as dare to insinuate that these holy presbyters, these saintly women, have invented a lie to injure you? Some of them may not think well of you, but I would answer for every one of them that they would rather die than lie.’

‘Oh! well, if you have, in your usual manner, prejudged the case,’ said Severian, ‘I can but retire.’

‘Again,’ said Chrysostom, mastering a strong impulse to indignation, ‘you seem to forget that you are here to answer a most definite accusation. For the moment I sit here to examine as to its truth. You will gain nothing by insolence towards your judge.’

‘Everyone knows that you are jealous of me,’ said Severian.

Chrysostom could scarcely suppress a smile. Of all human foibles, jealousy, a mark of mean natures, was the one from which he was most exempt, and jealousy of Severian in particular was the last feeling he could possibly entertain.

‘Suppress these irrelevancies, Bishop,’ he said; ‘the question is very simple and definite. Did you, or did you not, in the hearing of at least six persons, use the words “Christ has not been made man”?’

‘The charge is preposterous,’ said Severian.

‘Well, then, I will summon the witnesses.’

‘Oh!’ said Severian, who now saw that escape was impossible, ‘stop!’ and putting his hand to his head in an affected attitude, as though he were trying to remember, he said slowly: ‘I have some sort of dim recollection that

something of this sort happened. Your archdeacon, Serapion, the most churlish and ill-conditioned dog I ever came across —

'Such language disgraces you,' said the Patriarch. 'It is unfitting for a Christian, much more for a bishop, who should set an example.'

'Do not try to browbeat me,' said Severian, swelling his portly person. 'I was saying, when you interrupted me, that in passing through the Thomaites Serapion, that pink of politeness, that pearl of courtiers, sneered at me, and did not think proper to rise as the rest did. I suppose you have taught your underlings to insult me —'

'I have already desired him to rise in future,' said the Patriarch, whom the Bishop's insolence could not ruffle. 'He assures me — and I believe him — that he did not rise simply because he did not see you, being engaged in writing. His supposed sneer is the offspring of your imagination only.'

'—and in a fit of anger, utterly disgusted with the man's churlish impudence, I may have muttered in my wrath — for after all I am only human — something to the effect that "*if Serapion dies a Christian*, then Christ was not made man." As Serapion has never lived as a Christian, I felt sure that he could never die as one, and I only express the impossibility by a strong hypothesis.'

'Enough!' said Chrysostom. 'You have admitted the use of the words. It would have been better for your truth and honesty if you had not at first denied them. Your explanation hardly makes them better. Your remark was grossly slanderous, and the form into which you threw it was irreverent and disgraceful. As far as Constantinople is concerned your stay here is ended. By my authority as Patriarch I cut you off from communion in any one of my churches. I inhibit you from entering them. You have disgraced your character and calling. Depart, and ask God if haply your sin may be forgiven.'

'The Empress shall hear of this,' said Severian, insolently.

'Enough!' said Chrysostom. 'The Emperor has authority in all things temporal; his sway does not extend to spiritual censures. You have for years been absent

from your neglected diocese, pursuing here the designs of your ambition. I recommend you to return to it, and resume your duties. Philip, conduct out the Bishop of Gabala.'

Purple with rage, Severian swung out of the room, intending at once to lay his complaint before the Court, where, by his intrigues and flatteries, he had made himself a favourite. But when he got outside the Patriarcheion he found a menacing crowd assembled in the Forum. Rumours of Severian's treacheries against their beloved Patriarch had been prevalent among the multitude. They had long seen through the man who was adored by such ladies as Epigraphia and supported by such reprobates as Elpidius and Isaac the Monk. It happened that during the interview which we have narrated some *decani*—humble church servants, who formed a branch of the *parabolani*, and helped to bury the poor—had been in the garden below, and had heard the loud voice and harsh accents of the Bishop of Gabala raised in oburgation. They had slipped out with the news that Severian was insulting the Patriarch. A crowd had gathered, who would have been glad at a moment's notice to lynch the hated Syrian. Under his habitual air of bravado Severian was an abject coward. He entreated Philip to conduct him through the mob, whom Philip succeeded in pacifying, for they all knew and loved him for his bright face and witty speech.

'My life is in danger here,' said Severian. 'Come with me, Philip, to the quay. I will take a boat to Chalcedon.'

'As these quarrels have arisen, Bishop, might it not be better if you left Constantinople altogether?' said Philip respectfully, as the rowers pushed off the boat.

'We will see to that,' said Severian.

In point of fact he did not remain absent more than a few days. For Eudoxia and all her clique were furious when they heard of the inhibition of their favourite. It was intolerable to the Frankish Empress that, even in the Church, anyone should presume to exercise any power except herself. She sent for Chrysostom, and entreated him to bring back that excellent bishop. 'What fault can

you find,' she said, 'with so eloquent, gentle, and orthodox a preacher? He is the only person in Constantinople to whom I, and the ladies of my Court, and the Emperor can listen with the smallest comfort.' And so she went on, infusing into every sentence the feline malice with which she hoped to make the Patriarch wince. She saw, however, with a pang that she could not even move him to anger. Chrysostom, serene in perfect integrity, had long acquired the habit of ignoring contemptible antagonists and paltry impertinences. The eagle does not worry itself about the chatter of jays.

Then the Empress fairly teased the Emperor into interceding for Severian. By dint of taunts and tears and persistence she at last stirred him sufficiently to beg the Archbishop to withdraw his inhibition. 'The Empress wishes it,' he said, 'and so, of course, do I. Severian's sermons do not worry us as—as some sermons do. One can sleep—I mean, one can listen in peace. We shall miss him.'

'As far as your wishes are concerned, Emperor, I desire profoundly to respect them,' said Chrysostom. 'I had serious misgivings about the Bishop of Gabala, but since you and the Empress wished it, I left him to fill the pulpit of St. Sophia in my absence. But the conduct for which I have been compelled to inhibit him was so reprehensible as to show his unfitness for his office. My duty to you is scarcely compatible with my higher duty to the Church.'

'Then I shall never hear the end of it,' said Arcadius. 'I wish you clergy would leave me in peace.'

'Ecclesiastical offences must be punished,' said Chrysostom, 'no less than secular.'

But Eudoxia was determined at all costs to have her way. On the following Sunday, just before the service began, she was seen advancing up the nave of St. Sophia, with her attendants, and carrying in her arms her infant son, who was already an Augustus. The complaisance of the East had given to members of the Imperial Family that right to pass within the curtains of the sacrum which Ambrose, with courteous dignity, had forbidden to Theodosius the Great in the West, when he pointed him to a seat

below the step, and said, 'Emperor, this is the place for presbyters; your place as Emperor is below.'

After that, even at Constantinople, Theodosius would never accept the invitation of Nectarius to sit inside the sacarium. In the sight, however, of the whole congregation Eudoxia advanced, placed the imperial infant on the knees of the Patriarch, and adjured him in a loud voice, by the life of the Emperor and by the head of the infant Augustus, to recall Severian.

To refuse would have been to create a terrible disturbance in the sacred building. The eyes of the Patriarch filled with tears. He bent down, and kissed the sweet child, whom the Empress had left in his arms. Thinking only of the little placid infant, his memory reverted to the sacred scene when the humble Virgin of Nazareth had placed the Holy Child in the arms of the aged Simeon, and his heart was softened. He could not resist the feminine persistence which had not hesitated to go to such strange lengths for the accomplishment of Eudoxia's purpose. While his judgment disapproved, the thought came over him that this was the wife of the Emperor, and St. Paul had required obedience to the powers that be, because they are ordained of God. The adjurations of Eudoxia were so vehement that it seemed like high treason to turn a deaf ear to them.

'Empress,' he said, 'I am scarcely justified in resisting these appeals. I regard the responsibility as mine no longer. On your command, which I understand to be that of the Emperor, I will readmit Severian to our Communion.'

A swift messenger from the Empress bore the tidings to Chalcedon, and Severian returned, exulting in his bad heart at the Patriarch's humiliation. Yet even now he was dependent on the forbearance of the man whom he had so disgracefully endeavoured to undermine. For though the Empress might almost force on the Archbishop the withdrawal of his inhibition, the populace had a voice in the matter. They were quite likely to make Constantinople too hot to hold Severian, and would have thought but little of ejecting him by force from any Church which he attempted to enter. But it was not Chrysostom's way.

to do things by halves. If he were forced to recall Severian, he would cherish no hidden grudges. If he felt it his duty to respect the Imperial urgency by restoring him to Communion, he would do so without reservation.

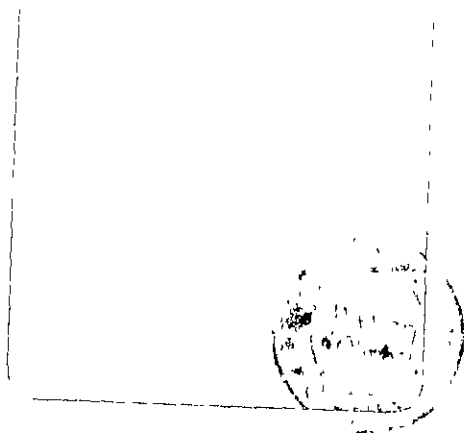
He therefore preached a sermon on the following Sunday with the object of smoothing down the antagonism of the people, and inducing them for his sake to abandon their hostility to the Bishop of Gabala. 'The head,' he said, 'must be united to the members, and so must the Church to the priest, the people to the Emperor. As the branch may not sever itself from the root, nor the river from its fountain, so sons must be one with their father, and disciples with their master. You have often shown your love for me, your obedience to me, and you have been willing for my sake even to jeopardise your lives. We are one in duty, one in affection. As my spiritual children, I counsel you to peace. We have had troubles among us. Let them end, let them be forgotten. Receive our brother Severian.'

The discourse was straightforward, simple, and noble, and the name of Severian had been brought in with consummate force and skill. The vast congregation felt the sincerity of the speaker, and they broke into applause. Chrysostom thanked them for their implied assent to his proposal, and begged that as they agreed to receive Severian, they would receive him graciously. Such a triumph of brotherly love would bring peace to the Church and cause joy in heaven.

To make the reconciliation complete Chrysostom invited Severian to preach on the following Sunday. *His* oration also has come down to us. It is rhetorical, fantastic, profoundly commonplace, and insincerity rings in every sentence and accent. Most of it is a sonorous amplification of the blessings of unity. 'In our cities,' he said, 'the pictures of the august brothers who rule the world — Arcadius and Honorius — are painted with the figure of Concord standing behind them, and embracing them in her maternal arms. Even so, now the peace of God embraces both of us in her throbbing bosom, and teaches us in separate bodies to keep a single mind. War is overthrown; peace reigns.'

THE MISDOINGS OF SEVERIAN

The pledge of peace was ratified before the Holy T Chrysostom was entirely true to it. Neither by word nor deed, nor look did he break it. But Severian went away to continue as heretofore his lies, his plots, and his intrigues — the fat, affectionate smile upon his lips belying the rancour and jealousy of his venomous heart. And the heavens darkened more and more!



BOOK IV

DEATH-GRAPPLES

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Merchant of Venice, I. 1.

CHAPTER XLIII

'ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS!'

Quantl sì tengon or lassù gran regi,
Che qui staranno come porci in brago,
Di sù lasciando orribili dispreghi!

DANTE, *Inf.* viii. 49-51.

'PHILIP,' said Eutyches one morning as he came in to the day's work, 'there are four of the strangest beings you ever saw in the Thomaites.'

'Ghosts or angels — which?' asked Philip. 'Are they like those you frightened the Goths with on the Palace walls?'

'Neither, you trifler from Antioch!' answered Eutyches, laughing; 'but they look like spectres. They are old, but astonishingly tall, and look gaunt, wretched, and half-starved. They are dressed only in white sheepskins and sandals. Their black locks are long and matted. Their arms and legs are bare, and are covered with the marks of scars; and one of them has lost an ear.'

'What do they want?'

'They will only say that they have come to throw themselves on the protection of the Patriarch. Proclus has told them that he is engaged, but that they shall be admitted in a few minutes. Do go, and take a glance at them.'

Philip went into the Thomaites, and saw the four strange figures which Eutyches had described. They stood together, with downcast eyes, at the end of the hall, leaning on their staves. Their appearance as they stalked through the streets was so unusual that a crowd of soldiers and street-boys had accompanied them to the entrance of the Patriarcheion, and some of these were peeping in through the open gates. But the strangers seemed to be unconscious of the attention they excited, and stood

silent, as if they were absorbed in their own thoughts. Their lips moved as in silent prayer.

'I guessed whom they must be from your description; Eutyches,' said Philip. 'A glance showed me that they were hermits from the desert of Nitria. They can be no other than the four celebrated Tall Brothers. But what can they be doing here? I hope that their presence is not ominous. They belong to that—saving his Sanctity—that bad Patriarch of Alexandria, and I have heard that they have been most infamously persecuted by him.'

'Tell me something about them.'

'I will tell you the little I know, Eutyches. The eldest is Ammonius. He was the companion of the great St. Athanasius when he was exiled in 341, near sixty years ago, and fled to Italy. He was the first monk whom Rome had seen. He was then a youth from a desert monastery. The soft Romans were amazed at his gigantic size, his splendid figure, his sheepskins, his utter simplicity of life; for, amid their gorgeous gluttonies, he ate nothing but bread and vegetables, and drank only water. It was owing to the strange impulse of envy and admiration excited at Rome by his complete indifference to the world that monasteries have been introduced into Italy by Ambrose. When Athanasius went back Ammonius became a hermit.'

'How did he lose his ear?'

'He cut it off; and that is why he is called Parotes.'

'Why? Did he think one ear enough?' asked Eutyches, laughing.

'No; but in those days Theophilus pretended immensely to admire these Tall Brothers, and wanted to seize him by force and make him a bishop. He hated the thought of it, and only desired to live far away from a corrupted Church and an evil world. So he fled into the depths of the Libyan desert. But even thither the agents of Theophilus pursued him. Finding that he could not escape, he cut off his ear, and, going out to meet them, said, "Go! your purpose is vain. The canons forbid any man who is mutilated to be ordained"—and he pointed to his bleeding ear.'

'What a man!' said Eutyches. 'But what are those scars on their arms and legs?'

'The Brothers are confessors,' said Philip. 'Those are the stigmata left on them by the tortures of the Arian Valens.'

'And the three others?'

'Theophilus, urging on them the duty of obedience, made two of them come and work as presbyters in Alexandria. The third, Dioscorus, he seized by force, gagged him that he might not appeal to Christ against his ordination, and consecrated him Bishop of Thermopolis.'

'What! Is he a bishop? No one rises when he enters, or takes any notice of him. And where is Thermopolis?'

'It is only a squalid village of a few huts near the deserts, and, practically, Dioscorus never ceased to be a hermit; but he is no longer bishop. Theophilus degraded and expelled him, and has done his best to degrade, to defame, and even to murder these Brothers.'

'Why? Is he a Pharaoh?' asked Eutyches.

'A Pharaoh!' said Philip, passionately. 'Yes, and a Nebuchadnezzar, and a Caiaphas, an Annas, and a Judas all in one; a whited wall, a whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. God forgive me if I err in speaking so of one of the four chief bishops of the faith! But Truth has her claims as well as Charity. Jeremiah cursed the priest Pashur, and Isaiah spoke thunder and lightnings against the drunken, hiccoughing priests of Jerusalem. The Prophets are full of the denunciation of the priests, and multitudes of them are as bad and false in these days as then.'

'What makes you so very hot against Theophilus?' asked Eutyches. 'Oh, Philip! since you lost David, and since Miriam went away, you are so much sadder and more gloomy. I wish I could ease your troubled heart.'

'Eutyches,' said Philip, 'you are very dear to me. But for you and *him*—my father—I know not how I could bear life, for all around us is blackness and falsity and wickedness. But the reason why my anger burns against this Theophilus is because I know that he is moving earth and hell to wreak his vengeance and jealousy on *him*. And oh!' said Philip, wringing his hands, 'something tells me that he will prevail. Our Patriarch beside him is but as a guileless child. He is no match for deceit

and treachery. They paralyse him with the same sort of horrible fascination which makes the bird drop into the serpent's jaws.'

'God forbid!' said the boy, making the sign of averting the evil eye, which is, in the East, of immemorial antiquity.

'Amen!' said Philip; 'but this Patriarch of Alexandria, this successor of Athanasius, is the wickedest man I ever heard of, even in the Church — and that is saying a good deal when one thinks of Severian, John the Deacon, Antoninus of Ephesus, the sorcerer Gerontius, the bribed liar Eusebius of Valentinianopolis, Elpidius that deadly hater, Isaac the Monk, and a good many more.'

'Even in the Church? Oh, Philip!'

'Alas! alas that it should be so!' said Philip; 'but so it is. A bad priest seems to me the worst of men.'

'You are right, Philip,' said Serapion, who heard the last sentence as he entered. 'A bad priest is the worst curse the Church can have. He is pledged to meekness, and he is insolent; he professes truth, and he is infamously slanderous; he should be a servant of all, and he is the most unscrupulous of usurpers; he preaches the law of liberty, and he imposes the yoke of bondage; he should be an example of lowliness, and he lords it over God's heritage. When you are ordained, Eutyches, remember always that a Christian presbyter is a presbyter, and in no sense more a priest than every true Christian is.'

'I do not think that our Eutyches will fail in lowliness,' said Philip. 'He reserves all his impudence for me.'

'Don't believe him, Archdeacon,' said Eutyches; 'but now, Philip, tell me more about these holy Brothers.'

'It must be very briefly, then, for they will be ushered in directly. Ammonius and Dioscorus remained in the desert, but Theophilus insisted on keeping the two others at Alexandria, where they grew more and more miserable as they began to see the greed, tyranny, and hypocrisy of their Patriarch. They entreated to be allowed to return to Nitria, and Theophilus, who saw their mistrust of him, has hated them ever since.'

'But they must have offended him in some way.'

'Yes, Eutyches; and how do you think? Theophilus is a very idolater of gold. A legacy had been left to his

sister for the use of the Church, and he declared that it had been promised to her for her own use. Isidore declared that he had never heard a syllable on the subject. He then began to defame Isidore, and appealed to the four Brothers to support his slander. They, on the contrary, swore that Isidore had always lived a holy life. Theophilus was mad with rage. He cannot endure being resisted. He is accustomed to treat his bishops, priests, and monks as the merest slaves, whom he can cashier, imprison, or put to death without reason at his pleasure. He can do this the more easily because most of the Egyptian magistrates are in his pay. But since he could attack the Brothers in no other way, he used his last and most terrible resource, which always is to charge men with heresy.'

'What heresy?'

'What he calls Origenism, the silliest and most unmeaning of all charges.'

'I thought that Origen was one of the saintliest Christian teachers.'

'The greatest Christian writer since the days of the Apostles. But some brutal and ignorant monks deem him a heretic, so Theophilus denounced the Brothers for Origenism.'

'What is Origenism?'

'No one has the least notion. Origen was a voluminous writer; even in his lifetime his writings were grossly interpolated. A bad man like Theophilus finds it easy to call a man an Origenist, and crush him. Then came the affair of Isidore.'

'What Isidore? — the one whom he wanted to make Patriarch?'

'Yes; Isidore became Hospitaller of Alexandria. A noble lady, knowing that Theophilus is "stone-mad" in building churches, and that much of his fund is grossly misapplied, gave Isidore a thousand pounds for the poor, on the express condition that he would not tell Theophilus. But Theophilus, who has hundreds of spies in his pay, heard of it, and in revenge trumped up a false charge against Isidore, which he suddenly produced at a synod of the clergy.'

'What was the charge?'

'It is too horrible to tell you, Eutyches. Isidore, who is an old man of eighty, challenged proof. Theophilus had bribed a youth to accuse him, but the consciences of the young man and of his mother smote them; they shrank from the wicked perjury, denied the asserted crime altogether, and the charge hopelessly broke down. Nevertheless, Theophilus forced his wretched herd of barbarous Egyptian bishops to degrade Isidore, and he fled to the Four Brothers in the Sketic desert. I do not know what happened afterwards.'

'Your story has interested me almost terribly,' said Eutyches. 'I must slip into the Thomaites and have another look at these famous men.'

He went out, and found the Bishop of Helenopolis talking to the Brothers. Palladius came, and asked him when the Patriarch would be free to see his suppliants.

'In a few moments,' said Eutyches.

'Then I will come into your anteroom, if I may,' said Palladius, 'and will myself introduce them when they can be received.'

When he had entered the anteroom, Philip said to him, 'My Lord, Eutyches is dying to ask you something about the Tall Brothers, but he is too modest.'

'I know all their story,' said Palladius, with whom Eutyches was a favourite, 'and I shall be happy to tell him. What does he want to know?'

'Tell us, Bishop,' said Eutyches, 'what happened to them after Isidore fled to them.'

'It is a very sad story, my boy,' said the Bishop. 'The Brothers came to Alexandria, and, knowing that Isidore was innocent, implored Theophilus to restore him. He promised that he would—and did nothing. Then they came again, and Ammonius reminded him that he was breaking his promise. Resistance to his will always drives Theophilus into demoniacal fury. He flung Ammonius into prison. His brothers declared that they would share his prison. But the Alexandrians were so horrified that they began to murmur. Theophilus, in alarm, had the Brothers turned out into the streets, and in their humility they thought it right to go to him. Ammonius spoke for them with perfect calmness and dignity, yet as he listened

Theophilus sat glaring at them with fierce aspect and bloodshot eyes, sometimes pale, sometimes livid, and sometimes with a bitter sardonic smile. Then suddenly, without a word of notice, he sprang up, seized Ammonius by the throat, and smote him in the face so brutally with his heavy hand that the blood gushed out, while he kept yelling, "Heretic! anathematise Origen!" The mere name of Origen had not once been mentioned.

'Had he never read,' said Philip, 'that a bishop should be no striker? It sounds incredible.'

'It may well do so,' said Palladius, 'even of a Nero or a Commodus; much more of a Christian Patriarch. But he then summoned in his soldiers, with his own hands twisted a halter round the neck of Ammonius, and ordered the Four Brothers, laden with chains, to be conducted back to Nitria.'

At this point Chrysostom called to Philip to admit the Tall Brothers. Philip told him that Palladius was present, and would introduce them.

They entered the Patriarch's presence, and with great humility kneeled, and kissed his hand. 'It is a joy to us,' they said, 'to see your Sanctity.'

'Nay, rise,' said Chrysostom. 'It is I who should kiss the hands of the friends of Athanasius, the scarred confessors under the tyranny of Valens. And call me only bishop, not your Sanctity.'

'Thanks,' said Ammonius; 'but the Patriarch of Alexandria will never allow himself to be addressed without endless iterations of your Beatitude, and your Religiousness, and your Dignity, and your Holiness. It will be a far easier task for our rude simplicity if you will let us address you more freely.'

'Speak,' said Chrysostom, 'as a brother to brethren, as a man to men.'

'Doubtless, sir,' said Ammonius, who as the eldest spoke for the others, 'you know our sad story up to the time when Theophilus sent us back, disgraced and in chains, to our brethren for no fault, bidding us anathematise Origen, about whom we had spoken no single word.'

'How could you at his bidding anathematise a saint of God?' asked Chrysostom. 'I thought that Theophilus himself was an admirer of the Adamantine?'

'He was,' said Ammonius, 'but he turned round in the strangest way. Origen held that God is a Spirit. But the illiterate monks whom they call "Anthropomorphites" maintained with savage fury that God has very hands and feet and eyes like men, and they rose in one of their fanatical tumults and rushed to Alexandria to murder Theophilus for not sharing their view. He was in great alarm, and, advancing, said to them, "In seeing you, holy monks, I see the very face of God." Delighted at this flattery, they embraced instead of killing him, and since then he has seen how powerful a weapon he may wield against his enemies, and you among them, Archbishop.'

'No man is a heretic,' said Chrysostom, 'because another man, in ignorance or in malice, may choose to call him so. But proceed.'

'We returned to Nitria chained, maltreated, slandered, excommunicated, covered with blood. Then an order came from the Patriarch that in every monastery every work of Origen was to be burned. Many of the manuscripts were comments on Scripture, rare, and holy, and full of learning.'

'To that I can testify,' said Chrysostom.

'Naturally there were some among us who, highly valuing these works, were reluctant to obey an order so unjust. Theophilus had his spies even in the Nitrian desert, who informed him of all that we did and said. Five of them were men of the lowest order, not worthy even to be porters; one of these Theophilus ordained a deacon, three of them presbyters, and for one he created a sham see in a miserable hamlet. He then entrusted to them a petition to himself, written by himself, full of false accusations against the Nitrian monks. After a short time these five spies left their cells, entered Alexandria, went straight to the church where the Patriarch was officiating, and, prostrating themselves before his throne, presented him, as though in the deepest grief, his own petition. Theophilus held up his hands in pretence of holy horror as he read the libels which his own hand had written, exclaiming that if heresy was to be extirpated he must visit Nitria in person. He sent to the magistrates to lend him a band of soldiers. To these he added the numerous servants of his palace and the paid

bravoes who execute his vengeance. He deluged them with drink, and at their head he started for the desert, timing his visit that he might arrive after nightfall. It was dark when they reached the mountains and burst upon us. In the terror of that midnight, multitudes of the monks fled and hid themselves, like Elias of old, in the rocky gullies. The cells of the monks were given up to the brutal soldiery. Few, as you know, were their possessions; but their little stores of food, their lamps, their books, and all that they possessed, were plundered.'

'How came you to escape?'

'We were the chief mark for his vengeance. To seize us had been his main desire. But our small laura was built far away in the recesses of the hills, and a hermit, flying to us in terror, told us that a wild boar was ravaging the vineyard of the Lord, and that one of the assailants, our secret friend, had bidden him warn us that we were to be slain. Flight was impossible, for all the paths were blocked by these Sons of Gehenna. Hastily our brethren let us down with cords into a well, over whose mouth they heaped wood and stones. They were only just in time. Scarcely were we concealed than the varletry of Theophilus burst into our laura. In their rage at not finding us they sacked our cells, tore our sacred books, smashed our beds and humble furniture, pierced the very walls to make sure that we were not in secret hiding, and, lastly, heaped fuel about our dwelling and set it on fire. The flames spread rapidly through the wattled huts in the hot, dry, desert air. We had left a poor boy to save, if he could, any of our possessions. He was the son of one who had left all to join our community, and had been trained among our hills in temperance and holiness. We all loved him. He perished in the flames.'

The aged face of the speaker was bathed in tears, and the Patriarch, as he listened to the tale of their misery, groaned aloud.

'Even the sacred vessels of the Eucharist were melted; even the holy elements which had been consecrated were consumed to ashes in the conflagration.'

'Oh, horrible!' said Chrysostom.

'Leaving nothing behind him but blackened ashes, amid

which lay the half-calcined bones of our poor boy, Theophilus and his brigands departed. When we were drawn out of our well, half-dead with cold, that was the sight which greeted us. Whither should we go? As we walked, hungry and wailing, down the hill, a few fugitives came from their hiding-places, and told us that as Egypt could no more be a home for us, they would fly to Syria, and meet us at a spot to the west of the Red Sea. There eighty of us met. Three hundred had started, but many were old and infirm, and perished by hunger on the way. Among the survivors were abbots, presbyters, deacons, monks — some of great age, many branded with the marks of the tortures which they had endured as confessors for the faith of Christianity. We determined to make our way to Palestine and throw ourselves on the protection of John, the good Bishop of Jerusalem. Everywhere the people received us with love and reverence; but even here Theophilus circumvented us. He had sent a most haughty letter to all the bishops of Palestine, in which, as though he were a god —

‘It is true,’ broke in Palladius. ‘He as God, sitting in the temple of God, sheweth himself that he is God.’

‘I hope not, Palladius,’ said Chrysostom, ‘for that was written of the Antichrist.’

‘Is not that man an Antichrist, my Lord Patriarch,’ said Palladius, ‘who, while he assumes the place of Christ, overthrows the work of Christ?’

Chrysostom made a sign to Ammonius to proceed.

‘His brief letter to the Palestinian bishops ran thus: “You ought not, against my will, to receive these monks into my cities. I only pardon you because you have done it in ignorance. Henceforth beware how you admit into any place, ecclesiastical or private, those whom I excommunicate.” Before he received this letter Bishop John desired to show us every kindness. But now we were hunted by Theophilus out of Palestine as though we were felons. We took ship at Joppa. Our number is now reduced to fifty, and we are come, O Patriarch! to throw ourselves on thy protection, knowing thee to be a lover of righteousness.’

‘My brothers,’ answered Chrysostom, weeping, ‘I grieve

for your misfortunes, but you are not under my jurisdiction. It behoves me to walk warily. A Council, whatever its character, has condemned you; until another Council, or your own Patriarch, has reversed your sentence the laws of the Church tie my hands. Reveal not why you have come hither till I have written to Theophilus. I may not yet communicate with you, but my Churches are all open to you for prayer, and for the supply of your bodily needs.'

'They are very small,' said Ammonius. 'If we can get palm-leaves, the mats and baskets which we make sell for prices far beyond their value, and buy us food.'

'Still, the deaconess Olympias and her sisterhood will see that you are cared for, and as your home I assign to you the precincts of the Church of the Resurrection, so dear to my great predecessor, Gregory of Nazianzus.'

No conduct could have been more prudent or just under circumstances of the utmost delicacy; and in order to lose no time Chrysostom wrote to Theophilus in the spirit of a brother and a son, entreating him to free the monks from the ban of excommunication. Of this letter Theophilus took no notice. Meanwhile the monks, weary of their long expulsion from the privileges open to the humblest Christians, draw up a letter full of charges against Theophilus so horrible that Bishop Palladius declined even to mention them, because, he says, they would sound incredible. Unable to obtain redress for their wrongs, they threatened to appeal to the Emperor, and to place this document in his hands.

Then Chrysostom again wrote to Theophilus, and told him of the step to which the monks would be driven in their despair. The answer of Theophilus was threefold. He sent some of his own creatures—a bishop and four monks—to Constantinople to blacken with infamy the names of the Tall Brothers and their companions, by calling them heretics and magicians. Among the superstitious populace the poor sufferers began to be regarded with such aversion as to be unable without insult to leave their cells: the precincts of the Church of the Anastasia became their prison. It was here that the unhappy Isidore, the Hospitaller, whom Theophilus had once striven

his utmost to make Patriarch of Constantinople, and had subsequently ruined by deeds of characteristic infamy, died at the age of eighty-five. To Chrysostom Theophilus wrote a curt and arrogant letter of three lines: 'I thought you knew the Nicene canons which forbid bishops to judge quarrels outside their own dioceses. If you are ignorant of those canons, attend to them now. If I ought to be tried, it can only be before Egyptian bishops, not by you, who are seventy-five days distant.' Lastly, he excommunicated the fourth brother, Dioscorus, had him dragged from his episcopal throne by black slaves, and abolished his diocese. Dioscorus fled, and rejoined his brothers.

Several circumstances gave Theophilus an immense influence, even in Constantinople. The city depended on Alexandria for its supply of corn from the granaries of Africa, and for this reason the port was often crowded with Egyptian vessels, and the streets with Egyptian merchants and sailors. Theophilus was in all but name the lord of Egypt. He could, if he chose, reduce the capital to famine, as Athanasius had been accused of doing in the days of Constantine. And not only were these Egyptians, mostly of the lowest orders, at his disposal for purposes of mischief, but he used his enormous wealth to bribe every civil and Court official who was open to venal advances.

But as Chrysostom was powerless the Brothers, now maddened by wrongs and misery, determined at last to address Arcadius. With his usual ill-fortune Chrysostom, who desired only to do all that was wise and just, had to brave the bitterness of a twofold animosity. The friends of the Brothers accused him of slackness in their cause, at the same moment that the mind of Theophilus was surcharged with venomous hatred against him because he had defended them.

But now the monks secured a powerful and unexpected ally.

The Augusta, in her manifold religiosity, was fond of paying public visits to every church which was regarded as specially sacred; and all the more as she had now turned her back on St. Sophia to show her dislike of Chrysostom. One day she announced her intention to visit the Church

of St. John the Baptist at the Hebdomon, where the unhappy Gaius had prayed for deliverance from the demon who tormented him. The monks, headed by the Tall Brothers, placed themselves conspicuously in her path. She was riding in a splendid carriage surrounded by her guards. Seeing the strange band in their sheepskin dresses, she recognised by the tallness of their stature the persecuted saints, of whom she had heard so much. She ordered her carriage to be stopped, and signed to them to come forward. They placed their terrible complaint against Theophilus in her hands, and explained its purport. Eudoxia had not the least intention to be braved by Theophilus, any more than by Chrysostom. What were Patriarchs to her unless they obeyed her wishes? Her motto was, *L'Empire c'est moi*. 'The Patriarch of Alexandria shall be summoned here,' she said, 'and shall be tried by a Council on the crimes which you lay to his charge. And you, reverend fathers, pray for me, and for the Emperor, and for my children.'

She kept her promise. Her chamberlain was at once despatched to Alexandria to summon the Patriarch to answer for the high crimes and misdemeanours with which he was charged. He received the command in savage and sinister silence. He saw in this summons the manœuvre of a rival. The affair of the Tall Brothers was now beneath his notice. His revenge demanded the utter ruin of Chrysostom. He would come, not only as an accuser, but as a judge.

CHAPTER XLIV

EPIPHANIUS INTERVENES

As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !'
Merchant of Venice, I. 1.

ONE way, and one way only, was open by which the Patriarch of Alexandria might hope to ruin the Patriarch of Constantinople. Had their rôles been reversed — had the soul of Chrysostom been burning with unholy rage against Theophilus, he could have brought home to his adversary crime after crime of the deepest dye, and, by an appeal to the people, could easily have destroyed him. But Chrysostom held it better even to perish at the hands of the wicked than to use their own methods to overthrow them. 'Ye have condemned, ye have killed the just; he doth not resist you.'

Lying defamation was a weapon in the use of which Theophilus was a deadly expert. But he might as well have tried to throw dirt against heaven and stain it, as attempt to gain credence for lies which could induce people to believe that Chrysostom was a reprobate. How saintly the Patriarch's life had been was known to all. No human being attached importance to the slanders which bad bishops and criminous clerks disseminated respecting him. But surely as a youth he could not have been so immaculate in his white innocence as now he was? Surely some old, dead scandal might be raked up against him out of the fetid embers of bygone calumnies in the vicious purlieus of Antioch where he had lived till manhood?

At any rate, it was worth trying, and Isaac the Monk was despatched on the loathly but congenial mission of attempting to pick up some rag of slander out of the long-putrescent gutters of the Syrian capital. No fitter emis-

sary could have been chosen than this pestilent hypocrite; but his attempt failed ignominiously. He could find nothing wherewith to incriminate the Archbishop, even in the days of his unbaptised and unconverted youth. And when the Antiochenes began to suspect the object of all these inquiries of this unsavoury monk, he narrowly escaped being kicked and pelted out of the city, and had to run for his life.

But what did that matter? If defamation of character was more difficult in the case of Chrysostom than of most men, nothing was less likely than that the prolific inventiveness of ecclesiastical hatred should fail to find some other means to wreak its purposes upon him. Heresy was a charge no less fatal than crime. In the hands of an able accuser it was easily manipulated; and, of all charges, that of Origenism was the one which filled the minds of the ignorant with the greatest amount of vague alarm. Chrysostom should be branded with the stigma of Origenism.

But it would be highly convenient if the charge could be fixed on him by someone whose name would not at once, like that of Theophilus, excite incredulous scorn as to his sincerity. Theophilus — who had himself contemptuously rejected anthropomorphism until it suited his purpose to seem to favour it, and who had been in every sense as much an Origenist as Chrysostom ever was — at first thought of securing the services of Jerome. The mind of Jerome was intensely sensitive to the slightest suspicion of heresy. He had been an ardent admirer of Origen, had openly extolled his greatness, had translated and disseminated some of his books. But now, in his terror of being thought guilty of heresy he turned completely round, and belied his own honesty and intelligence. There was a sort of basilisk power in Theophilus which paralysed opposition. He induced Jerome to translate into Latin the letter in which the Egyptian had called his rival 'an impure demon who had sold his soul to the devil'; but the timid Recluse of Bethlehem was obviously unqualified to take part in any active crusade.

So Theophilus determined to make a catspaw of the aged and highly venerated Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, in

Cyprus, whom no one would suspect of ulterior objects. Epiphanius was saintly and fairly learned, but his simple nature had two great foibles, which made him an easy tool in the hands of the astute intriguer. He had written a book which he regarded as a sufficient answer to all heresies, and having all his life long entertained that rooted belief in his own theological infallibility which is the specialty of many ecclesiastics, he had now sunk into a senile vanity which made him indignant if anyone disputed his oracular utterances. The meddling instincts of a heresy-hunter had already led him to a series of gross and illegal aggressions in the diocese of John of Jerusalem, of which he had quite needlessly, and somewhat treacherously, disturbed the peace. It required all the gentleness of John to forgive and tolerate him; but Epiphanius, revelling in the incense of adoration offered by the common people to his saintliness, was blinded by self-conceit to the disorders and improprieties of which he had been guilty. What were Church canons to him, when he was the only man who could set the Church right on all matters of religious opinion? Canons of episcopal discipline could not apply to a man who had refuted all the heresies.

The name of Origen acted like a red rag to the old man's self-satisfied infallibility. How could any man say a word in favour of the Adamantine, when he had shown how 'dangerous' were his views? Every competent observer, except himself, was well aware that he had never read Origen's books; that, if he had, he was incapable of understanding them; and that intellectually, and perhaps even morally, he was scarcely worthy to tie the shoes of the holiest thinker whom the Church had produced since the days of the Apostles.

Theophilus knew his man. He sent him the decree of his precious Egyptian synod of sycophants and nobodies who had condemned Origen, and with it a humble, flattering letter, in which he intensely gratified the old bishop's egregious vanity by saying that he himself—Theophilus—had once been entangled in Origenistic errors, from which the learned wisdom of Epiphanius had liberated him as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. Would not the saintly Bishop of Salamis once more save the world and

the Church by summoning a Council to anathematise Origen and forbid all men to read his books? Would he not, especially, save Constantinople and the Eastern world from its heretical Patriarch, who, with the Tall Brothers, was perverting his diocese with the Origenistic heresies which Epiphanius had long ago refuted?

Epiphanius scented the heresy-hunt from afar, and went over to Theophilus with a bound. Egregiously duped both as to facts and opinions, and completely blinded to his own non-jurisdiction and incompetence in the matter, he summoned his suffragans, and summarily anathematised Origen and all his works.

To Epiphanius the sole norm of orthodoxy was agreement with himself. If anyone had a religious opinion which differed from his own he was 'a' wrang, and a' wrang, and a'thegither a' wrang'; and was not only a' wrang, but also perverse, blind, ignorant, and presumably wicked. He is in this respect one of the commonest of ecclesiastical types.

Theophilus sent the decree of this ignorant synod and of his own to Chrysostom with another curt and insolent letter; but he, seeing through the plot, and profoundly uninterested in 'the fury of the theological insects' who were crawling over the sacred dust of Origen, put aside the whole matter as a petty dispute which did not concern him, and sent no reply.

Nettled at the unconcern which Chrysostom showed respecting his decisions — an unconcern due only to the fact that he was no more Origenistic than most of the wisest and ablest Fathers of the Church had been — Epiphanius now accepted the suggestion that, though he was eighty, he should go in person to Constantinople, and set things in order in the diocese of a superior in which he had not the least legitimate footing. He braved the dangerous winds, sailed through the Cyclades, and landed near the Church of St. John the Baptist at the Hebdomon.

From that moment his whole career at the capital was foolish and disorderly. He officiated and preached at the church, and, as he had done in the Diocese of Jerusalem, again flagrantly violated all ecclesiastical rule by ordaining a deacon. In spite of this, Chrysostom and his clergy

received him with the respect due to his age and saintliness, and the Patriarch invited him to share his hospitality. 'Not unless you swear to excommunicate the Tall Brothers and anathematise Origen,' said Epiphanius, rudely. 'Nay,' said Chrysostom, 'as regards that question we must await the decision of a General Council.' 'Very well,' said the Bishop; 'then I shall go to a private lodging prepared for me by the agents of Theophilus.'

In spite of this petulant rebuff Chrysostom, in forbearance to a senility intoxicated with the sense of its own self-importance, sent Philip to the lodging of Epiphanius, the next morning, to invite him to take part in the service of St. Sophia.

'Tell your master,' said Epiphanius, 'that I cannot lend the sanction of my authority to heresy.'

Philip was unwilling to carry back so crude an insult. Bowing and reddening, he asked, 'Has your Dignity no further answer to the request of the Patriarch?'

'None,' said Epiphanius.

'He may be a saint,' said Philip, indignantly, to Eutyches, who awaited him outside, 'but he is certainly a churl.'

But Epiphanius, as if he held in his hand the keys of all the creeds, invited every bishop who happened to be at Constantinople, denounced Origen with all his might, and induced not a few of them to subscribe to his condemnation, though they knew as little about Origen as Epiphanius himself. All, however, were not so flexible. Among them was Theotimus, Metropolitan of Scythia, whose holiness of life and loving magnanimity at Tomi, on the Euxine — famous as the scene of Ovid's exile — had won the Goths to devout admiration, and had even softened his savage neighbours, the Huns, who, struck with the loving homage by which he was surrounded, called him, in their ignorance, 'the God of the Romans.' Saint and confessor, he had even acquired a reputation for working miracles, and when he rose, wearing the long locks which he had never cut, there was silence among the bishops. Educated in Greece, Theotimus had carried some of the works of Origen to his Scythian see, and there read them with profound advantage. He drew one

of these manuscripts from his bosom, and read aloud page after page of teachings full of depth and beauty. 'Is this the man whom you want us to anathematise?' he asked; 'this saint, whose holy teaching abounds in high and orthodox instruction? To condemn him thus indiscriminately is to condemn the sacred books, which he expounded as no one else has done so wisely. If you find anything wrong in his books, reject it; but do not because of it obliterate all the abounding good.'

It was, however, useless to appeal to men whose condemnation was due either to ignorant prejudice, opined misconception, or hateful ends; and Epiphanius himself felt that such condemnation was of very little avail. He wanted to appeal to the people, who received him with veneration, and he actually had the temerity to announce that he would preach a sermon against the errors of Chrysostom in one of his own churches—the Church of the Apostles. But even Chrysostom, with all his boundless forbearance towards the intrusive old man, now found it necessary to interfere with an act of infatuation which might well have caused a tumult dangerous to Epiphanius himself. He sent Serapion to inhibit him. 'Bishop,' said Serapion, 'you have acted, and are acting, with discourtesy and irregularity. Be warned in time, or you must take the consequences.'

The firm rebuke made Epiphanius pause in his wilfulness; and he received another from the Empress herself. At this time her little son, Theodosius II., fell ill, and in her usual devotion to strange bishops she sent to ask the Bishop of Salamis to pray for him. 'Tell her,' said the old man—whom we can hardly regard as responsible for his actions—'that the child will live if she ceases to favour heresies and heretics.' The Empress was justly offended. 'Tell him,' she replied, 'that my child's life is in God's hands, not in his.' Such, however, was her superstition that she sent for one of the Tall Brothers, and asked him to speak to the aged Bishop.

All four of them went to him. He had never seen one of them before.

'Has your Sanctity ever seen one of our disciples,' asked Ammonius, 'or read one of our books?'

'Never,' said Epiphanius.

'Ought you not, then, to have done so before you judged us?' said the hermit. 'We have done so as regards you. We have spoken to your disciples; we have read your "Anchor of the Faith." There are many who condemn *you* as a heretic, and we have ever maintained your orthodoxy; yet you vituperate us without ever having cared to ascertain our real opinions!'

At last the eyes of the old man were opened. He saw that he had been hasty, uncharitable, unjust; he saw that he had made himself the deluded victim of a wicked intrigue aimed by bad men against the righteous and the good. The moment he was convinced of his folly he threw up his unintentional share in proceedings so nefarious, grieved that the last conspicuous act of his life should have been so little to his credit. He hastened to return to Salamis. Some bishops accompanied him to his vessel. His disillusioned bitterness found vent in his farewell words to them. 'I leave you,' he said, 'your capital, and your palace, and your theatrical hypocrisy. I depart from you. I haste, I haste away.'

He and Chrysostom parted in mutual anger. He was the wronger; Chrysostom the wronged. Yet he would not apologise or admit how egregiously he had been in the wrong. 'I hope you will not die a bishop,' said he to Chrysostom. 'I do not think you will ever arrive at home,' replied the Patriarch. Let us drop a veil over the dissensions of saints—for even saints err. *ONE* only was without sin. If the words were ever spoken, they were sadly fulfilled.

They are the last recorded words of Epiphanius. He did not survive the voyage home, but died on board ship, his death being doubtless hastened by chagrin at his total failure, and by self-humiliation at his unjustifiable and arrogant intermeddling with affairs which did not belong to him, and questions which he was too prejudiced and ordinary to understand.

So far, then, Chrysostom had behaved with wisdom, self-repression, and generous forbearance, and had triumphed almost without striking a blow. But now he fell into one of those errors of judgment which are so venial, yet so

fatal. A mistake in this world is often far more ruinous than a crime.

For this was the unfortunate moment which he chose to launch another of his impassioned diatribes at the worldliness, the luxury, the intrigues, the meretricious bedizenment of wealthy and high-born women. The sermon has not come down to us; perhaps it was purposely suppressed by the shorthand-writers, lest it should bring them into trouble. But it was at once perverted and misquoted, and reported to the Augusta in the most malignant form, as though it had been deliberately intended for a flagrant attack upon herself. Indeed, Chrysostom could hardly allude in the most distant and historic way to Elijah and Jezebel without being accused of glorifying himself and fixing treasonable nicknames on the Empress.

This sort of travesty of what he had said had become so normal that he had chosen as his third amanuensis an excellent youth, named Kallias, who had made himself so skilled a reporter that no 'swift writer' in Constantinople could equal him in rapidity and accuracy. Left an orphan in early years, he had been trained in a monastery; but finding as he grew to boyhood that he had no vocation for the monastic life, he had ardently thrown himself into the task of 'reporting' as a means of gaining a livelihood. Nothing which could be called 'shorthand' then existed, but Kallias could practically take down an entire speech or sermon in such a way as enabled him afterwards, by the aid of memory, to write it out exactly as it had been delivered. It is to Kallias that we owe the preservation of many of Chrysostom's later homilies; and sometimes, by referring to the reports of Kallias, the Archbishop was able effectually to refute—when he deigned to do so—the hideous parodies of what he really had said which were falsely attributed to him.

Kallias had been with Philip and Eutyches at the delivery of the sermon on the sinful extravagances of women, and Philip saw at once that it was fraught with peril. As he walked out with the two other youths he said: 'We shall hear again of that sermon. Oh that our Patriarch had more of the serpent's wisdom with the dove's harmlessness!'

'He would say, I suppose,' answered Eutyches, 'as I have often heard him say, that he can only speak what it is given him to speak at the time.'

'Not for one moment do I presume to blame him,' said Philip. 'But these sermons will be his ruin.'

'But what can be done?' asked Eutyches. 'This sermon will be represented to Eudoxia in a way which will make her mad. What says Kallias?'

'I have done what little I could,' said Kallias. 'I noticed that the only other "swift writer" present was Phocas, who reports for Severian. I know him of old. I have observed that he purposely introduces malignant words and touches, or gives a turn to sentences which they never had in the context.'

'Oh! as for that,' said Philip, 'I had not been a month in Constantinople before I found out that the normal way of criticism was to attribute to an opponent something which might *pass* for what he said. A word or two here and there, culled out of separate sentences, and pieced together as a quotation, makes smart criticism, and a splendid basis for attacking a man whose real words were wholly different.'

'Exactly,' said Kallias; 'and that is what Phocas tries to do in the interests of Severian. But to-day someone has spoiled his little game.'

'How?'

'Oh! there was a great crowd as we left the Cathedral, and Phocas was sitting on a chair at one side, trying to write out his notes, when someone upset his inkstand right over all his tablets, so that he cannot possibly make them out.'

'Someone,' said Philip, laughing. 'Oh, Kallias!'

'Well,' answered Kallias, blushing a little, 'I really thought it quite fair after all his deliberate scoundrelism.'

'It won't prevent gossips from retailing the sermon to the Empress under the worst guise, I fear,' said Eutyches.

'No, Eutyches, it won't. The days are darkening round us. I expect that before long we shall have to say with the Maccabees, "Let us die in our simplicity."'

The youths were right. Eudoxia was informed that Chrysostom had savagely preached at her in St. Sophia.

The information, purposely distorted by Epigrapbia and the bishops, monks, and priests, drove her into one of the paroxysms of rage to which she yielded without restraint. Hitherto she had sided with the Tall Brothers, and it was she who had induced Arcadius to summon Theophilus before a synod for judgment. Now the Tall Brothers and their wrongs were nothing to her. She wrote to Theophilus, urging him to come with as many Egyptian 'bishops' (so-called) as he could scrape together, and to come with the express object of destroying Chrysostom.

And his bad heart exulted, and he felt sure that at last the hour for revenge had come!

CHAPTER XLV

EPISCOPAL CONSPIRATORS

Slander the stylus, Treason piled the knife;
And, preaching peace, Religion practised strife.
LORD LYTTON, *Chronicles and Characters*.

THEOPHILUS sent his twenty-eight bishops by sea. Strange bishops they were! Men with the names of barbarous Egyptian gods, bishops of collections of mud huts and crocodile swamps on the banks of the Nile, bishops ignorant of everything in the choir of heaven and the furniture of earth, and so completely subservient to their wicked and terrorising Patriarch that at a crook of his finger they would have been prepared to condemn Athanasius himself. And these were the men who, at the instigation of his deadliest enemies, were in his own diocese to sit in judgment on the chief Patriarch of the East, the greatest saint, orator, and writer of his age, in the teeth of the decisions of the bishops assembled around him, more, and more honourable than they — among whom were seven metropolitans.

The Egyptians were to await their Patriarch at Chalcedon, where their dull and blind animosities might be daily exacerbated by the diatribes of Bishop Cyrinus, who never spoke of Chrysostom except as the arrogant, the ruthless, and the heretical.

Theophilus himself came more leisurely by land. He did this with an object. On the one hand, he left the evil leaven to work; on the other, he could gather conspirators in the Churches of Syria and Asia Minor, who received him with adulations because of his high rank, and to whom he sedulously announced that he was on his way to depose the Patriarch of Constantinople. His attempt, however, was not very successful. In addition to his twenty-eight Egyptian parasites he only inveigled seven

others from Armenia, Persia, and Mesopotamia. It would have been well for the unhappy Bishop of Chalcedon if one of these had never come. It was Maruthas, Bishop of Mesopotamia. He was a man of slouching gait and elephantine proportions, who wore heavy boots. Cyrinus was sitting on a divan with his legs outstretched before him. Maruthas, as he came blundering in, trod with all his weight on one of the feet of Cyrinus. The Bishop uttered a shriek of pain. The points of the iron nails, with which the boots of Maruthas were shod, wounded his foot in four or five places. The result was as though all the venom in the blood of Cyrinus had flowed into those wounds, in order to wreak upon him the vengeance of God. The wounds gangrened. It became necessary to amputate his foot; and it must be remembered that in those days there were no anæsthetics. The stump gangrened again; and it was again necessary to make an amputation at the knee. The leg gangrened again. There was another amputation, and the wretched Bishop died. He took what part he could in the Synod of the Oak. He signed its childish and infamous decrees; but he was scarcely ever able to cross over to Constantinople to aid in its machinations, and men saw in his frightful and lingering death a mark of the wrath of God for the part which Cyrinus had taken in the destruction of His saint.

On Thursday, at noon, in July, 403, Theophilus, accompanied by his twenty-eight suffragans, crossed the Bosphorus, and landed at a quay known as the Chalcedonian Stairs. All the Egyptian corn-ships were decked with streamers; all the Egyptian sailors received him with acclamations. He traversed the city to the Pera district, where the Empress had assigned to his use the palace named Placidiana, on the other side of the Golden Horn. In passing the Patriarcheion he disdainfully refused the hospitality offered with all courtesy to him and his bishops by Chrysostom. He would not even follow the custom of entering the church to join in Communion. 'This,' said Chrysostom to his friends, 'is nothing less than a declaration of open war.'

It is to Palladius, Bishop of Helenopolis, as well as to the letter of Chrysostom to Pope Innocent, that we owe

our knowledge of these events. Theophilus, says the lively Palladius, had come from Egypt like a dung-beetle, except that the load which he rolled before him consisted of the loveliest and sweetest products of Egypt and Arabia, which were to be used to create the stench of hatred and envy. At the Placidiana the Alexandrian prelate lived *en prince*, winning courtiers and clergy alike by superb banquets and subtle flatteries, and working in concert with the monkish, clerical, and feminine cabals which sat in permanence at the house of Epigrapbia. He soon got hold of tools who would admirably serve his purpose: the deacon John, excommunicated by Chrysostom for murdering his servant, and another deacon who had been condemned for adultery. He was also effectually aided by the three widows—Marsa, Castricia, and Epigrapbia—and their *clientèle*, consisting of Severian of Gabala, Antiochus of Ptolemais, and Acacius of Beroë, together with the mass of the corrupt clergy of Constantinople and the concubines whom they called their ‘spiritual sisters.’ Theophilus felt no doubt of the result, despite the scruples of Arcadius, to whom it seemed strange that a number of unknown Egyptians, headed by a Patriarch accused of enormous delinquencies, should have come to his own capital to accuse his own Patriarch, whom, whatever might be his errors, Arcadius knew to be a saint. Moreover, at this moment the five previous emissaries of Theophilus were under sentence of death for libel, and it was only by bribery that he secured the modification of their sentence into relegation to Proconnesus. This, however, was a trifle; for Eudoxia, not Arcadius, was the real emperor. The people, it is true, were dead against the intruders and their own apostate clergy; but Theophilus secured his personal safety by getting from the Empress a guard of honour.

It was, nevertheless, obvious that no Council adverse to Chrysostom could sit at Constantinople without danger of a riot, and Severian recommended its transference to the neighbouring Chalcedon, where it could be held in the superb palace of Rufinus, possessed years afterwards by Belisarius. Here the murdered Minister of Arcadius had built a magnificent church, called the Apostolœum, in

honour of St. Peter and St. Paul; and hither he had, ten years earlier, summoned Ammonius, the eldest of the Tall Brothers, as the man whose reputation was the saintliest in the Empire, to perform his baptism. The palace was called 'The Oak,' and the synod now held there was, perhaps the most contemptible and infamous known in all the annals of the Church. It proposed to take in hand three questions — the accusations against Chrysostom; the affair of the Tall Brothers; and a charge of having stolen a deacon's clothes brought against Heracleides, whom Chrysostom had made Metropolitan of Ephesus. This 'Synod of the Oak' was known as the Alexandrian party; the larger synod of bishops gathered round Chrysostom in the Thomaites was called 'the Johannites,' and, among others, comprised among its members no less than seven metropolitans. There was scarcely an ecclesiastical offence against the Nicene canons respecting episcopal jurisdiction which this paltry and wicked Synod of the Oak, relying on Court patronage, did not openly violate. Summoning before it the Constantinopolitan clergy, with outrageous impudence, it first considered the charges against Chrysostom, preserved for us by the industry of St. Proclus, who was then a young reader, but who, thirty years afterwards, became his successor in the See of Constantinople.

John, the deacon excommunicated for homicide, accused Chrysostom, among other things, of having fettered a monk as a demoniac; of having embezzled, sold, or diverted by malversation the possessions of the Church; of having published a book full of insults against the clergy; of having charged the deacons with the theft of his pallium; of having ordained as bishop a grave-robber named Antonius; of having betrayed Count John to the soldiery; of entering and leaving church without prayer; of receiving women alone; of ordaining men without witnesses; of secret 'Cyclopean orgies'; of violences and irregularities in Asia; of having smitten Memnon in the face in the Church of the Twelve Apostles, and made him bleed; of having put on his bishop's robes as he sat on his throne; and of having eaten a pastille before the Holy Communion.

To these Isaac the Monk, a worthy coadjutor of the homicide, added that he had favoured the Origenists; that he had used such expressions as 'The Table of the Church is full of Furies'; and 'I am mad with love'; and 'If you sin again, repent again'; and that 'If Christ's prayer was not heard, He had not prayed aright'—and that he stirred up the people to sedition.

Isaac's charges were chiefly concocted out of disconnected and meaningless scraps fished out of the turbid waters of notes of sermons garbled by Phocas, the reporter, suborned by the malign influence of Severian of Gabala. They were about as fair and about as true as a criticism of an ecclesiastical opponent written by an anonymous clerical reviewer in a modern Church newspaper.

These libels—a heterogeneous amalgam of frivolities and lies—were redacted, on the suggestion of the two renegades, by a pen skilful in the manipulation of slander—that of Theophilus himself. No one regarded these preposterous charges as anything more than convenient implements of unscrupulous malignity. Those which possessed even a shadow of foundation were obviously steeped in the venom of misrepresentation. Pope Innocent and the whole Catholic world afterwards characterised them as ridiculous and contemptible.

There are accusations to which a noble-minded man, conscious of his own blameless integrity, cannot reply, because he feels them to be beneath his notice. To scarcely one of all these forty or more accusations did the Archbishop deign to allude. What need was there for the most abstemious man in Constantinople, whose habitual diet consisted of bread and vegetables, and who ordinarily drank nothing but water, to declare that he was not given to 'Cyclopean orgies'? What did it boot for a man notoriously indifferent to money to prove that what he had withdrawn from luxury he had expended on beneficence? No one, except a couple of perjurers of notoriously bad character, pretended to vouch for even the least serious charges. It was only afterwards that Chrysostom, in a private letter, said that the immorality with which he was infamously charged had for him long been a

physical impossibility. It strangely illustrates the depths of anile superstition into which the Church had fallen from the simplicity of the Gospel that the one charge which Chrysostom seemed to feel most was that of having eaten a lozenge before the Holy Communion. This infinitely frivolous accusation of a purely imaginary sin he repudiated with strong asseverations, although he naturally adds that, even were it true, he would have done nothing but what Christ and the Apostles themselves did when they partook of the first and holiest of all Holy Communion, at the immediate conclusion of a meal.

Yet, strange to say, while the scoundrelly Synod of the Oak was jubilant, the more numerous band of bishops gathered round the Patriarch in the Thomaites was painfully depressed. The reason of this was their certainty that Theophilus and his hirelings were backed by the Court and by the majority of the evil-minded clergy. 'Pray for me, dear brethren,' said Chrysostom, when he heard the hideous list of charges brought against him, and knew that as regards some of them it would be difficult to extricate himself without injury, because 'A lie which is half a truth is ever the greatest of lies.' 'Pray for me, for I am in the toils of Satan. My God have mercy on me!' The bishops, on hearing these sad words, melted into tears, and, amid the sound of general sobbing—for they had all heard the rumour that the Patriarch would be executed for treason—they poured round him, kissing his eyes, his eloquent lips, his sacred head.

'Nay,' he said. 'What! mean ye to weep and to break my heart? What is life but a dream, a shadow, a vapour, a nothing less than nothing? Have I not sold this world that I may win eternal life? Does my lot differ in any respect, in its miseries and persecutions, from that of the Patriarchs, the Prophets, or the Apostles? What was the earthly reward of the Lord Himself at the hands of "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," but first to be called a Samaritan and a Beelzebub, and then to be crucified?'

'If we weep,' said one of the bishops, 'it is because you leave us orphans and the Church a widow, while we see her laws trampled and wickedness triumphant.'

'Enough, my brother,' answered Chrysostom, bringing

down his right finger on the palm of his left hand. 'Do not leave your churches because of me. The Church never lacks a head. If you behead Paul, you leave Timothy, and many more.'

'Ah! but,' exclaimed another bishop, 'they will never leave us our churches without forcing us to communicate with them, and subscribe to your condemnation.'

'Communicate with them,' said Chrysostom, 'lest there should be a schism in the Church, but subscribe not, for I am innocent, and you would be setting your names to a lie.'

At this moment arrived two young Libyans from the Synod of the Oak, commanding John — to whom they did not even give his title of bishop — to appear before them, accompanied by Serapion and Tigris.

The Council of the Patriarch sent their answer to Theophilus alone. 'Cease,' they said, 'to break the laws of the Church by intermeddling, contrary to thine own express letter, in a jurisdiction not thine own. Come thou before us. We are forty bishops, of whom seven are metropolitans. You are but thirty-six, of which twenty-nine are Egyptians.'

But to the Synod of the Oak — though more than three-fourths of its members were ignorant creatures of Theophilus, without name, without knowledge, without conscience, or consecrated only to multiply dishonest and dictated votes — Chrysostom wrote in his own name. He said that while he disdained their accusations, and denied their rights, he would yet appear in person before them if they would exclude from their body his avowed and open foes — Theophilus, Acacius, Antiochus, and Severian. Otherwise they might summon him a thousand times, and it would be in vain.

Three of Chrysostom's bishops and two priests were sent with these replies. Then came a message from the Palace with an order from Arcadius that 'John was to appear before the Synod.' Chrysostom gave his reasons for refusing. Next entered the monk Isaac and a priest of Constantinople, Eugenius — whose treachery to his master had been rewarded with a bishopric — who once more curtly cited him. It is well that he did not go, for the synod of bishops at the Oak had been transformed,

like the robber-synod of Ephesus in later days, into an assembly of brutal assassins. One of Chrysostom's three episcopal envoys was beaten; the dress of the second was torn off his back; the third was fettered with the chains which had been intended for Chrysostom himself, and was sent adrift in a boat among the currents of the Bosphorus! — These were your Christian bishops!

But as Arcadius seemed to be wavering they now pressed Chrysostom with the charge brought by the monk Isaao, that he had been guilty of high treason by calling Eudoxia 'Jezebel.' He had called her nothing of the kind, though, having lauded her merits with earnest warmth when she seemed worthy of praise, he had warned her of the perils of her imperious passion. In its twelfth session the wretched Synod unanimously condemned the Patriarch, and sent their condemnation to the Emperor, saying, in a style of hypocritical ecclesiastical tenderness worthy of Torquemada and the 'Holy' Inquisition, that while they dethroned John for contumacy in refusing to appear before them, they would leave the Emperor to deal with the capital charge of high treason. In Spanish Papal fashion they handed him over — so kind and tender were these holy men! — to the secular arm.

The next matter for them to settle was the affair of the Tall Brothers. By this time the Presbyter Isidore was dead; the Bishop Dioscorus was also dead; Ammonius was fast dying, and could not answer the citation of the Synod. Theophilus went through the grotesque comedy of a reconciliation with the two surviving brothers, who were of the least courage and of little comparative account. He beslobbered them with crocodile tears; allowed them to return to the monastery of Skete; afforded them his gracious forgiveness for the murderous wrongs which he had inflicted upon them; and declared that he had never met so admirable a monk as their brother, Ammonius! After this abhorrent farce the absence of Heracleides of Ephesus prevented them from proceeding any further with his case. And as for Origen, Theophilus resumed his former studies of the Alexandrian exegete, and being one day caught reading one of the treatises which on pain of excommunication he had ordered to be

everywhere burnt, pleasantly remarked that in reading Origen he culled the flowers and neglected the thorns!

Meanwhile Arcadius ordered Chrysostom to depart, but took no step to insure the fulfilment of the order, because the multitude in their serried ranks protected the Patriarcheion day and night, exactly as they had protected Ambrose at Milan from the troops of the Empress Justina. Before the palace-gates of Arcadius they shouted, 'We will have a true Council! We will have a General Council to try and acquit the Archbishop.' They also filled the streets and churches with the wail of their entreating litanies.

The second day after the sentence of the Synod, the showy hypocrite Severian had the impudence to mount a pulpit in one of the churches and declaim against Chrysostom, saying that he ought to be deposed for his pride alone, if for nothing else, since—so said this peculiarly humble conspirator!—pride is of all things most hateful to God. Such was the fury of the congregation at this barefaced effrontery that they rose in a mass and chased the wily, oily impostor out of the city so precipitately that he barely had time to make his way back to the Bosphorus, and fly with all speed to the diocese on which he considered his brilliant talents to be so miserably thrown away.

But on the way he thought better of it. Gabala was not yet to enjoy the light of his countenance. In hopes of a reaction he hid himself, with his precious colleagues, Antiochus and Acacius, in the house of Cyrinus. The gangrene of which the Bishop of Chalcedon was dying by inches was hardly more intolerable than the black thoughts of these episcopal conspirators.

Chrysostom, on the other hand, was escorted by the multitude from his palace to the Basilica, and there addressed them. 'My brethren,' he said, 'the waves beat on the rock, but they can only shatter themselves to foam on its impregnable bases. The billows curl over the ship; how can they submerge it when Jesus is on board? Fear not for me. What have I to fear? Death? To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain! Exile? The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. The plundering of

my goods? I brought nothing into this world, and certainly I shall carry nothing out. I despise that which makes many tremble. I laugh at the riches and the honours which many covet. Wealth and poverty to me are both alike; and if I desire to live, it is solely if I may be of use to you. God has united us. Tyrants have endeavoured ere now to crush the Church. Where are they now? They have sunk to silence and oblivion, but the sun still flames in the zenith even where clouds have overshadowed it. Tyrants have tried to subdue even young maidens with iron teeth, and their faith remained unshaken by torture. Believe me, these storms and threatenings are but as a spider's web. As for the Empire and its laws, all is turning to dishonour——

The word had scarcely passed his lips when a sort of wave of emotion which passed over the people showed him that the word *adoxia*, which he had unwittingly used for 'dishonour,' was capable of being regarded as a deadly insult to the Empress Eudoxia, though he had not in the least intended it. It was so reported to her, and the next morning a Count of the Palace came to demand, in the name of the Emperor, the instant departure of the Patriarch. A boat, he was informed, awaited him at the 'Chalcedonian Stairs,' and, if he resisted, the spearmen were ready to 'carry him off by force.'

By force! Chrysostom saw at once that the attempt to use force would mean a bloody battle between the troops and the populace, perhaps even a terrible revolution. He could not tolerate the thought that blood should be shed on his account. He determined to surrender himself secretly. He sent Philip to the Count of the Palace to inform him of his determination. The Count entrusted the management of the affair to a detective. There seems to be no better word for the officer who is called a *curiosus*. Under his guardianship Chrysostom slipped out of a secret gate at the back of St. Sophia about noon, and, accompanied only by Philip, was placed in hiding in a neighbouring house. At nightfall the detective led them to the boat, where the Count awaited them. They were recognised, but the Patriarch by his authority suppressed all attempts at a rescue, though multitudes

attended him to the vessel and broke into loud cries against the Empress and the Court.

It was now the end of September, 403. Next morning the whole city was like a church, for the poor of every age and of both sexes poured out of their houses with tears and lamentations. In the midst of this wild excitement the victorious Theophilus, with his guard of soldiers, took possession of Constantinople like a conqueror, scattering excommunications among the friends of Chrysostom, and bishoprics or other dignities among his own adherents. He ordered the perjured priests who had betrayed their Patriarch to take re-possession of the churches from which they had been expelled; but the crowd prevented their ingress, and each church was barricaded like a citadel. His own attempt to enter St. Sophia led to a violent outbreak. The monks, whose vices and furies Chrysostom had so scathingly exposed, were all on the side of the Egyptian, and fought for him. The soldiers turned against 'the black men,' as they contemptuously called them. Blood flowed like water in the sanctuaries, yells of fury resounded in the place of prayer and hymns, the very baptismal fonts were stained with blood. The Patriarch of Alexandria, coward no less than tyrant, was filled with terror. The people were shouting after him, and declaring that they would without hesitation pitch him into the sea. He fled in disguise and in horrible alarm to Chalcedon, and there, hastily embarking with his twenty-eight miserable suffragans, fled back to Egypt.

Ipsæ enim cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.

The detestable arch-monk, Isaac, accompanied him in his flight, and thenceforth, to our relief, vanishes into the midnight, with the scourge of an accusing conscience sounding over him and the clutch of the demons on his gilded and essenced hair.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE EARTHQUAKE

Κτύπησε μὲν Ζεὺς χθόνιος, αἱ δὲ παρθέναι
 βλήσαντες ὡς ἤκουσαν. — SOPHOCLES, *Œd. Col.* 1606.

PHILIP had been permitted to accompany his beloved father and master when he was conveyed by the Count of the Palace across the Bosphorus; and his heart was full of an anguish too deep for tears. All the long future seemed for him to be not only uncertain, but smitten with a blight. What would come of this banishment? Would Chrysostom ever be recalled? Where would be his future? He could never desert the Patriarch while his services were so indispensable; but thoughts of Miriam, and doubts whether he should ever see her again, mingled with his more unselfish grief.

He was amazed at the cheerfulness of the Patriarch. Here he was, hurled from his high estate, defeated by his enemies, an exile, horribly calumniated, not knowing what a day might bring forth, and yet he uttered no word of lamentation, and could speak to Philip with a smile.

But Philip was aware that what supported his master was 'the strong-siding champion, conscience.' He might have made, he *had* made, many errors of judgment; he had yielded to occasional impatience and irritability, caused chiefly by his severe bodily self-denial, both in the past and in the present; but of any sins such as those with which he had been charged by the foul Synod of Theophilus and its hired assassins of the truth he was wholly innocent. He felt that but for his magnanimity and self-repression nothing would have been more inevitable than a massacre in the capital, a revolution in the Empire, a schism in the Church. This had only been averted by his voluntary surrender.

They were landed at a place called 'The Shrine,' not far from Chalcedon. The Count remained; the guards went back across the Bosphorus. When they were alone, Chrysostom said to Philip, 'My son, I do not like to remain in this place. It is too near Chalcedon. In the neighbourhood of Cyrinus and Severian I do not feel my life secure. If you will go and hire me a boat, dark as it is, we can sail at once to Prænetus, on the Gulf of Astacus, opposite Nicomedia. There my friend Palladius has two relatives who own a little farm, and there we shall be safe.'

Not a moment was to be lost. Philip found a boat. Wind and current were favourable, and before midnight they found themselves hospitably sheltered in the farm, and treated by the relatives of Palladius with the utmost courtesy and reverence.

But Philip's heart was heavy. 'My father,' he asked, 'what will Kallias do, and poor Eutyches, and old Phlegon, and your servants? Will the Emperor and the clergy appoint a new Patriarch? Where will you live?'

'My boy,' said Chrysostom, 'when you have reached my age you will learn to say with all your heart, "Be not over-anxious about to-morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."' "As for you, and Kallias, and Eutyches, and my old servants, perhaps—who knows?—we may all be allowed to go back to Antioch, and live in Singon Street. I cannot tell. God will provide.'

'Oh! that will be like heaven after that horrible, guilty city,' said Philip; and then he became sad and silent.

'Now, Philip,' said the Patriarch, cheerfully, 'turn your attention for the moment to this excellent supper which our friends have provided. It is much better than you would have had at the Patriarcheion, and a young appetite like yours should be ready for it, since it is long since you broke your fast.'

'I am thinking,' said Philip, 'that you will no longer be the great Patriarch of Constantinople.'

'Nay, Philip, grieve not for my sake on that account. There can never be real greatness for anyone except such as is inherent in himself. Honours and titles cannot make a little man great, nor can the deprivation of them make a great man little. And what are we at the best

but dust and ashes? Can gilding add to their true value? If it be so, God will have relieved me of an enormous burden. My elevation was the worst misfortune which ever befell me. And what are rank or wealth to one whose chosen home was once a damp cavern? Tell me, Philip, don't you think we were much happier in the little house at Antioch?'

'Yes, father, I look back to those blessed days. There you were not surrounded by the hatred of the bad and the lies of the contemptible. Whenever I think of Constantinople, it seems to me like that monster, composed of hissing serpents, which Hannibal saw crashing after him in his dreams.'

'Well, then, let us kneel down, my boy, and I will pray for you, and myself, and our beloved Desposyni, and Eutyches, and all of us; and then we will sleep as peacefully as happy children who have laid all their cares on God.'

They knelt. He poured out his soul aloud in simple prayer. Then they retired to rest, and slept long and soundly—the youth sleeping at his father's feet.

It was high dawn when they awoke refreshed, and prepared for whatever the day might bring forth.

How differently had been the night spent by their enemies! Theophilus, sick in body and sick in heart, was tossing on the stormy waves with his twenty-eight creatures, feeling foiled and humiliated for all his semblable victory, and still hearing in his dreams the howls of the angry populace, emphasising the unrest of his own conscience, which barked within him like a furious Cerberus. Severian, as he tossed on his sleepless couch, farther (it seemed) than ever from the accomplishment of his personal ambitions, felt, with agony of mind, that he was a mean and degraded impostor. Cyrinus lay sick, body and soul, nigh unto death, with the anguish of his amputation, which was beginning to gangrene afresh. Qualms of conscience disturbed the slumbers of Antiochus of Ptolemais. The old Acacius of Beroea wished, with a sigh, that his long white hair and venerable aspect could gain from himself the reverence which it won from others. All were troubled; but none of them repented. And in the palace

of the Emperor and Empress all night long there was tumult and wild affright.

For about the time that they retired to rest they heard from the Hebdomon the first moaning rumblings of an earthquake, and felt that first, indescribable shivering of the ground which, more than any other power of Nature, reduces man to imbecility and paralyses him with terror. The shocks increased in violence as they moved towards the centre of the city, and at last, again and again, the Palace was shaken as though its walls were smitten with palsy. To Eudoxia the bodily alarm was tenfold intensified by superstitious horror. Was it not obvious, she thought, that this earthquake was sent by God in vengeance upon her for the wrongs which she had inflicted on His servant, the Patriarch? The violence of the earthquake, which reduced their Imperial Eternities to the level of the humblest slaves in their palace, seemed to concentrate itself in the bedchamber of Eudoxia. She lay pale and palpitating, too agitated even to pray, suffering in her terror a thousand deaths, till at last, at a shock more violent than those before, she heard the wall of her chamber crack terrifically, her bed was tilted over, and she fell shrieking on the floor.

Her attendants, pale and horror-stricken as herself, came rushing in to her assistance.

'Throw my upper robes over me,' she gasped. 'Take me, take me to the Emperor!'

Arcadius had also been roused from his slumbers by the earthquake, and was sitting by his bedside limp and abject, with some of his trembling chamberlains around him, when Eudoxia burst in, half-dressed, with streaming hair, and, wildly clasping his knees, entreated him at once to recall the Patriarch. 'It is for our wickedness to him,' she cried and sobbed, 'that God has sent this earthquake to swallow us up quick like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who plotted against God's High Priest.'

'Our wickedness?' said the Emperor with intense pettishness. 'I never had any quarrel with John. He has always been loyal to me. I believe him to be a holy man. I respect him more than the whole crew of hypocrites. But for you, and your Korahs, Dathans, and Abirams like

Severian and this dark-browed Egyptian meddler, the Patriarch and I would have been the best of friends. I never really supposed that he called you Jézabel, and so on. All that was the malignant nonsense of your widows and your priestly satellites.'

'Oh, recall him! recall him!' cried Eudoxia, 'or we shall all perish. This very moment let us send.'

Another rumble and shock, which seemed to make the Palace quiver to its foundations, left her shrieking and sobbing at the Emperor's feet.

'How can we send this very moment?' he answered, irritably. 'It is the dead of night; you hear outside the crash of falling buildings.'

'Well, then,' she said, 'by earliest dawn. Perhaps by that time the earthquake will have ceased. It may only have been meant to warn us.'

There seemed to be a pause in the shocks, and Eudoxia, a dishevelled and pitiable object, returned, not to her half-dismantled chamber, but to another which seemed to promise more security. No sooner had she gone than Arcadius angrily muttered to himself words which, had she heard them, might have cost him his life by poison or the dagger.

'This woman worries me,' he muttered. 'She gives me no rest; she keeps me in a ferment and a turmoil. I was never half so much worried in the days of Eutropius. With *her* one has no peace for a day at a time. Tumults and riots by day, earthquakes by night. She banishes the good Patriarch with curses one day, and recalls him with entreaties the next. I wish I had married Rufinus's daughter after all.'

And with such reflexions the miserable ruler of the world flung himself back upon his bed — but to sleep no more.

At earliest dawn the Empress despatched a messenger to the Patriarch at the Hieron with a letter in which, with sublime self-deceit and disregard of facts, she wrote: 'Let not your Sanctity think that I am responsible for what has happened to you. I am innocent of your blood. Bishops and wicked men have devised this plot against you. God, whom I serve, is the witness of the tears I

shed for you. I forget not that by your hands my children have been baptised.

But the messenger did not return, for he searched the Hieron for Chrysostom in vain. Then she sent another, and neither did he return. Then she despatched a third; and at last, in despair, she sent her Chamberlain Briso himself, who would, she knew, be welcome to Chrysostom as one of his personal friends. Briso was lucky enough to light on the boatman who had conveyed Chrysostom so quietly to Prænetus, and he set sail to the Gulf of Astacus to find him.

Meanwhile the populace, wild with joy, heard that their beloved Patriarch was to be recalled, and that messengers had been sent to find him. They were disturbed and rendered suspicious by the non-return of the messengers, and determined to search for the Patriarch themselves. They hired every boat they could find, and, hearing that he was no longer at the Hieron, sailed to port after port in the neighbourhood.

There had been no earthquake at Prænetus. Philip had awaked in a less gloomy mood from a refreshing sleep, and, as he dressed himself, he saw Chrysostom still placidly slumbering, with a smile upon his face. 'Thou shalt keep him in peace — peace,' he murmured, 'whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee.'

Going into the open air, he saw the waters of the Propontis sparkling in the morning sunlight, and white with unnumbered sails. He was perplexed. Something had evidently happened, though he could not conjecture what it was; but that they were searching for someone was evident, for they steered into one after another of the ports which abounded on that populous shore. Was it for good or for evil? Who could say?

At last he saw a sail making all speed for Prænetus. 'Now,' he thought, 'we shall know,' and he hurried in to tell his master.

'Look,' he said, 'father, at all those sails! I cannot make out the cause of the excitement, but something must have occurred at Constantinople. We shall know in a few minutes, for a boat is even now pushing its beak into the port.'

‘Go and meet it, Philip. Use your own judgment as to what is best to say or do, to make known or to conceal. I am prepared for whatever God may send.’

Philip went down to the shore, and gave a shout of joy, for on the prow of the boat stood Briso, waving an olive-branch. The kind-hearted eunuch recognised him with smiles which could betoken nothing but good-fortune.

Briso told the good news to Philip, who took him straight to the little farm. He handed to Chrysostom the letter of the Empress, and, barely waiting to snatch a hurried breakfast with them, insisted that Chrysostom should at once accompany him. He had already despatched messengers on every side to say that the Patriarch was found. Boats came flocking into the port, and when the Chamberlain and the Patriarch embarked, it was in the midst of an attendant flotilla of hundreds of shallops, of which the little crews burst into cheers as he passed. He was fully determined not to enter Constantinople itself, for there was the canon of a Council — though only an Arian Council, held at Antioch in 341 — which forbade a bishop who had been deposed from entering his see until he was absolved by another Council. He therefore stopped in one of the suburbs named Mariana, where the Empress had a palace, which she placed at his disposal. The multitude was not, however, content with this, and being still in a state of excitement, continued to shout invectives against the Emperor and Empress. Eudoxia therefore sent him a most humbly earnest entreaty to lay aside his scruples; and Briso represented to him that the Antiochene canon could not in any case apply to the decision of a trumped-up and violently irregular synod of intruders like the Synod of the Oak; that, even if it did, a larger number of bishops had absolved him; and that, in any case, the Imperial fiat was, under the circumstances, sufficient. Philip indignantly took the same view. ‘Condemned by a Council, indeed!’ he said. ‘Begging your Beatitude’s pardon — rubbish!’ Philip always addressed his master as ‘your Beatitude’ when he was in bright spirits, and he laughed at the forefinger which Chrysostom shook at him in reproof.

The people settled the question by carrying off the

Patriarch almost by force. By this time it was evening. They flocked out in myriads to escort him, and as every hand carried a torch, the procession looked like a river of fire. At their head was the Empress herself. She not only welcomed the Patriarch with effusion, but almost seemed to be joining in the festive dances and cries of joy; and, strange to say, in the sight of all the people, she actually flung her arms round his neck! His return was a splendid triumph. The Emperor was represented by his chief secretary. Hymns were sung which had been hastily written or adapted for the occasion. The general feeling towards the clergy who had betrayed and tried to ruin him was shown by the shouts of 'Bishop, purge thy clergy! Chase away the traitors.' No less than thirty bishops were among those who formed his escort. He was swept along by the rejoicing throng until they had entered the vast nave of St. Sophia. There, kneeling, and actually prostrate on the marble floor, they entreated him to give them his episcopal blessing. At last he did so, and promised to address them on the following morning. That evening his triumph seemed to be completed by his receipt of another letter from the Empress, in which she wrote in her impassioned way, 'My prayer is fulfilled; I have attained my purpose. It is to me a richer ornament than my diadem. I have brought back the priest. I have restored to the body its head, the pilot to the ship, the bridegroom to the bridal chamber.'

But, amid all this intoxication of enthusiasm, nothing more deeply moved the tender heart of the Archbishop than the unspeakable joy which his return caused in his own home and among his dearest friends. Most of these had been unable to get near him amid the dense and surging crowds. But now, in the Thomaites, stood old Phlegon and his dear, familiar servants, who dropped on their knees for his blessing; and Serapion, and Tigris, and Germanus, and Proclus, and Cassian, and Bishop Palladius embraced him in their arms; and the youths who, like Philip, would have died for him — Kallias and Eutyches — kneeled down, took possession of either hand, covered them with kisses, and bathed them in tears, until he raised them up, and gave them with a full heart the kiss of peace.

On the following morning he addressed to a vast congregation the still-extant 'Homily after his Return.' He spoke very sternly, yet not intemperately, of the brutal intrusion and violences of Theophilus. Of his many other enemies he took no notice, but passed them over in complete silence. Entirely deceived in the simplicity of his heart by the frantic simulation and dissimulation of Eudoxia, he spoke of her in terms of high eulogy. To his own faithful people he poured forth his soul in warmest gratitude.

After his sermon Eutyches, who was now an ordained 'reader,' took off the Archbishop's pallium, and hung it, as was the custom, round the neck of one of the statues of the Apostles. It was a band woven of the finest lambswool, three fingers broad, at the end of which hung thin flakes of lead, covered with black silk, on which were woven four crosses in red. It was fastened on each shoulder by three golden pins.

'Two days ago,' said the Patriarch, with a smile, 'I little deemed that I should ever again wear the episcopal pallium in this place. God has been very good to me.'

'I hope that I may help many a time to robe and disrobe your Dignity,' said the young reader.

In truth, at that moment the Emperor himself was hardly so powerful in his own capital as was the Patriarch. He at once resumed with all his accustomed strenuousness his manifold episcopal duties. To purge his clergy of scoundrels and traitors was an immediate necessity, and he did so with a firm hand; while at the same time he rewarded the true and faithful. The Deacon Tigrius was raised to the priesthood. Serapion was elevated to the Bishopric of Heraclea, vacant by the flight or deposition of Paul, whom, with a crocodile semblance of impartiality, Theophilus had nominally appointed president of the Synod of the Oak on the day when Chrysostom had been deposed.

BOOK V

DEFEAT IN VICTORY

AND

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Signor, non sotto l' ombra in spiaggia molle,
Tra fonti e fior, tra Ninfe e tra Sirene,
Ma in cima all' erto e faticoso colle
Della virtù riposto è il nostro bene.

TASSO, *Gir. Lib.* 17. St. 61.

CHAPTER XLVII

EUDOXIA'S STATUE

Envie is lavender to the Court alway,
For she departeth neither night nor day
Out of the house of Cæsar.

CHAUCER, Prologue, *Good Women*.

ALAS! the seeming peace was but the *placidi pellacia ponti*; it was but

A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
When all the vales are drowned in azure gloom
Of thundershower;

for, on the one hand, Eudoxia was still Eudoxia, and between her and the Patriarch, so antipathetic to her in character and temperament, it was impossible that there should be long-continued amity. What lasting concord could there be between a woman of insane and insatiable pride, whose Court reeked with intrigue and worldliness, and an Archbishop of dauntless courage and inflexible righteousness? And, on the other hand, Theophilus defeated all Chrysostom's attempts to secure by a competent General Council the reversal of the judgment passed upon him by the hateful Synod of the Oak. Arcadius summoned Theophilus to come to a General Council and answer the charges brought against him. But the Egyptian had not the least intention of again imperilling his sacred Hypocrisy among a populace intoxicated by affection for their Archbishop. He wrote back that, after having been driven out of Constantinople by mobs which threatened to fling him into the sea, he could not visit the city again; and that his own people were so devotedly attached to him that his departure would cause a riot at Alexandria!

So for two months things went on. A multitude of bishops to the number of sixty, as they could not be gathered in formal Council, declared informally their sense of Chrysostom's innocence, and of the wicked nullity of the proceedings in the Synod of the Oak. Feeling that he had now done everything in his power to obey the laws of the Church and maintain its honour, Chrysostom devoted himself simply to the duties of his office.

But in September, 403, Eudoxia, whose ambition needed the burning of ever-fresh incense, procured for herself an honour of unheard-of extravagance which precipitated the destined catastrophe.

A person ignorant of human nature might have imagined that a half-barbarian lady, daughter of a Frankish soldier, elevated by the intrigue of an eunuch to share the empire of the world, would have been reasonably satisfied. Further than this, she was mated to an indolent weakling, and had asserted over him an immense dominance. If she was not content with the actual autocracy, but wanted all its acknowledged paraphernalia, she had now obtained from her husband the highly coveted title of Augusta, which even the stately wife of the first Augustus had not received till late in life. She had also worried out of Arcadius the privilege of being 'adored' as well as himself. This half-pagan adoration was in reality a survival from the days when the emperor, as a sort of incarnation of the people, shared the worship addressed to the goddess Rome. This worship had never yet been accorded to a woman. The wives or other nearest female relatives of emperors were only supposed to gleam with a reflected lustre, and to receive from him any sacro-sanctity which they might possess. The concession of such a distinction to a semi-barbarous nobody like Eudoxia involved the parading of her statue for something barely distinguishable from Divine honours in every city of the Empire. This might be tolerated in the sluggish and servile East, but it so utterly offended the sensitive dignity of the Western world that Honorius made it a subject of energetic remonstrance with his elder brother—a remonstrance which Arcadius treated with his usual masterly inactivity and with sullen contempt.

But even this did not suffice Eudoxia. Working on Simplicius, the Præfect of the City, and on the leading senators, she induced the Senate to vote her a statue of unsurpassed magnificence in the most prominent site of the whole city.

It was in the Augusteum itself, between the Imperial Palace and the Cathedral of St. Sophia, from which it was only separated by the breadth of the grandest thoroughfare in the capital. It was reared on a platform of many-coloured marble, where stood the Rostra, from which on great occasions the Emperor addressed the Senate, the people, and the army.

Here, then, the statue was erected. First there was a massive stylobate. It still exists, for it was dug up in 1848. It preserves, on one side in Latin prose, on the other in Greek hexameters, the fulsome laudations of the upstart and eminently undeserving Empress. On this pedestal was reared a column of porphyry; and on the summit of the column stood a figure of Eudoxia in solid silver, menacing Church and Senate, and populace and city, with her gesture of command.

It was customary, as we learn from a law of Theodosius II., to inaugurate the statues of imperial personages on Sundays or feast-days; and the sort of semi-idolatrous cult bestowed upon them so deeply scandalised the Christian conscience that, in the days of Eudoxia's son, it was forbidden by edict. Further than this, we learn from the extant discussion between a Christian and Apollonius, a philosopher, that the abject honour paid to such statues made the heathen ask, with indignant scorn, 'Why Christian priests permitted this idolatry of royal images, when they condemned the worship of Pagan statues.' 'Why,' they scornfully demanded, 'do you give to men, and even to women, the honour which you preach should be given to God alone?'

On every ground, then, both the statue and the homage paid to it were inexpressibly distasteful to Chrysostom. These honours, however, were part of the universal custom of the Eastern Empire; and as they had been passively condoned by the Church, he could not interfere with them. But the orgiastic dances, loose mimes, and noisily lewd

songs and buffooneries of every kind which attended the unveiling of this hateful memorial of a woman's pride could not be left without rebuke. The principal day for the inauguration of Eudoxia's image—the day when the noises were most irreverently loud and most obscenely offensive—was the Sunday. On that day it became impossible adequately to conduct the service and Holy Communion of St. Sophia. The voices of the choir were drowned in shrill shrieks of amusement and coarse bursts of laughter at the comedies which were going on in the vulgar fair. When Chrysostom attempted to preach his voice was rendered inaudible by the indecent tumult just outside the Cathedral doors. Profoundly irritated, Chrysostom appealed to the Præfect of the city. He, however, being a Manichee, and a foe to the Patriarch, was secretly delighted with the chance of affronting with impunity the Catholic party. So far from taking any step to interfere with the worst developments of the inauguration observances, he carried to the Empress an exaggerated account of Chrysostom's opposition, and falsely reported that Chrysostom had sworn to deprive the Empress's statue of all popular observance. Eudoxia was already vexed at the rebuke which Arcadius had received from his younger brother of the West. With Honorius she could not deal; but it was intolerable to her that she should be constantly thwarted and reprehended by the Patriarch in her own capital, and that, while every other official was at her feet, this indomitable prelate should confront her at every turn with the incomparably superior majesty of the moral law. She burst into unmeasured expressions of hatred, anger, and bitterness against him, and, being rapidly made aware of this, 'the fury-intoxicated phalanx' (as Palladius calls them) of his enemies soon closed him in on every side. The Marsas, Castricias and Epigraphias were soon joined by Annas, and Caiaphas, and the priests and hypocrites, in the persons of Severian, Cyrinus, Antiochus, and the rest.

Nothing is more probable than that, on the following Sunday, Chrysostom, in his sermon, gave some expression to the profound disgust with which his heart was full; and, judging from what has happened in similar cases in

all ages, his thoughts so far coloured his expressions as to lead him into phrases which might easily be distorted into direct personalities. But he was not prepared for the frightful trick played him by his episcopal enemies.

Kallias had, as usual, taken down his master's sermon, and Chrysostom, when it was written out, read it, and was glad to find that, though he had spoken strongly of idolatrous profanation of the Sabbath, and of the perils of overweening pride and ambition, he had not been hurried by the fire of oratory into any remarks which exceeded the bounds of duty or of moderation. He had been the more careful because Philip, whose intense love for him he knew, had, in the modesty of fearful duty, ventured to ask him not to show too much wrath at the recent turn of events. 'My father,' he had ventured to say, 'the world cannot be converted at one stroke; and surely we cannot be held responsible for events which we could in no way prevent?'

But the other tachygraph, Phocas, over whose report Kallias had accidentally-on-purpose spilled his inkstand on a previous occasion, had also reported this sermon, and subjected it to the sly manipulations suggested to him by his patron, Severian. He took his report to the house of Epigraphia, where, as he expected, he found Acacius, Severian, Antiochus, and two new foes of Chrysostom — Leontius of Ancyra, a dark intriguer of the Theophilus type, and Ammonius of Burnt-Phrygia, who, as Palladius says, had come from Burnt-up Phrygia to burn up the Church.

Severian glanced at the manuscript, and saw his opportunity to strike a fatal blow.

'Come with me,' he said to Leontius. 'You will, I feel sure, agree with me that this Patriarch, who defies the canons of the Church, and has been condemned by a synod for crimes and misdemeanours, must be got rid of. Until he is, there will be neither peace nor harmony, and the Church of Christ will suffer.'

'I agree with you,' said the Syrian metropolitan in his gruff voice.

'Well, glance at this report of his sermon.'

Leontius glanced at it, and shrugged his shoulders.

'One or two strong expressions,' he said, 'but nothing to lay hold of seriously.'

'Yes,' said the conspirator; 'but might we not in this matter exercise a little of "œconomy," or management, a little of the wisdom of the serpent, of that deceiving others for their good and the good of the Church—in short, of that *falsitas dispensativa*—the permissibility of which, as a hallowed instrument of warfare with evil, has been generally admitted by priests?'

The Metropolitan of Ancyra was not shocked. He was quite familiar with the laxity, as regards both untruthfulness and degraded casuistry, which in the East prevailed even among high ecclesiastics—as it has often prevailed also at Rome, having found deliberate defenders among her canonised casuists. The Church had not *yet* quite arrived at the moral views of Escobar or 'St.' Alphonso de Liguori; yet Leontius was far too familiar with the grossly unscrupulous methods which over and over again were adopted, even in episcopal circles, to have the least doubt as to the meaning of the Bishop of Gabala. He knew how many there were who did not regard evil as evil if it were meant to be subservient to their own ends, which they always identified with the good of 'the Church.' He could recall scores of instances in which bishops had, with these views, manipulated truth into falsehood, and not disdained to utilise absolute crime for the suppression of the opponents whom they dubbed heretical or dangerous.

'If you take bits of mosaic and rearrange them,' he said, 'you can turn the image of a king into that of a reptile or a dog. But I do not see that much can be made of this sermon.'

'I will manage it,' said Severian, 'and John's doom is sealed.'

He went home to compose his forgery. He headed it with the one sentence which report attributed to Chrysostom:—'Again Herodias maddens, again she dances, again she demands the head of John.' He appended a number of loose sentences, many of which, in some form or other, Chrysostom may very likely have used on that or other occasions; and then, getting tired of his task, took down a Syriac manuscript of his countryman, Ephræm Syrus,

translated half of it into Greek, and tacked it on to the end of his miserable patchwork. Then he had this forgery copied out by Phocas. And *this* was the manuscript which he submitted to Eudoxia as a verbatim report of Chrysostom's latest sermon!

It is still extant among the spurious works of St. Chrysostom, and, fortunately, bears on the face of it the proof that it is an unblushing forgery.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE FORGED SERMON

Tu, licet extremos late dominare per Indos,
Te Medus, te mollis Arabs, te Seres adorent:
Si metuis, si prava cupis, si ducis ira,
Servitii patiere jugum, tolerabis iniquas
Interius leges. Tunc omnia jure tenebis
Cum poteris rex esse tui.

CLAUD. IV. *Cons. Honor.* 257-62.

No sooner had she read the first sentence than the haughty, passionate woman flamed into uncontrollable rage. She knew that Chrysostom, because his name was John, and his life was that of an ascetic, and his moral attitude inflexible, was often compared with John the Baptist. The free street-cries of Constantinople could not leave her unaware that she was often called Jezebel and Herodias. She did not suspect the deceit which the Bishop of Gabala had practised upon her credulity, and she had so few opportunities of seeing the world, except through the medium of contaminated minds, that she rarely arrived at the real truth. She accepted the report as genuine; and that such language should be used of her in St. Sophia, and by the man whom she had recalled two months earlier, and who had then lauded her piety and beneficence, was a fact which lay on her heart like a spark of fire. Severian, as he observed how hate and rage and wounded pride changed her face from red to pale and pale to red, and how her bosom heaved and her breath quivered and hissed as she turned over the leaves, felt that now at last his work was finally and effectually done, and exulted in his abominable heart.

Leaving his lie to produce its full effect, he took his leave; and she, knowing that the Emperor was alone, burst unannounced into his presence.

There was nothing which more shook the nerves and

worried the immobile passivity of Arcadius than these sudden inroads from Eudoxia. Eutropius had formerly protected him from them, but now they were matters of constant occurrence. If we could imagine what would be the feelings of an automaton which found itself mated with a whirlwind we can realise what he felt.

When they were in public the Emperor and Empress never neglected the most rigid conventions of imperial etiquette. Were they not both august, and their infant already an Augustus? Were they not both 'adored'? Did not their courtiers cover their eyes with their hands as they approached them, as though to shield themselves from the too sun-like radiance? In their public relations nothing disturbed the quotidian ague and frozen routine of gorgeous Byzantinism elaborated by Oriental servility. But when they were alone they indemnified themselves for this ponderous parade of functional ineptitude by relapsing into interchanges of spleen as frankly human as those of the meanest of their subjects. Slaves, eunuchs, pages, chamberlains, and courtiers heard from the inmost recesses of the purple chambers voices raised into tones of the shrillest vehemence, and sometimes even scraps of objurgation with which they were not unfamiliar at the Chalcedonian Stairs and other resorts of ordinary human clay.

Arcadius knew that he had to prepare for the worst whenever Eudoxia invaded his privacy unaccompanied by any of her children. At certain times of the day, above all when she entered his room with a certain flounce of her imperial robes, as she did on this occasion, he made up his mind for a bad quarter of an hour.

'It is intolerable!' she began, flinging herself down on a golden chair; 'it is quite sickeningly intolerable! I would rather be a drudge in the bazaar than the Augusta if I am to submit to this.'

'What is the matter now?' asked Arcadius with an air of weary and irritated displeasure.

'The matter is that you are no longer Emperor of the East,' she said, with frigid scorn.

'Indeed!' replied Arcadius with studied indifference. 'Then who is Emperor?'

‘That man!’ she almost screamed; ‘and until you get rid of that man neither city, nor Church, nor Empire will have a moment’s peace!’

‘That man being ——?’

‘That Patriarch, that John of Antioch, who has been condemned by a synod of all sorts of crimes, and yet comes back!’

‘Why, it is but two months,’ said Arcadius, ‘since you yourself were here on your knees, screeching and sobbing that night of the earthquake, and saying that God was destroying us because we had driven out that saint. It was you who drove him out ——’

‘I never did!’ said Eudoxia defiantly.

‘I know you said you did not,’ replied the Emperor; ‘but, if so, who did? You wrote to Theophilus; you were daily caballing with the bishops; you got him banished by falsehoods ——’

‘This is too much,’ said the Empress, as she listened with tightened lips.

‘Then you summoned him back all in a hurry; you sent messenger after messenger for him; you went out to meet him; you kissed and hugged him ——’

‘Oh!’ shrieked Eudoxia, ‘is there no one to avenge me?’

‘And now,’ said Arcadius, continuing his placid course with no regard to these interruptions, and feeling that for once he was, to use a vulgar expression, scoring — ‘and now you come raging and shrieking again, and want him banished; and then, after another earthquake, I feel no doubt you will rage and shriek again to have him recalled. I hate these scenes!’

‘Very well,’ she exclaimed, livid with wrath; ‘so Arcadius is such a pale-blooded phantom as to suffer the wife who has borne him four children to be publicly called a Jezebel and an Herodias before the lewd, seditious mob in his own church, not a stone’s-throw from his own palace. Would God,’ she muttered, ‘I had but married a man!’

Arcadius was about to adopt his usual plan, of doing nothing, and letting affairs take their course; but after a pause, in which Eudoxia had been indulging in inarticulate

sobs, she started up, and flung the spurious sermon at his feet in a perfect storm of passion.

‘Read that!’ she said.

Arcadius, in a helpless way, picked it up, glanced at it, and let it drop, as if it did not particularly interest him.

‘What are you going to do?’

Arcadius did not answer.

‘Am I to be thus grossly and daily insulted with impunity?’

Still the same sullen silence, more maddening to Eudoxia than any speech.

‘Are you a man, or a dastard?’

‘Are you a woman, or a fury?’

‘Would that I had never left the house of Promotus!’

‘One thing only is clear to me,’ said the Emperor: ‘which is, that I was quite infinitely less worried in the days of Eutropius.’

‘Then choose out some slave from the dregs of your eunuchs, and make him lord over you,’ screamed Eudoxia; ‘but understand that you will be made the veiled joke of the comedians in the theatre. The meanest clown in Constantinople will sneer at the man who is more cowardly than himself; for even such a clown would hit the man who insulted his wife.’ •

‘Do what you like; have it your own way; only leave me in peace,’ said Arcadius in a tone of unspeakable disgust. He sank back on the cushions of his divan, utterly wretched, and closed his heavy eyes. He was much to be pitied. Had his wife been the sweet and gentle woman that his mother had been he might have been a better ruler and a less miserable man. But —

Look you, the grey mare
Is ill to live with when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small Goodman
Shrinks in his armchair, while the fires of hell
Mix with his hearth.

CHAPTER XLIX

INTRIGUE TRIUMPHANT

Of all malicious acts abhorred in heaven
The end is injury; and all such end
Either by force or fraud works others' woe;
But fraud, because of man's peculiar evil,
To God is more displeasing. — DANTE, *Inf.* xi. 23.

It soon became patent to all the world that Eudoxia was leaving no stone unturned to ruin the Patriarch, and darkest clouds of misgiving closed over the last smile of brief sunshine in the hearts of his friends. The Empress had again invoked the aid of Theophilus, and though he would not come in person, he was sending 'three miserable Egyptians' to act in his name. All the other bishops and ecclesiastics to whom Chrysostom's very virtues were a reproach were speeding like vultures to a feast. •Another Council was to be held, about which two things were clear — that it would *not* be the General Council which the Patriarch had demanded; and that, under the terrifying influence of the Court, it would be all but exclusively composed of the Patriarch's opponents.

Those who were not in the secret could not understand the rush and blare of the new thunderstorm. Chrysostom had only shared the feeling of every sincere Christian in the city in deploring the Pagan profanities which accompanied the Sunday inauguration of Eudoxia's statue, and surely his disapprobation could not have created an offence so deadly as to cause his destruction to be determined. Philip and Kallias alone divined the secret. Kallias knew that ere now spurious sermons, attributed to Chrysostom, had been handed about. He sorely suspected a plot between the reporter Phocas and his patron, Severian; and Philip agreed with him. Philip determined to take the bull by the horns, and walked with Eutyches to the

lodging of Phocas. Philip never attempted a ruse. If he carried a point, it was always by frank forthrightness.

'Phocas,' he said, 'we love the Patriarch, and have reason to fear that the present exasperation of the Court against him must be based on travesties of what he really said about the Augusta's statue. Would you mind lending us your verbatim report?'

'That you may compare it with that of your friend Kallias,' said Phocas, with a touch of professional jealousy, 'and injure my reputation as a tachygraphist, to his advantage.'

'Nay,' said Eutyches, with the frank smile which disarmed opposition. 'We really are not capable of such small tricks. Philip has told you that we have reasons for suspecting that he whom we regard as a father is being ruined by subterranean plots. It may help us and save him if by *two* reports — Kallias's and yours together — we can prove that he said nothing wrong. No reporter in Constantinople comes near you two.'

'That boy knows how to flatter,' said Phocas, disarmed. 'Well, you shall see my report.'

They saw it, and found that while in a few expressions it had been a little coloured, it agreed in the main with that of their friend.

'Was this the report which, as people say, Severian showed to the Empress?' asked Philip.

'That I don't know,' answered Phocas; 'but Severian paid me for a copy.'

They thanked him, and parted good friends; but Philip determined to push his inquiries a little further.

He went to Amantius; but though Amantius was Eudoxia's chamberlain, she never shared her secrets with him. He could give no information. Nor could Briso. He had seen a manuscript, in a handwriting which he knew to be Severian's, lying on the table of the Empress's room. He knew no more.

'Could you not get me a glimpse of it?' asked Philip.

'Any attempt to do so, my good youth, might simply cost us our heads,' said Briso; 'and I doubt whether any good would result from it.'

Philip's plans were defeated. Unless God threw His

shield of protection over his beloved master he could now see no hope.

The bishops who were hurrying to Constantinople were deliberately poisoned against Chrysostom by his enemies, or won over by the bribes and threats of Eudoxia's agents. One honest man, Theodotus of Tyana, finding that he was expected to take part, not in a trial, but in a conspiracy, turned his back on the capital and returned to his own diocese.

Christmas was now close at hand, and on Christmas Day the Emperor and Empress always attended St. Sophia in state. Now, however, Arcadius announced that he could not again communicate with Chrysostom until he had cleared himself of the heavy charges against him. Chrysostom replied that to clear himself was what he had always longed for, and that whenever the Emperor would summon a fair and free Council he would with the utmost pleasure appear before it. Even before the packed assemblage, which it was ridiculous to describe as a Council, he was ready to appear as soon as they formulated their charges and adduced their witnesses.

The boldness of his innocence alarmed his adversaries. What if he should appear in person, and by his innocence, his eloquence, his popularity, his array of overwhelming refutation, should scatter their trumped-up falsehoods and trivialities to the four winds, and emerge from the storm more invincible than ever? This would not at all suit them. They wrote to Theophilus for counsel, and he advised them to rely exclusively on a canon of the Antiochene Council of 341 which forbade a bishop dispossessed by a synod to return to his see until he had been recalled by another synod. According to that canon, said Theophilus, John had no right whatever to be in Constantinople.

The answer of Chrysostom to this pretext was overwhelming. The Synod of the Oak was wholly incompetent; it broke every conceivable law of ecclesiastical discipline and of common equity; it was composed of Egyptian hangers-on of Theophilus. Its assembling in his own diocese to sit in judgment upon him was a direct violation of rules of the Council of Nice, on which nobody had insisted more strongly than Theophilus himself.

Next, even if the Synod of the Oak had been valid, its decrees had at the time been rejected by a much larger synod of bishops sitting with Chrysostom, including seven metropolitans.

Thirdly, Chrysostom's return had since then been approved and his entire innocence asserted by an agreement of at least sixty bishops — nearly double the number which had voted at the Oak.

Fourthly, Chrysostom had not returned of his own accord at all, but had been carried back, almost by violence, by his people, and in obedience to the commands of the Imperial Court.

Fifthly, the Council of Antioch which passed the canon now adduced against him was an heretical Council, of which the authority was repudiated by the Church; and this very canon could have no better proof of its worthlessness than that it had been forged as an implement of oppression to overthrow the holy Athanasius.

Against these decisive considerations the episcopal conspirators raged in vain. At last they urged the Emperor to hear the matter pleaded by ten bishops on either side. What Severian's party lacked in argument they compensated by a noise and bluster so unseemly as to threaten scenes of violence in the Emperor's very presence. Awaiting a moment's lull in the wild storm, Elpidius, Bishop of Laodicea — an aged and blameless prelate, with white hair and beard, and venerable aspect, who was on the side of Chrysostom — arose. He said in his quiet voice: 'Emperor, will you ask Severian and his party whether they are ready to subscribe to the creed of the Council of Antioch? If they cannot do this the Council was heretical and its canons are invalid.' The opponents of Chrysostom were thunderstruck by this very simple but unexpected proposal, which Arcadius, with a smile, declared to be excellent. They stood silent; but at last, out of mere bravado, they said they would subscribe to the faith of the Council of Antioch, and broke up the discussion. They never dared to do what they had promised, and excused themselves by the monstrous pretence that the promise had only been extorted by force.

This might have seemed a triumph for the Patriarch;

but it was fruitless. Eudoxia had decided to expel Chrysostom, if not by semi-legal methods, then by open tyranny. Might should be right; and if any of the bishops who were friendly to him refused to succumb either to bribes or menaces, then the Patriarch should be expelled in spite of them, and with complete disregard to their remonstrances.



CHAPTER I

PROLONGED AGONY

The history of the Byzantine Empire is a monotonous story of the intrigues of priests, women, and eunuchs ; of poisonings, of conspiracies, of uniform ingratitude, of perpetual patricides.

LECKY, *European Morals*, ii. 14.

THE year blossomed into Lent, and all things still remained in a condition of trouble and uncertainty. The state of things at Constantinople was as when two armies watch each other for months from opposite heights, and neither dares to attack the other ; and there seemed no hope of peace or of any return to normal duties.

It was the party of unscrupulous episcopal malcontents, envenomed by their own jealousy and goaded forward by the furies of Eudoxia, who were most afraid. Easter was approaching. They dreaded lest the Emperor would on that great festal day go to St. Sophia, and be impressed by the passionate love and fidelity with which the multitude clung to their great pastor. This must be prevented at all hazards. They went to Arcadius, headed as usual by Severian, and begged that as Chrysostom was entirely defeated, and had been condemned by two synods, he might be expelled from the church. But had Chrysostom been so defeated, so condemned ? Arcadius, in his somewhat constipated intellect, felt considerable doubts as to the truth of either assertion, and expressed them.

‘ You should believe us,’ said Severian ; ‘ we are bishops, and a true bishop cannot lie.’

‘ It depends on how you define a true bishop,’ thought Arcadius ; but he was, as a rule, at the mercy of the last speaker, and usually adopted the course which cost him least trouble at the moment. He therefore so far yielded as to send a message to Chrysostom that, as he had been condemned, he must keep at a distance from his church.

'I received the Church from God, my Redeemer,' answered the Patriarch, 'for the care of His people. Therefore I may not abandon it. If you wish to drive me out by violence, it is, of course, in your power to do so.'

Arcadius wavered. 'It might,' he said, 'cause another earthquake. I will confine him to the Patriarcheion. Then, if God gives any sign of anger, I can send him back to his church.'

'This was truly to seek after a sign! Chrysostom might dispute the Emperor's right to deliver such a command, but it reduced him to the condition of a prisoner in his own palace. Yet, even so, it was clear that the populace was in an excited state, and, fearing some terrible outbreak of their wrath at this treatment of the one man whom they loved and trusted, Arcadius, in extreme misgiving, sent for Acacius and Antiochus. He would not send for Severian, for whom he had acquired a complete disgust, although he continued to be to Eudoxia the trusted agent of all scoundrelism. The Bishops of Beroea and Ptolemais — the dotard, whose dignity had been offended, and the adventurer, who hated a virtue so far above his own — urged the wavering Emperor to depose the Patriarch.

Like Pilate, he still hesitated.

And, like Annas and Caiaphas, they cried, 'On us be the guilt!'

But there were still forty bishops who were in daily communion with the Patriarch, and they determined to make one more effort to save him. They are but the fewest whom a good cause stirs to the activity which the votaries of evil display for their bad ends. The devil, as a rule, receives from his servants an energy of devotion which is often lacking in the servants of Christ. Men who have yielded themselves slaves to envy leap and bound upon their errands like steeds at the crack of a whip, while at the trumpet-call of duty men crawl like snails. The strenuousness of malice spurred Severian and his abettors to ardent vigour; the wrongs outpoured on righteousness evoked little more than murmurs of 'What a shame!'

The 'Johannite' bishops, as Chrysostom's friends were

called, heard that the Emperor and Empress were going to prayers at the Church of the Martyrs, and went forth in a body to meet them. With tears they besought their Majesties to restore the pastor to his church for the great Easter festival. They met with a curt refusal, for by the side of the more pliable Arcadius sat his evil genius in the person of Eudoxia. Then Paul, Bishop of Crateia, plucked up courage, and cried, 'Eudoxia, fear God! have pity on thy children! Stain not with bloodshed the high feast of our Lord.'

Their appeals were dashed to pieces like weak waves on the rock of her hatred. She would not yield, but was only the more hardened, provoking the doom which so speedily awaited her.

Easter Eve was the great season for baptisms. On that Easter Eve, A.D. 404, no fewer than 3,000 were to be admitted into the Church of God. All these catechumens were assembled in the Baptistery, and the sacred service had begun, amid ringing hymns and holy rejoicing, as the white-robed candidates stood ready to enter the holy font under the light of many lamps. It was at that moment that a rabble of Chrysostom's enemies, headed by the Bishop of Gabala, and protected by a band of soldiers, many of them Pagans, Arians, and unbaptised, burst in with the purpose of seizing the Cathedral, that it might not be occupied by the faithful on Easter Day. A frightful tumult arose. The brutal soldiery rushed upon the catechumens. Many of them were women; many of them were boys or youths; most of them were partially undressed, preparatory to immersion. They were driven to hasty flight without even having time to snatch up their most necessary garments. The priests and deacons who were taking part in the ceremony were seized, and their sacred garments torn off their backs. Many were severely wounded. The lustral water of the font blushed with the horrid taint of blood. In the plunder the soldiers profaned the Holy Table, and the dress of coarse legionaries was incarnadined with consecrated wine scattered over them from upturned chalices of the grapes of God.

Undismayed by so terrific a violation of all sanctities, the faithful flock of Chrysostom, after they had been

scattered from the Baptistery, assembled in the Baths of Constantine to complete the sacred ceremony of initiation. It was now past midnight, and nothing would less serve the purpose of Severian and Acacius than that the Emperor should, the next morning, find the Cathedral perfectly deserted, from the indignation of a people deprived of their true shepherd. They therefore determined that the multitude should be driven into St. Sophia by violence, and begged Arcadius for a body of troops to carry out their abhorrent purpose. With the fear of Eudoxia before his eyes the helpless ruler of the world acceded to their request. Once more the palace troops were put into requisition. A body of Thracian shield-bearers stormed the church which the catechumens had improvised in the Baths of Constantine. Their leader, Lucius, had been bidden by Arcadius to abstain from extremes; but as they would not disperse, he was bribed by Severian and Acacius to use force. He did so, nothing loth, and set the example to his rude Thracians by banging about him with a truncheon, which, without the smallest remorse, he brought down with equal indifference on the white hair of aged men and on the bright locks of young catechumens, and wielded with equal impartiality against the clergy and the laity. Scenes then took place even grosser than before. The faithful were scattered; wounds were dealt freely on every side; the clergy were savagely beaten; and the soldiers looted everything on which they could lay their hands, not even excluding the holy vessels. Next morning the public places were placarded with notices threatening exemplary vengeance on all who would not renounce communion with Chrysostom.

It was thus that the holy Bishops of Gabala, Beroëa and Ptolemais glutted their execrable passions in the name of Christianity, and disgraced the Gospel of Peace with infamous barbarities.

But the faithful were still undaunted. They would not desert their Patriarch; they would not join the vile phalanx of his enemies. As they might not worship God in St. Sophia, they streamed out of the city in a body to worship Him, under green trees and the shadows of wooded hills, on a spot set apart by Constantine for the Circensian

games. It happened that the Emperor had gone to a church outside the city for his Easter service, and on his return caught sight of a great crowd of white-robed catechumens and other worshippers. He asked, in astonishment, who they were. 'Oh! they are heretics,' said some of his lying attendants; and when he returned, Severian and his fellow-conspirators asked permission to have them scattered and their teachers arrested. The permission was granted. Again the imperial myrmidons, rejoicing at their task, fell upon the innocent worshippers. They tore the valuable earrings out of the ears of the women, often tearing a part of the ears with them. The clergy, the eminent laymen, the leading members of the congregation, were seized, and flung into the common prisons. Thus the very prisons were turned into churches, and rang with holy hymns. And still the great mass of the people remained unshaken in their allegiance to their Bishop, for whose sake multitudes were ready to brave martyrdom itself.

Such were the successive tidings which troubled to their inmost depths the hearts of Chrysostom and of the friendly prelates who still surrounded him. And it may well be imagined that his three young secretaries — Philip, Kallias, and Eutyches — were plunged into a grief which crushed their spirits into the dust.

'Father,' said Philip, 'this life must be unspeakably dreary to you; our hearts bleed for you.'

'It is not so much that it is unspeakably dreary,' said the Patriarch, 'or even that there is a heavy trial in its uncertainty. I am not the first of Christ's servants, nor shall I be the last by many millions, to find that it is truly a misery to live upon earth. Job experienced, a thousand years ago, that "man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards." But all this personal misfortune I can endure with fortitude. The grief which will not be healed is my grief for the Church and for my people. They are a vineyard which whole troops of wild boars are laying waste. And I cannot tell — oh! I cannot tell — what the end will be. But it must be near at hand.'

'Would that I had the gift of insight, as Michael had,' said Philip. 'He warned us of calamities at hand.'

‘We need not prophesy, my Philip. In the long run, “Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him”; but we were warned that the hundredfold reward should be “with persecutions.”’

As though to emphasise their words there sounded in the room a tumult from without. Philip ran to inquire what it was. He learnt too soon. A man who pretended to be a maniac had made his way to the porch, and was brandishing a huge dagger, and swearing that he would murder Chrysostom. He had been seized, and would have been torn to pieces by the mob, but the Patriarch despatched Philip to the City Præfect, who was close at hand. The man was taken red-handed. No one doubted either that his madness was simulated or that he was an agent of the devilish wickedness of the clerics who thirsted for the Patriarch’s blood. The Præfect ordered him to be examined by torture; but before it was applied Chrysostom sent some bishops to intercede for him, and to set him free. He hoped even against hope that his enemies might be overcome by his immense forbearance.

He hoped in vain! Ecclesiastical malice is the bitterest and most unscrupulous form of malice known to the human race. It was very shortly after this act of mercy that Eutyches came running into the anteroom with a white face to tell Philip and Kallias that a murderer with a dagger was raging at large in the Thomaites. The youths jumped up at once, and Philip seized a club which, in these dangerous days, he had thought it safe to keep in a corner of the room. In the great hall was a scene of terror and confusion. A slave with a dagger had forced his way in, and, on being confronted by one of the Patriarch’s servants, had stabbed him. He had wounded a second, who fled from him with loud cries. He had stricken to the earth with his weapon a third who tried to stop him; and as by this time a universal tumult had arisen, he fled, and with reckless fury dealt wounds more or less deadly upon four others. Thus, when the two young men ran into the hall the assassin had already killed or wounded no less than seven persons of the household of Chrysostom.

Rushing upon him, Philip brought down the club with

all his might upon the wretch's shoulder, and the blow was so strong and so well dealt that he was smitten to the ground by the shock of it. At the same instant Kallias seized him by the right hand, dealt him a blow on the temple, and wrenched the dagger, which was streaming with blood, out of his grasp. Gasping and utterly discomfited, he was bound, and dragged into the Patriarch's presence.

Conscious of his frightful guilt, the bravo, who had shown courage enough so far as personal recklessness was concerned, was cowed into inconceivable abjectness in the holy presence of the Archbishop whom he had designed for his victim. His knees trembled under him, his face grew ashen with deadly pallor, his teeth chattered in such a way as to render his words almost unintelligible. Would the Patriarch strike him dead with a glance? Would he curse him with a sign into madness and hideous leprosy, and send him

Unhouselled, unanointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head,

into the horror of some inconceivable and endless hell?

'Pardon! pardon! pardon!' he shrieked. 'It was not my doing. I was sent to murder you. I received a bribe.'

'For what bribe did you sell your guilty soul?' asked Chrysostom.

'For fifty gold pieces.'

'Did Judas profit by the thirty pieces of silver for which he sold his Lord?'

'Oh! send me not to hell,' shrieked the wretch again, trying to fling himself prostrate, and crawl, grovelling in the dust, to the Patriarch's feet. 'I am not so bad as he who sent me.'

'Who sent you?'

'One of your own presbyters.'

'Say who it was, you foul murderer,' said Philip, clutching him by the hair.

'Gently, Philip, gently,' said Chrysostom.

'Yes; but, father, four of the villain's murdered innocent victims lie dead on the floor of the hall, and who can

tell whether even the three others who are badly wounded will survive?’

‘I will tell you who bribed me to murder,’ said the wretch sullenly. ‘It was the priest Elpidius. I am his slave. If holy priests bribe slaves to murder, how can ignorant slaves resist? Curse him! Curse him! May God curse him!’

‘His was the greater crime,’ said Chrysostom. ‘As for your attempt upon my own life, I forgive it. May God also forgive it! But you have murdered four, perhaps seven, innocent men, and it would be a sin to set you free. Take him to the Præfect.’

‘Oh!’ said Philip to the assassin, ‘I dare not trust my own rage to drag you to justice. Tell your master, if ever you see his face again, that he is an infinitely viler reptile even than you. I hope that he may never cross my path, or I know not how I could abstain from throttling him, priest or no priest.’

‘Philip! Philip!’ said Chrysostom to the passionately excited youth, ‘control your anger. You are a Christian, a true Christian; be not transported beyond yourself, even for my sake. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.’

‘Pardon, my father,’ said Philip, kneeling, ‘and forgive me. Bless me, even me also, oh my father!’

‘You need little forgiveness, my son. Your anger was generous. Only, let it burn no more. I give you my best blessing. God will reward your faithful love for me. The world is forsaking me, but you —’

He could not finish the sentence.

‘We — I, Eutyches, Kallias — yes, and some even among the bishops and the clergy — we will never forsake you, even to the death,’ sobbed the remorseful youth.

But now that the people of Constantinople felt that the life of their idol was no longer safe from the burning fury of Eudoxia and the murderous malice of priests and bishops, they determined to watch for him, and protect him day and night, as the people of Milan had defended Ambrose. They divided themselves into relays, and guarded every private and public gate which led into the Bishop’s palace.

But it had been only necessary to defend for a few days the life of Ambrose. A bishop could not be protected in his house by his people from Court and clergy day and night for ever; nor could everything in the Church and in the City remain in this state of unstable equilibrium. The fact that neither the priest Elpidius, nor the slave whom he had bribed to assassinate Chrysostom—who had actually murdered seven perfectly innocent victims—were punished, showed the horrible demoralisation of imperial justice. But Chrysostom still lived, and was still in the Patriarcheon. It became intolerable to the conspiring prelates that they should be unable to snatch the spoils of their victory; nor was the frenzy of Eudoxia and her Jezebels yet sated with vengeance. Things went on in this dreary way from Easter till it was nearly Whitsuntide. No one felt more deeply than Chrysostom that it could not last. He had for some time been secretly making up his mind to save by voluntary sacrifice the episcopal tigers who were thirsting for his blood. Since their wrath was so fierce and their hatred so implacable, he would voluntarily end the strife, and make way for another. He did not object to the loss of his rank or state; he was content to be driven by force from his home and from his see; he was ready to offer his life in sacrifice; and, if it were God's will, he could lay it down as lightly as a pin. One thing he would maintain till death—it was his stainless innocence; it was that his character had been void of offence towards God and towards man.

From the execrable corruption dominant in the Church of the East he turned to what he trusted was, in some respects, the purer Church of the West. He wrote to Innocent I., Bishop of Rome, to Chromatius, Bishop of Aquileia, and to Venerius, who now occupied the episcopal throne of Milan. He might hope that, through the law-abiding justice of the West, the Church might be delivered from the licentious turbulence into which the intrigues of Theophilus and his fellow-conspirators, fostered by the overweening arrogance of a semi-barbarian Empress, had plunged the disordered East. In this letter, after describing the scenes of riot and oppression which had dragged down the Church of Constantinople, he en-

treated them to put an end to this condition of frightful confusion; to declare his pretended condemnation to have been tyrannous, irregular, null, and void; and to censure those who, in committing these iniquities, had treated him with more violent injustice than even Scythians or Sarmatians would have ventured to commit.

It required a bold and trusty messenger to bear this letter; and as the movements of a bishop, or even of a deacon, might be more jealously watched and impeded, he determined to send Kallias, for whom he felt a warm regard. He could take the letters secretly; his movements, as he was a mere youth, would not be regarded with suspicion; his talents as a tachygraph might prove useful; his blameless and ingenuous character would be a passport through all difficulties. Eutyches was too young and inexperienced. Philip could not be spared. Kallias was instructed to visit first the three great bishops to whom the letter was addressed, and then to see any other eminent prelate to whom he could find access, and, if possible, to enlist the sympathies of the great Stilico and of the Emperor Honorius himself. All details were left to his faithfulness and ingenuity, and a sum of money was entrusted to him to meet all his probable expenses. Kallias, before he started, had many a long and earnest conversation with Philip, and agreed at every possible opportunity to send news of his doings.

CHAPTER LI

DRIVEN FORTH

'I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity ; therefore I die in exile.'
GREGORY VII.

THUS miserably did things drag on till Whitsunday, while civil oppression, animated by the burning passions of Eudoxia and the vitriolic malignity of the bishops, permitted scenes of shame and brutality to violate even the sanctuary of God. The fury of oaths, the screams of the tortured, the whistling of scourges, were heard even in churches, while the attempt was made to coerce the faithful to anathematise the holy pastor whom they loved. Men recalled the language of the Gospels — 'And there shall be signs in sun, and moon, and stars; and upon earth distress of nations, in perplexity for the roaring of the sea and the billows; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for expectation of the things which are coming on the world; for the powers of the heavens shall be shaken.' Nor was their dread unreasonable. The defeat, deposition, exile, and martyrdom — for martyrdom to all intents and purposes it was — of the saintly Patriarch of Constantinople led to age-long consequences, both in the East and in the West. In the West, the events which issued from it tended to establish the influence of the Bishop of Rome at a period when that influence was in many respects for the advantage of mankind, and before it had been distorted by forged donations and false decretals into a cruel and pernicious tyranny. In the East, it degraded the Church into an abject subservience, in which she abdicated her functions as a denouncer of luxury and oppression, and submitted to 'the Cæsaro-papism' of wavering despots.

The days of trouble and rebuke and blasphemy, in which, to use the image of the prophet, the children were brought to the birth, and there was not strength to bring forth, dragged on amid alarms, tumults, and attempted assassinations till Whitsuntide, June 5, 404. Eudoxia and her priestly instigators felt that any further delay in the consummation of their plots would be fraught with peril. In the plenitude of autocracy they still felt the terror of the guilt which trembles before unarmed innocence. The passionate enthusiasm of the people for their Bishop might still triumph over the conscientious timidity of the Emperor. Their hideous plots of murder had been frustrated; it might happen that truth and righteousness would still triumph, and so their dark webs of lies and bribery be torn to shreds. Arcadius, terrified lest the crime of his connivance in accusations which he knew to be the perjuries of jealousy and hatred should provoke the intervention of Heaven, had been waiting for some admonitory eclipse and earthquake which might once more frighten Eudoxia. This would have given him the excuse for dismissing the episcopal intriguers to their neglected sees and restoring Chrysostom to his Patriarchal throne. But in those burning days of June no thunderbolt fell, no storm disturbed the azure sleep of heaven. Meanwhile the passionate importunities of the Empress disturbed his abnegation of all effectual power. His conduct was finally decided by the four worst bishops who were leaders of the Empress's party. These men — Antiochus, Acacius, Cyrinus, and Severian — urged by Eudoxia, demanded an audience, and came into his presence. Arcadius was no match for these sanctimonious criminals, though even his obtuseness saw to the depths of their villainy. 'Emperor!' they said to him — for it was their snake-like policy to enslave their victim ere they gorged — 'Emperor! thou hast been appointed ruler by God that all may obey thee, and that thou mayst act according to thy will. Be not more compassionate than priests, more holy than bishops! We have said before all the world, "Let the deposition of John be on our heads." Do not destroy us all that thou mayst spare one.'

'Well,' replied the Emperor, 'if yours is the crime, yours

be the penalty. I hold John to be innocent and orthodox; if you force me to offend Heaven by wronging him, let his blood fall on your heads.'

Then they said of Christ's servant as the priests of old had said of Christ Himself: 'His blood be on us and our children'; and Arcadius, like Pilate, practically washed his hands of the matter, and said, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it!'

At noon that day Patricius, the principal notary of the Emperor, was a bearer of a note to the Patriarch in which Arcadius said: 'The four bishops make themselves responsible for your deposition. Commend your affairs to God, and depart hence without delay.'

'*Commend your affairs to God!*' Even in that phrase the Emperor betrayed the fact that his rescript was the outcome, not of his convictions, but of his imbecility.

Clearly, however, the order was meant to be final; and it was precise. Chrysostom, anxious to put an end to intolerable complications, which threatened to have a terrible ending, and deeming it a duty in the last extreme to submit to the powers that be, prepared to obey. A group of bishops and clergy were with him in the Patriarcheion. He read them the Emperor's letter, and told them that he would be willing in a few moments to go with them to the Cathedral, and thence to depart he knew not whither.

Then he went into his study, and called Philip and Eutyches to him.

'My sons,' he said to them, controlling his deep emotion by a strong effort, 'the destined hour has struck. The Emperor has sent me his decree of banishment, which I can resist no longer. I depart hence, and a voice tells me that when in a few moments I leave this home, which men call my palace, I leave it for ever. My place shall know me no more. I am in God's hands. His will be done, not mine.'

He paused, lest he should break into uncontrollable weeping; for the two youths had kneeled at his feet and had grasped his either hand, and could not speak, but were kissing his hands and bathing them with their tears.

Gently he disengaged his hands, and laid them in blessing on the dark locks of Philip and the short, fair hair of

Eutyches. 'My dear, dear sons,' he said, 'I have seen day by day your goodness, and faithfulness, and love to me. It costs me a keener pang to part from you than from any others. You have been utterly true to me. Dear Philip, for years you have brightened my days, you have lightened my labours. I always knew that whatever I trusted to you would be done, and well done. I had but to mention it to you, and then I could dismiss it from my mind. And you, dear Eutyches, I have rejoiced to see you growing up in holiness, "like the flower of roses in the spring of the year, and like lilies by the watercourses." Farewell! farewell, my children! and the God of mercy and of peace be with you!'

They had hidden their faces in their hands, and he made over them the sign of benediction; but then Philip sprang up impetuously.

'Nay, my father,' he said, 'bid us not leave you. We will go where you go, we will die where you die. As your God is our God, so your trials shall be ours.'

'Not so, my sons,' he said gently. 'Your sympathy, your service, would indeed be to me an immense consolation. But how can I suffer you to blight your youth for my sake? I am an old man; my days are spent; my work is done; mine enemies have triumphed. I go, like St. Paul, knowing nothing, save that in every city bonds and imprisonment await me. The dark days which Michael foresaw have come; I know not even whether for me in this world at eventide there shall be light. But as for you — live out your lives in God's faith and fear, and may He give you, of His goodness, many happy days!'

'We cannot leave you, father,' sobbed Eutyches. 'Better trial and persecution with you than to know that you were in trouble, and that we were far away, and could do nothing to lighten your griefs.'

'Ah! my dear son, Eutyches, it may not be,' said the Patriarch. 'It would not be permitted, even if I could desire it. But take comfort, my boy. To know that you are well and happy will be a far deeper alleviation to me than to see your young lives devastated for my sake with premature anguish. And oh! cease, cease, my sons. By

your weeping you break my heart. Believe me, even in this hour, even in the midst of my grief, I am happy, for I am innocent. If you grow up to suffer, may you grow up also to know and feel that to suffer with Christ is not to suffer.'

But when he saw that neither of them could speak, he added, very calmly, 'Nay, my sons, give not way too much to grief. To do so were to doubt the goodness of God. You, my Philip, stay to look after my few possessions, and to see that the dear old servants of my youth are conducted safely back to my home at Antioch. And you, my beloved Eutyches, when I am gone, Philip and Olympias will see that you lack nothing till you become a presbyter. I have left you both provided for, in the present and in the future, as this paper will show you, Philip. Farewell! Farewell!'

He lifted them from their kneeling attitude, kissed them on both cheeks, and, with his face still bathed in tears, went out to the bishops and presbyters in the Thomaites.

'Come,' he said to them; 'let us go to pray for the last time, and to bid farewell to the Angel of the Church.'

The distance was short, and they walked to St. Sophia under an escort of the palace guards. They found many assembled in the church, and an immense multitude, dimly cognisant that some great crisis was at hand, crowded all the streets and avenues. Chrysostom and his friends passed up the ambo-stairs, behind the curtains of the Sacramentum. He had scarcely entered when a note from his friend Aurelian was put into his hands. 'Hasten!' it said; 'the brutal ruffian, Lucius, is posted with a company of soldiers in the Baths of Zeuxippus. He swears that if you linger he will drag you out of the church by force. Leave the church secretly, or there will be a collision between the troops and the people, and the streets will run with blood.'

He read the note aloud, and added: 'Never, if I can prevent it. My servants have ordered my mule to be caparisoned at the western gate. I will slip out in secret through a postern at the east. Farewell, dear friends!'

He gave to two of the bishops his farewell kiss of peace, but could proceed no further. 'Farewell all of you!' he

said; 'it would unman me too much to embrace you all. A few moments in the Baptistery to recover my calm, and I will set forth.'

But in the Baptistery four of his holiest, noblest, and most beloved deaconesses — Olympias, Pentadia, Ampriecte, and Salvina — awaited him, and there was another harrowing scene of parting.

'Listen to me, my daughters,' he said to them. 'All is over; I have finished my course. You will see my face no more. If my successor is duly and rightly appointed, respect and obey him. Let not the Church of God lose your services — and oh! think of me in your prayers.'

The noble ladies flung themselves on the marble floor, and kissed his feet and bathed them with their tears.

'Conduct them hence,' he said, with a broken voice, to Bishop Eulysius, who had volunteered to accompany him, 'for I feel utterly unmanned, and the sight of their anguish may haply excite the fury of the people.'

Very gently the friendly bishop took the princesses Olympias and Salvina by the hand, and, bidding the others follow, led them out of the Baptistery. Then Chrysostom went out by the small eastern door, evading the throngs of people who were expecting to see him mount his mule at the western gate.

X 'He went forth,' says Bishop Pálladius, 'and the Angel of the Church went forth with him.'

A little band of soldiers, under two young and noble officers, Anatolius and Theodosius, had been bidden to await him there. Attended by the Bishops Eulysius and Cyriacus and some honest presbyters, who desired to accompany him on his journey across the Bosphorus, and at least as far as Nicæa, he placed himself in the hands of the guards, and, avoiding the most frequented streets, they made their way to the Chalcedonian Stairs. To escape observation as far as possible Chrysostom concealed his face in the folds of his robe; but a few of the people, full of alarm and suspicion, recognised and followed him. Their numbers increased, and nothing but the drawn swords and firm bearing of the Prætorians overawed their menacing attitude, and prevented them from attempting a rescue. But there certainly would have been bloodshed

if the Patriarch himself had not stepped forward and said:

‘My dear and faithful people, I am departing willingly. Let us obey the will of God and the edict of the Emperor. You will fill me with anguish if so much as one drop of blood is shed on my behalf. To God’s gracious mercy and protection I commit you all. Farewell!’

He raised his hand in benediction. The crowd knelt to receive it, and were calmed.

But Philip and Eutyches could not be content to stay in the Patriarcheion while their father was being hurried into unknown exile. How could he even expect such love as theirs to abandon him, when they felt his loss like the parting of the Shechinah from the temple of their young lives? After a moment’s hesitation, lest they should cause him needless pain, they said with one voice, ‘Let us go, and, if need be, die with him.’ Unperceived — for they had thrown over their ordinary dress the brown robe of the *parabolani* — they followed Chrysostom to St. Sophia, entered with others of the people, and saw him ascend to the Sacramentum. Then Philip, familiar with the church, and suspecting what would happen, went with Eutyches to the quiet eastern door, saw the Patriarch come out, and followed his escort of guards to the quay. Chrysostom went on board the vessel which was awaiting him, and both he and Philip involuntarily recalled at that moment with what different feelings they had twice before arrived at the Chalcedonian steps — once in the gilded, dragon-prowed, imperial barge, rowed by palace servants, when, with Amantius and Aurelian, he had been welcomed by the shouting populace; and once when, after his first exile, the flower-crowned multitude, robed in white, had poured forth in myriads to receive him with overpowering acclamations. And now he was being hurried away in secrecy, amid the fading twilight — hurried to his ruin by wolves in sheep’s clothing, choked in a chaos of hatreds, entangled in a network of odious chicanery and wicked lies.

Philip pressed forward out of the crowd and endeavoured to go on board. The soldiers barred his way with crossed spears, and told him, with oburgations, that no personal

attendant was permitted to go with the Archbishop. Then Philip made an intense appeal to the two young officers: 'Oh, sirs!' he said, 'the holy Patriarch is ill and weak, and knows not how to care for himself. I have been accustomed to wait on him since my boyhood. I entreat you to let me go with him. I will meet my own expenses. I will give no trouble.'

'And let me go, too,' said Eutyches, wringing his hands. 'I am one of his secretaries.'

The officers, who had none but the kindest feelings and intentions towards their illustrious captive, were visibly affected; but Anatolius, the senior of the two, laid his hand kindly on Philip's shoulder, and said, 'My good youths, we are sorry for you. But the Emperor's orders are stringent, and you must not come.'

They stepped on board; the oars dipped in the deep blue waters; and the youths caught their last glimpse of their friend and father as he stood on the deck. He had heard their voices; he saw them stretching out to him their appealing hands, and was weeping; but he cried to them, 'Oh! my sons, why did you not spare me this fresh pang?'

But Philip now felt utterly beside himself. 'My father! my father!' he cried, 'I cannot, I will not leave you,' and he made a spring towards the boat.

He barely failed to reach it, but fell short into the water, and one of the oars struck him on the head. He sank under the waves, and Chrysostom and Eutyches both gave a cry. A sailor from one of the many boats plunged in after the drowning youth, drew him safely to shore, and handed his fainting form to Eutyches. But the blow which he had received was slight. The shock of the cold water revived him. In a few moments he had recovered consciousness, and, leaning on the boy's arm, with bent head and aching heart he walked back to the Patriarcheion in his dripping weeds.

CHAPTER LII

CONFLAGRATION

A coal-black, giant flower of hell. — BROWNING.

MEANWHILE, as though things were not black enough already, an event had happened which was fraught with unutterable disaster to the guilty city.

As the little boat which carried Chrysostom to the Bithynian shore furrowed its way through the starlit waves the rowers and soldiers raised a sudden exclamation of curiosity and amazement. Startled from his moody grief, the Patriarch looked up, and saw a huge blaze shooting up into the air, broadening in area, deepening in vividness and intensity, and at last reddening the evening sky with terrible illumination. What could it mean? What had caused it? That the Cathedral should be in flames seemed inconceivable; but was it possible that there could have been a revolution at Constantinople? Had the populace, in wild grief at the loss of their Archbishop, risen against the Emperor, and burnt to ashes the buildings on either side of the superb oblong forum known as the Augusteum, and the Imperial Palace itself? They learnt too soon the fatal truth, but meanwhile they had to repress their devouring anxiety and press forward on their way.

No sooner had the crowd outside St. Sophia begun to suspect that treachery was intended, and that their beloved Patriarch was being forced away from them, than they endeavoured to force their way into the church, of which they found that the western gates had now been locked and barred. Rushing round the cloisters to find some other entrance, they found the eastern ingress defended by soldiers of the Court, who opposed their ingress. A

fight began, and though many were killed, the crowd succeeded in bursting in. Meanwhile, the multitudes who thronged the western Galilee, ignorant of what was taking place, and imagining that their bishop was being seized by violence, began to batter furiously upon the principal gates, which at last they partly burst open, and partly shattered to fragments. Rushing in, they again found themselves confronted by the soldiery, who, alarmed by the fury of the mob, drew their swords. The Jews and Pagans whom curiosity had attracted to the scene looked on with sneers and bitter ridicule while the mob and the soldiers stood face to face. Maddened by their insults, the crowd rushed forward, another bloody fight ensued, and the many-coloured marbles of the sacred pavement were soon heaped with corpses and incarnadined with blood. To add to the general horror, a storm had rolled in from the Euxine, whirling before it so dense a mass of clouds as to cause a blackness which, to the excited minds of the spectators, seemed inexplicable and miraculous. Stunned by the sudden roar of the hurricane, soldiers and populace alike stood silent in a co-instantaneous pause of horror which had in it something sublime. The fighting ceased, and the multitude, haunted by supernatural awe, began to steal out of the sacred edifice; when suddenly, as though a thunderbolt from heaven had smitten the roof, a crack was heard, and from the Patriarch's throne a jet of fire leaped upwards with inconceivable fury. The cry of 'Fire! Fire!' had scarcely been raised when it seemed too late to check the strangely precipitous ravages of the conflagration. The timbers of the building were dry with the scorching heat of many summers. The spout of fire leaped up as high as the roof, and, spreading among beams and rafters, presented the aspect of a colossal tree of red flame. Then, from the boughs and the leaves of this awful tree it seemed as if myriads of fiery serpents darted in every direction, wreathing about pillars and architraves, melting the iron of the roofs and the chains of the great lamps, which fell with crash after crash and shattered themselves to pieces on the tessellated floors. The crowd and the soldiers alike, seized by the same panic, rushed promiscuously into the open air, reduced to peace by

common terror. Many were crushed to death or had their limbs broken in the wild effort to escape, and barely had they emerged into safety when the whole cathedral seemed to be blazing like a furnace of demons, beyond all hope of preservation. Of the metropolitan edifice, one of the stateliest churches in the world, nothing was left but a heap of blackened ruins, half-calcined by the fierce heat, and one little side-chapel, which had not been so much as scathed by the flames.

But this was not the whole extent of the mischief. Driven before the fierce wind great flakes of fire and of burning material were swept southward to the adjacent buildings. Strange to say, they did not light on the Patriarcheion, which stood nearest to the church. For this — though it was not known — thanks were due to Philip, who, roused by the awful spectacle from the stupor of his grief, employed the servants in deluging the roof with bucket after bucket of water, extinguishing each flake and brand as it fell. There was no one to take similar care of the two next buildings, the Senate-house and the Baths of Zeuxippus. The consequence was that they too were speedily raging like huge furnaces of inextinguishable fire. The flames shot high into the air and, beaten along by the wind, they met in gigantic burning arches overhead; while beneath them, as between two labouring volcanoes, streamed the myriads of the people, whose hearts were swept by strange extremes of emotion. Every citizen who had any patriotism mourned for the loss of the two loveliest edifices in the Imperial City. If the Christians felt inclined to taunt the Pagans with the destruction of their idols, the Pagans could sneer at the Christians for the reduction to ashes of the huge basilica where they worshipped 'the pale Galilean.' But Pagans and Christians alike felt that the Church, indeed, could be rebuilt — as it was soon rebuilt, with even greater magnificence — but that nothing could replace the choicest works of Greek sculpture. The famous statues of the Nine Muses, which Constantine had carried from Helicon to adorn his new capital, were calcined into dust. 'What wonder!' exclaimed the æsthetic Pagans. 'What did the Muses care for the new religion, with its uncultured barbarism?' But

the Zeus of Dodona, the Athene of Lindus, the Amphitrite of Rhodes, the Pan which the Greeks had consecrated in memory of the battle of Salamis—all perished indiscriminately; and the skill which had produced them had vanished from the world. They had sunk amid the lava streams of molten metal, or had been crushed by the masses of superincumbent ruin. The Zeus and the Athene had been preserved, though desperately injured, by the melted lead which had streamed over and encased them; and the Pagan historian, Zosimus, consoles himself with the inference that Zeus and Athene had determined under no circumstances of Christian provocation to abandon for ever the city which was the New Rome. But his consolation is soon overshadowed by the no less strong conviction that the share of these deities in human affairs is unaccountable; that they do whatever pleases them, and for the most part

Lie beside their nectar, and the clouds are curled
Round about their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world.

And they hear a lamentation and a wail of ancient wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.

Thus all the inhabitants of the great city had cause to mourn, and cause far deeper than any of which they were aware; for when Chrysostom went forth, not only had the Angel of the Church gone forth with him, but gone forth never to return. The golden candlestick of the Patriarchate was removed out of its place. There was, indeed, a long succession of archbishops, but the majority of them were nullities, who raised no voice against religious folly and worldly iniquity. The Patriarchate became for all practical purposes a mere appanage of the Imperial Palace; Christians took their religion—orthodox or heretical as the chance might be—from the dictate of emperors, and set before themselves no loftier ideal of morals than they saw in the tyranny, the corruption, and the boundless luxury of the Palace and its despicable little human gods.

Who kindled that thrice-disastrous conflagration? The

answer to that question will never be known till the great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Some, in their excited imagination, declared that it had been supernatural. They said that they had heard the crash, and seen the rush of a descending thunderbolt, which had shattered the Archiepiscopal throne as a sign of God's wrath and judgment, and in order that no bad or mean successor should defile with his presence the seat on which the holy John had sat.

Others laid the blame on the Jews and Pagans, who, they said, had with fiendish malignity seized the moment when the Christians were distracted with anguish to destroy their famous church, and, if possible, to consume some of the worshippers in its ashes.

Others fomented the preposterous calumny that Chrysostom himself was the guilty incendiary. But even the rage of Eudoxia, even the stolidity of Arcadius, found that charge too wickedly absurd. Every fact of the case, as well as the testimony of hundreds of witnesses and the holy character of the Patriarch, rendered the charge as ridiculous as it was infamous. The brutal Pagan præfect and magistrates, eager as they were to seize every weapon of destruction against men whom they detested, abandoned this pretence from the first. They left it to be cherished exclusively by the venomous falsity of the hostile bishops, who had the effrontery to assert it in their letter to Pope Innocent as though it were an indisputable fact.

The commonest view — though there was no tittle of evidence produced in its favour — was that it was the work of 'the Johannites.' It may be regarded as certain that this was not the case. Had any such plot existed, it cannot be doubted that in the tortures and persecutions which followed it would have become known.

The conflagration may have been due to accident pure and simple, so that not one person in Constantinople was aware how it arose. Or, again, it may have been the work of some one wild partisan of the Patriarch, driven half-mad by despair and a sense of injustice. If so, the secret remained locked in his own bosom. How vast a forest that first tiny spark enkindled!

There was only one alleviation of the calamity caused

by the fire. A small chapel had marvellously escaped when the rest of the great cathedral had been consumed to ashes. It was the Sacristy, and in it were contained the precious gold and silver vessels and other treasures of the church. In this circumstance the friends of Chrysostom saw a Divine interposition. For one of the charges brought against him was that he had sold, alienated, embezzled, and diverted to his own purposes the possessions of the church. Had the Sacristy and its contents been consumed in the conflagration, it would not only have been impossible to scatter this calumny to the winds, but it would have been urged that John had consumed the building to conceal the evidence of his own defalcations. As it was, all the treasures could be produced intact. An accurate inventory of them existed; this was placed in the hands of the Præfect Studius and a committee of high official assessors. Two friends of Chrysostom—the presbyters Germanus and Cassian—went through it before the legal authorities, handed over the sacred vessels, were furnished with a receipt in full, and carried this receipt with them to Pope Innocent at Rome, as a triumphant vindication of the Patriarch's integrity. The providential preservation of the Sacristy robbed unscrupulous slanderers of what would otherwise have been their most fatal weapon.

The resultant anguish fell first, and most heavily, on Chrysostom himself. Accompanied by the Bishops Eulysius and Cyriacus and a few presbyters, he was making his sad journey to Nicæa, where he was to be informed of his ultimate destination. Their hearts were full of heaviness at the news that St. Sophia had been reduced to heaps of ruins, when they were thunderstruck by the arrival of an officer, despatched under the orders of the Court by Studius, the præfect, to charge the two bishops with incendiarism, to throw them and the presbyters into chains, and to conduct them back to prison in the city. Chrysostom, indignant at the wicked charge, said that they were as innocent as himself—that he could not separate his cause from theirs. As a matter of the barest justice, he demanded to be heard in his own defence and that of his friends. But not even the Empress had dared to

include the Patriarch in the odious accusation. The emissaries could only act on their orders. They fettered Eulysius, Cyriacus, and their companions, and they were carried off to prison, first to Chalcedon, then to Constantinople. The trial showed that there was not a tittle of evidence to inculcate them; but even under these circumstances they were banished from Constantinople, and forbidden ever again to enter its precincts.

Chrysostom, almost crushed with grief, continued his journey. He had not been allowed to take with him a single personal attendant. But God was merciful to him. The hearts of the rough soldiers were touched by his dignity and his misfortunes, and they and their officers treated him with affectionate respect, and did what they could to supply his needs.

They reached Nicæa, and there for a while they rested till the will of the Emperor was known. Chrysostom was a little refreshed by the comforts of the city and the soft breezes of Lake Ascanius, and he ventured to hope, in his innocence, that some tolerable place of exile like Sebaste, in Armenia, would be appointed for him as a residence, where he could spend in peace the rest of his days — those *années plus pâles et moins couronnées*, which would not seem dim to a soul which had never been enchanted by the ambitions of the world. But it was a bitter blow to him to hear that he was to be banished — thanks to Eudoxia — to the half-desert town of Cucusus, at the end of a wild valley of the Taurus range. It was a place of wretched climate, liable to incessant assaults of Isaurian marauders, into which, as though he were dead already, he was to be flung aside as into a living tomb. In vain had his friends pleaded for a less intolerable place of banishment. Notorious criminals constantly secured for themselves a comfortable abode; but the hate of the Empress was as an axe whose edge could not be turned, and the paltry Armenian hamlet, whose only boast was the tomb of a former Archbishop of Constantinople — Paulus, who had been martyred by the Arians — was now to be immortalised by furnishing a rude shelter to the last years of the best saint and greatest Father of the fourth century.

CHAPTER LIII

DRAGGED ON HIS WAY

Contenti nel fuoco. — DANTE, *Inf.* i. 115.

THE melancholy journey began on July 4, 404, and its hardships nearly produced the effect so ardently desired by the Empress and her priestly abettors — the precipitation of the martyrdom of him who had become their enemy because he told them the truth.

Not that the indomitable spirit of the Patriarch succumbed even for a day. With wise heroism he determined — accused, banished, loaded with calumnies as he was — to render every service to the Church of God which was still in any way possible to him. Uncertain of his destiny, he occupied himself with ardent efforts to further his missionary enterprises in Phœnicia and other countries. At Nicæa lived a hermit who, in the ignoble perversion of the religious ideal, had walled himself up in a mountain cavern, where he had sworn to die. Chrysostom visited him, bade him to cancel his immoral oath and redeem his sterile life by taking his staff, going to the good priest Constantius at Antioch, and offering himself as a missionary to overthrow the Phœnician idols. He also occupied his leisure by writing letters of consolation, which breathed the undaunted spirit and holy resignation of St. Paul, to alleviate the sorrows of Philip, of Olympias, and his other friends.

Then the escort started. No sooner had they plunged into the black district of Burnt-Phrygia than Chrysostom was attacked with chronic fever, caused partly by fatigue, partly by the impossibility of procuring the daily bath which was essential for his feeble health, partly by the foul water and black, malodorous bread which was often

the only nourishment which they could procure. For their orders were to avoid the towns on their route, perhaps because the Court was afraid of the effect of public demonstrations in the Patriarch's favour. As long as they were in the Diocese of Pessinus, of which the bishop, Demetrius, was his friend, they were not liable to molestation; but when they entered the diocese of Leontius of Ancyra, that bad ecclesiastic, untouched by the misfortunes of his innocent superior, harassed him with menaces which hinted even at murder. When they had struggled through this region into Cappadocia, the population flocked out of the towns and villages in throngs to honour him; but here again he was subject to the villainies of Pharetrius, Bishop of Cæsarea, whose cruelty was rendered more atrocious by his execrable hypocrisy. This man sent a message of unctuous affection to the Patriarch, saying how much he longed to embrace him, and how he had assembled multitudes of monks and nuns to do him honour. The miserable opportunist wanted to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; he did not wish to offend his clergy, who honoured John, and still less did he care to embroil himself with the Empress. A lodging was provided at the extremity of the city; but Pharetrius was maddened with spite when he heard how the inhabitants surrounded the exile with marks of pity and of honour. He was worn out with forced travels night and day. Two physicians showed him special kindness, and, ill as he was, he greatly needed their care. One of them even volunteered to accompany him to Cucusus, and, if possible, to save him from dying of sufferings which, as he wrote to the deaconess Theodora, were more severe than those of felons condemned to chains or to the mines. An additional torture was the absence of letters from Tigrius, or Philip, or Olympias. Happily for him he did not know, and never fully knew—such was the sacred tenderness of their reticence—the causes which had made it impossible for them to write.

Meanwhile Bishop Pharetrius was driven into ferocity by mingled jealousy and alarm. It was intolerable to him to see the illustrious exile treated by the great men of the

city with an honour which they never deigned to show to his miserable self; and he was afraid lest the enemies of Chrysostom should take him to task for his hospitality, niggard, ungracious, and uncharitable as it had been. Like all base natures, he betook himself to plots. Chrysostom had still one hundred and twenty-eight miles to travel, and was too ill to brave the perils of the mountain roads; but just when the escort was on the point of starting the journey was impeded by an alarm that the Isaurians were ravaging the country. All the inhabitants of Cæsarea, even the old men and the boys, were impressed to defend the walls of the city. Seizing the opportunity, Pharetrius sent hordes of monks, armed with stones and clubs, to surround the lodging of Chrysostom, with threats that they would burn him and his escort alive unless they instantly departed. They even went so far in their holy brutality as to beat many of the Prætorian soldiers, who were too few to resist them; the præfect of the city was appealed to, but his intervention failed to repress the monkish hordes. Pharetrius would not even permit a respite of two days. At last the officer of the escort said to Chrysostom, 'We must at all costs start; the Pagan brigands are less dangerous than these monks.' It was burning noon, and Chrysostom was hurried into his litter. One of the weeping presbyters who witnessed his forced departure came to him, and said, 'Your life here is no longer safe. The Isaurians themselves would treat you better than these wretches!'

At this crisis a lady named Seleucia offered to the sick and suffering martyr the shelter of her villa, which was five miles distant. He gratefully accepted the offer, and Seleucia armed her slaves to repel the possibility of a midnight attack. Pharetrius sent her a fierce menace if she did not dismiss her guest; but the brave lady persisted in her work of kindness. A second and more threatening mandate terrified her. Chrysostom was awaked at midnight, his effects were hastily huddled together, he was told that the Isaurians were at hand, and that the servants of Seleucia had fled and hidden themselves. He found his mule harnessed and the escort ready. The night was wild and starless. He ordered that torches should be lit;

but the presbyter Evethius, who had accompanied him from Cæsarea, bade that they should be extinguished, lest they should attract the barbarians. The guide led them through rocky and desert mountain paths. The mule stumbled at every step. At last it fell, and Chrysostom was flung to the ground, terribly shaken and half-dead. Evethius thought that he had expired; but he revived, and as he could ride no longer, the presbyter seized his hand, and dragged him along over the stones in an agony of pain. They escaped the Isaurians — if Isaurians there were, and if the whole alarm had not been due to a scoundrelly invention. All the next day they continued their bleak course over torrents and rough rocks, and at last, on the seventieth day after they had left Constantinople, they arrived at Cucusus. But that night of terror and anguish remained deeply graven on the Patriarch's memory. 'Light sorrows speak; great griefs are dumb.' He told his miseries to no one except Olympias, and begged her not to talk of them. From Cucusus he wrote to her, and said, 'I am safe at present from the Isaurians; they have retired into their own domains. I am safer here than at Cæsarea, for, with few exceptions, I fear no one so much as the bishops.'

CHAPTER LIV

A REIGN OF TERROR

O, he is bold, and blushes not at death: —
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, IV. 3.

SCARCELY had Chrysostom been sent on his way to his deplorable place of exile than a reign of terror began at Constantinople.

The election and consecration of his successor were accomplished with startling rapidity. Apparently neither the bishops, nor the clergy, nor the people were consulted. Within a week of the burning of their church the inhabitants of Constantinople learnt, with stupefaction, that their new Patriarch by the grace of Eudoxia was the presbyter Arsacius!

He was an old man of past eighty, totally without ability or distinction. Maddened by the independence of Chrysostom, Eudoxia had determined that her next Patriarch should be a *fainéant* in the depths of senility. Arsacius was the brother of Nectarius, the predecessor of Chrysostom, and he was dull in intellect, timid in action, feeble in speech; 'muter,' says the lively Palladius, 'than a fish, and less competent for business than a frog.' Rumour said that when his brother Nectarius had wished to make him Bishop of Tarsus, and he had declined, the Patriarch had accused him of coveting the See of Constantinople and waiting for dead men's shoes; and that he had sworn on the Gospels that he would never accept episcopal ordination. But then he had one supreme merit in the eyes of Eudoxia. The silent contrast between the energetic and self-denying patriarchate of Chrysostom and the luxurious indolence of his brother Nectarius had filled Arsacius with

jealousy, and he had disgraced his hoary hairs by coming forward to accuse John of embezzlement of Church property at the infamous Synod of the Oak.

He was hurriedly consecrated by Severian and his clique in the Church of the Apostles, which served for the time as a pro-cathedral.

But he found himself a bishop of empty churches. The people, devoted to Chrysostom, and accustomed to his fiery and varied eloquence, did not choose to countenance the 'wolf in sheep's clothing' who had been illegally thrust upon them, or to listen to a man whom they regarded as few removes above an imbecile. The result of his superannuated ambition was only to cause him a year of humiliation, followed by a death of disgrace. His patriarchate, undistinguished by a single merit, was rendered infamous by two diabolical persecutions, for both of which he must bear his portion of the blame. Unable to win even ordinary respect either by ability or kindness, he did not interfere to alleviate the first persecution, and by his appeal to the Court became the immediate cause of the second.

The first persecution turned nominally on the charge of incendiaryism against 'the Johannites,' and to equal its cruel infamy we have to come down to the darkest days which ever brought down the wrath of Heaven on a guilty Church: the dark and horrible days of religious persecution in its most baleful guise, when devils wore the garb of 'the Holy Office'; the days when 'Saint' Pope Pius V., that 'perfect priest,' sent, with his blessing, a jewelled sword to Alva, the cold-blooded butcher of the Netherlands; the days when Torquemada and his successors daily filled the prisons of Spain with the shrieks of those whom, in the name of the merciful Jesus, they tortured with rack and thumbscrew, — blackened the blue heavens of Spain with the Tophet-smoke of their bale-fires, and laded the winds with the ashes of God's faithful worshippers; the days

When persecuting zeal made royal sport
Of murdered innocence at Mary's Court;

the days when Pope Gregory XIII. consecrated the vilest

form of assassination by singing Hallelujahs and striking medals in honour of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. That such deeds of hell were possible as early as the fourth century is alone a sufficient proof of the hideous corruption of the Church caused by the usurpation of priests; of the dark and deadly superstition, half-Pagan, half-Jewish, which had polluted with turbid influences the pure river of the Water of Life; of the unspeakable degeneration from the religion of Him Whose name was Love, and who placed in love the fulfilling of the law. The early Church, in the days of her simplicity and sincerity, would have revolted in unspeakable loathing from devilish cruelties, born of ambition and intolerance, which for so many subsequent centuries were committed in her name. Her doctrine, taught with absolute firmness by her early saints, was, 'Violence is hateful to God.' Could the Angels of the Church of the first and second centuries have witnessed the horrors perpetrated in later days by those who called themselves her champions, would they not have appealed to her Lord, and cried:

Face, loved of little children long ago,
Head, hated of the Scribes and teachers then —
Say, was not this Thy passion — to foreknow
In thy death's hour the deeds of Christian men?"

CHAPTER LV

A BURNING, FIERY FURNACE

ἔλαυνε, κίνει, φόνιον ἐξέλει κάλων. — EUR. *Herc. Fur.* 837.

THE examination of the two good bishops, Eulysius and Cyriacus, who had gone forth with Chrysostom, had fallen to Studius, the Præfect of the city. It was impossible for the vilest of tribunals to condemn men whose innocence was alike transparent and demonstrable; so, after their bonds and imprisonment, they were gratuitously banished the city. Apparently their escape was not to the liking of the heroes of the Synod of the Oak. They thought that Studius was not half cruel or unscrupulous enough in the violation of the law. Eudoxia agreed with them. Studius was cashiered, and Optatus, a Pagan—the Judge Jeffreys of the fourth century—was put in his place. He was sufficiently brutal and tyrannous to satisfy even Bishops Severian and Antiochus.

One of the first to be brought before this villainous tribunal was the presbyter Tigrisus. His history was a touching one. He had been a barbarian, a slave, and a eunuch, whose fidelity had been rewarded by manumission. When he became free, piety and charity had marked him out for the diaconate, and he had ultimately been ordained presbyter. He had been one of Chrysostom's most faithful friends, and had become universally known as a man who was gentle, generous, and kind to the poor. Charged with being one of the authors of the conflagration, he of course declared his innocence; but the vengeance of his enemies was not to be baulked by such a trifle. He was a 'Johannite,' and that was enough. He was stripped of his clothing, and laid face downwards. Then he was beaten with scourges of leaded hide. Next—for every method of 'the Holy Office' was anticipated with all the

ferocious barbarism of the Spanish Inquisition—his fingers and nails were crushed by thumbscrews. Lastly, he was stretched on the wooden horse, a sort of rack, and leaden weights were attached to his hands and feet till his limbs were dislocated and he swooned away under the torture. But no inculpatory word could be forced from his blameless innocence. The tortures served no other end than the feeding of the ancient grudge which bad priests owed to his master, and the glutting of their eyes on the anguish of the guiltless. Careless whether he lived or died, they flung him back to his bed of straw in the dungeon, and, since he recovered from his injuries, they banished him to Mesopotamia, there to end his days.

For a short time another illustrious victim eluded their vigilance. Serapion had become Bishop of Heraclea, in Thrace, and it was impossible to charge him with having burnt the Cathedral, because he had been hundreds of miles distant from Constantinople. But, knowing well with what vile travesties of justice he had to deal, he fled, and concealed himself in a monastery of orthodox Gothic monks. His hiding-place was revealed, and he was dragged in chains to Constantinople, for there the party of Severian hated him with a specially deadly hatred. They tore the skin off his forehead with iron nails and steel pincers, they dashed or tore out all his teeth, and they relegated him to Egypt, where he might experience the tender mercies of Theophilus of Alexandria.

Another victim was the excellent Heracleides, whom Chrysostom had appointed Bishop of Ephesus in place of the worthless and simoniacal Antoninus. At the Synod of the Oak the foul monk, Isaac, had vamped up against him a trumped-up charge of having stolen a deacon's clothes. His enemies got possession of his person, and flung him into a prison, where he languished in misery for many years.

The valiant persecutors now tried their hands upon women, whom they tried to force by terror to communicate with the new Patriarch, Arsacius, and to anathematise Chrysostom. But the heroism even of women despised their threats and defeated their machinations by holy fortitude. The shrinking modesty and delicate tender-

ness of faithful deaconesses held out no less firmly than the constancy of martyred presbyters.

All Constantinople knew that the illustrious Olympias, who was of all but imperial rank, and the fame of whose sanctity rang throughout the world, was among the dearest friends in the intimacy of the Patriarch, and that it was to her and her sister-deaconesses that his last farewells had been addressed. If she could be intimidated and coerced, it was certain that others would be unlikely to hold out. It would constitute an irresistible force on the side of the new Patriarch, Arsacius, if a lady of such lofty birth, of such royal connexions, of a fortune so immense and a charity so illustrious, could be made to acknowledge the new *régime* and to communicate with John's successor. She was therefore summoned before the tribunal of Optatus, where he sat surrounded with his episcopal, clerical, and courtly assessors. In order that his effrontery might be more effectual the executioners and the torturers stood ready, and the devilish enginery of the Inquisition was paraded before her eyes. When it was thought that the spectacle had produced its due effect, Optatus, in a voice of thunder, asked 'how she had dared to set fire to the great Basilica of Constantinople?'

'My whole life,' she answered in calm disdain, 'is a sufficient refutation of so preposterous a calumny. I once was very rich, and my wealth has ever been expended in the building and adorning of the temples of God. I am the last person in the world who would think of burning them.'

'Your whole life!' roared the unjust judge. 'Oh! we know all about your life.'

'If, then, you know it,' answered the indomitable lady, 'come down from the tribunal where you sit as judge, and step forward as my accuser, and then another shall decide between us.'

It was obvious that this would not do. In the presence of all the indignant spectators Optatus was getting much the worst of it. Murmurs of indignation began to rise, and exclamations of disgust were heard in the hall of justice. Optatus changed his tone to one of affectionate advice. 'It is really a pity,' he said, 'that you good

ladies should hold out in this troublesome and factious way. Here is your Patriarch Arsacius, appointed by the Emperor in the place of the late John, who has been condemned by two synods of bishops, and banished for his crimes. Why do you provoke all these afflictions by defying both Church and State? Pray save yourselves these trials by communicating with your proper ecclesiastical superior.'

And so Optatus, trying what flattery could achieve,

Snake-like, slithered his victim ere he gorged.

But the noble deaconess was not so to be entrapped.

'This is a complete change of indictment,' she said. 'I have been dragged here before a court of justice on the ridiculous charge of incendiarism. It is monstrous that the ground of accusation should be changed without a word of notice. If you acquit me of that calumny, and wish to try me on a new charge, permit me to consult my advisers.'

The Præfect was therefore compelled to adjourn the case; but when she was again brought before him she declared it to be alike against her duty and her conscience to anathematise Chrysostom or communicate with Arsacius.

'Then be your obstinacy on your own head,' said the infuriated judge. 'You are banished to Cyzicus, and shall pay a fine which will cost you no small part of your possessions.'

'You can despoil my goods,' she said, 'you can expel me from my home; you cannot conquer my soul.'

It was a miserable ending of a long career of self-sacrifice for the sake of others, and, not long after, weighed down in body and soul, she left for ever the home of her brilliant youth and her saintly widowhood.

Optatus next tried his skill on Pentadia, the widow of the Consul Timasius, the Master-General of the armies of Theodosius. When her illustrious husband had been expelled and secretly murdered by Eutropius, she had taken refuge in the Church, and her life had been saved from the eunuch's machinations by the right of asylum which Chrysostom had triumphantly maintained. Overcome with trials, she had devoted her life as a deaconess to the

service of the Church and the assistance of her benefactor. She had become a complete recluse, never leaving her chamber, except to worship in St. Sophia, whence she returned to her own privacy. It was hoped, therefore, that she would show herself less resolute than Olympias, and would be more easily intimidated. In order to leave no effort untried, Optatus and his gang, anticipating the abominations of the dark ages of persecution, not only paraded before her eyes the instruments of hell, but, having first dragged her from her chamber to the Forum, from the Forum to the tribunal, from the tribunal to the prison, actually submitted to torture before her eyes persons accused of being 'Johannites.' They showed her men of rank and distinction writhing under the blows of the scourge; they made her look at the bare bodies of youths agonising under sword and fire; they forced her to gaze on gushing streams of blood, and to see lacerated human beings breathe their last in the most hideous form of massacre. She saw such things with her eyes, yet could barely be said to see them; for while her body was present at these triumphs of the hellish human wickedness which called itself religion, her soul was soaring heavenwards in sweet communings with Christ, as a dove covered with silver wings and its feathers like gold. Nor did she shrink when these orgies of the abyss were ended. Charged with the crime of arson, in the fewest and calmest words she completely stopped the mouths of her accusers, and compelled Optatus to drop the accusation for very shame.

The name of Salvina, the daughter of a king, the near kinswoman of Theodosius, who had been brought up in childhood as the playfellow of Arcadius and Honorius themselves, protected her from similar outrages, and she continued in her royal palace to live her life of asceticism and service. But the good old maid, Nicarete, was likely to be a safer victim, though she, too, sprang from a rich and distinguished Bithynian family. Infinitely modest, and wholly devoted to charity, she and her little box of medicines were known to all the poor of Constantinople, and physicians acknowledged, with a good-natured smile, that she inspired such confidence in those whom she as-

sisted that her amateur remedies were often more efficacious than their own. She, too, in her simplicity, had to go through the same horrors to which Pentadia had been subjected. The loud murmurs of the poor, who loved her, restrained Optatus from the severest measures; but he tyrannously enforced upon her a mulct of nearly all her property. The court liked money. Arcadius was by no means indifferent to the enjoyment of huge fines. The extravagances of Eudoxia required unlimited supplies. So the wealth of Nicarete, which for so many years had 'wandered, Heaven-directed, to the poor,' was now forfeited to Byzantine ostentation. Yet she would not be baulked of her charity. Reducing the expenditure of herself and of her once large household to the barest minimum, she was still enabled to enjoy that luxury of doing good which was the only pleasure towards which she had the smallest inclination. Even so she excited the small jealousies of Arsacius and his ecclesiastics. They knew that in her heart she had not the least respect for any one of them, and remained faithful to the memory of Chrysostom. Subject to incessant annoyances, she too left the scene of her bountiful liberalities, and retired to end her days in her native Bithynia.

So the reign of terror went on, and not only multitudes of men, but of women also — many a monk, and many a virgin, and many a deaconess — were fined, scourged, imprisoned, tortured under eyes that gloated on their sufferings, in order that the dumb dotage of Arsacius might have some shadow of a congregation to listen to his inane platitudes. It was in vain. Men like Severian and Arsacius and Optatus, women like Eudoxia and her loose-minded *entourage* of widows intriguig with sham monks and bad priests, may wield all the powers of an empire, and may arm themselves with the snakes and torches of the Furies, but they cannot subjugate free souls by burning and torturing frail bodies. The friends of Chrysostom would have nothing to do with services rendered abhorrent by guilt and congregations assembled under dread of confiscation, anguish, and ruin. They gathered secretly in unknown houses and distant fields, and worshipped the God of their fathers in solitude, where the feet of wicked priests and more wicked bishops could not intrude.

CHAPTER LVI

EUTYCHES AND PHILIP IN PROFUNDIS

O death, made proud by pure and princely beauty!

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, IV. 3.

THE bishops and metropolitans — Severian, Cyrinus, Antiochus, Arsacius, and *tous ces garçons-là* — felt a little discouraged. They kept on asseverating that John had set fire to his own cathedral, but not one human being believed them. They asserted in the most savage terms of assurance that, if John had not done it, the Johannites had at least done it at his instigation; but though they had gone down, as it were, to hell to find some means of enforcing evidence, not even the enginery of that slaughter-house of everlasting vivisection, as they imagined it to be, had sufficed to wring from crushed men and scourged maidens one single incriminating word. Optatus and his myrmidons enjoyed the spectacle of burning flesh, and liked to hear the yells of sufferers whom they hated for their very innocence; but they could not but be sensible that they had gained very little personally by the gratification of their spite and rage, and that the execrations which they had roused against themselves in thousands of hearts, if not loud, were deep.

For a moment they were reduced to a standstill. They might continue to whip, and thumbscrew, and rack, and burn, and torture for months; they might turn Constantinople into shambles, and kindle the unspeakable abhorrence of every noble soul throughout the world; but it was too pitiful to see all their charges break down, and all their lies rebound with tenfold violence on their own guilty heads.

Then a brilliant thought suggested itself to Elpidius, the murderous priest, and Johannes, the adulterous deacon.

Why had not Optatus tried his hand on those two young fellows who lived in the Patriarcheion, of whom the exiled John was so fond, who were so entirely devoted to him? Surely, if there was misprision of arson anywhere, they must have been guilty of it. In any case, it was a strange oversight of the bishop-inquisitors to have overlooked them. To torture, imprison, and possibly kill them would be a malicious phase of vengeance, because it would bring to the heart of the exile an anguish hardly second to that which they hoped he would have suffered from hearing of the treatment accorded to his beloved deaconesses. Besides this, youths—and Eutyches was little more than a boy—might easily prove more pliant, in the blithe morn of a life unaccustomed to grief and anguish, even than women over whose long years had passed many a wave and storm. So the two ecclesiastics—the murderer and the adulterer—went to Severian, and gave him a hint, which he and Cyrinus seized with rapture. Against Philip, in particular, they had old grudges to wipe off. It would be delightful to see him fainting on the rack, and to hear him screaming under the knife and the scourge; and as for Eutyches, it was little likely that a delicate and beautiful boy would be able to hold out long; and from the anguish of a frame so tender some inculpations against the Patriarch might very probably be wrung.

Philip himself had often wondered why he had not been arrested, for it had never occurred to him as possible that the conspirators would think of arresting an innocent and harmless lad like his loved Eutyches, so modest, so blameless, so inoffensive, so kind to all. Philip himself lived and moved as in a dream. Sometimes it seemed to him—fatherless, motherless, almost friendless; with David gone, and Miriam gone, and his "father" driven into cruel and calumniated banishment; separated, perhaps for ever, from Kallias and the two young Goths who had been his companions; and with none who dared to advise or help him—it seemed to him as if the bitterness of death were passed. He was so terribly sick at heart that he would not venture into the law-courts, lest some sudden burst of indignation should transport him out of himself, and damage the cause of those he loved. But when it was

told him how Tigrius had fared, and Serapion, and Heraclides, and all that had been gone through by Olympias, Pentadia, Nicarete, and the sufferings and ruin of all who were most faithful among the monks, virgins, and presbyters, his heart became like lead. To these sources of misery others were added. For some time he had not heard from the Desposynos Michael, and he had received no line from David, no message from his beloved and lovely Miriam. He knew that communication had become very difficult in that uncertain and troubled epoch; and rumours had reached him of raids of Isaurians, who had swept through Palestine itself from north to south. Not for one moment did he doubt of the faith and love of these dear friends; but what had happened to them? Were they still living? Yes; something told him that they were, they must be, still living; and if so, oh! why did they not send him some line or letter, some words of message and of cheer? And, beyond this incessant disquietude, he had heard of the anguish of Chrysostom's soul in the long, trying journey to Cucusus, and none but Philip could fully realise what his frail frame and delicate health must have suffered in the absence of the barest needs of life in that terrible night at Cæsarea, in those alarmed and hurried journeys through bleak Galatia, in those drear journeys among the robber-haunted crags and gorges of Armenia, and now in the cold imperilled, dreary ugliness of the wretched hamlet which malice had assigned as his prison-house. Yes; surely for Philip the bitterness of death was over. They might arrest him, or not arrest him. If they killed him — so much the better. What was life? — a vapour, and a poisonous one. Already for him every golden dream of youth had vanished with swift wings into the midnight; already the sun of life, which for a time had gleamed so brightly, had become red as blood, and had plunged into a sea of despair and death.

When life has lost all its joys it, happily, has still its duties. Philip had been saved from succumbing utterly to his gloomy fancies by the necessity for bestirring himself in the cause of his beloved master. No sooner had Chrysostom started than he set about collecting his effects, and making arrangements for his servants to return to

their old home at Antioch. Although barely ten days had elapsed before Arsacius had entered into the Archbishopric, Philip had already used his time well. The furniture and personal property which had belonged to the true Patriarch were simple, and Arsacius, pompous and purpureal as his luxurious brother had been, was only too glad to give every facility for removing 'all that rubbish,' as he called it. He was eager to reinvest the Patriarcheion with the sumptuous carpets and Tyrian hangings which had adorned it in his brother's days, to renew the old aristocratic banquets, and to make all the dwelling-rooms gleam with choice statuary and gold and silver plate. As for Chrysostom's study, he was not going to abide in such a hole as that. He did not feel the smallest interest in Chrysostom's manuscripts, and could not imagine how any man of position could tolerate having such brown, ugly, dusty things about him. The only books Arsacius possessed, beyond the fashionable current literature, were a few commentaries, catenæ, and such 'loitering gear,' out of which he elaborated his extremely rare and very platitudinous discourses.

So all had been speedily packed, and Philip had sent to Antioch the sad-hearted servants, who had all known him from his early boyhood. He had consoled their sorrow by telling them that the Patriarch had assigned to him and Eutyches the dear old house in Singon Street, and that they would come together and live there as soon as their work in Constantinople was over and circumstances permitted. But at present he had a duty to perform in helping to prepare the letters and evidence which Palladius, Germanus, and Cassian were about to take with them to Innocent, the Pope of Rome. From Antioch Philip hoped ere long to make his way to Cucusus, and still to devote his young life to the beloved service of his father and master, re-joining Eutyches when it should be possible, and in any case paying him an occasional visit. Alas! man proposes, God disposes. Yet, why should we say 'alas!'

11
All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about:—
And ever best found at the close.

So Philip and Eutyches hired a little lodging together in the suburb of the city known as the Peratic deme, on the other side of the Golden Horn. There they lived very quietly, for they thought it best not to thrust themselves wilfully into a danger which was only too imminent; and they wanted to see as little as possible of Arsacius, and not to go near the Church of the Apostles, where he held his dismal and scantily attended services. In a few days they hoped to have made all their arrangements, and to start for Antioch.

In their little room Eutyches was the most delightful of companions; nor could Philip have had anyone with him better adapted to dispel the breadths of ever-deepening gloom which were beginning to settle on his own young, ruined life. The life of Eutyches was still in its May, and

all is joyous then;
The waves speak music, and the flowers breathe odour;
The very breeze has mirth in it.

The trials of life had not yet touched him half so heavily as they had fallen on Philip, and the sorrows which had befallen him were brightened by the invincible faith which shone in a soul of stainless purity. He had an exquisite voice, and had often been asked to sing in St. Sophia when a solo was required. His charm as a singer was so great that if ever it became known that he was to sing there was sure to be a crowd. He now used his skill to soothe the unhappiness of his friend. Every night before they retired to rest they sang a Psalm and a hymn together, and often when they went walks in the wild, distant parts of the lovely shore, Eutyches would raise his voice in some fine lilt or fragment of Greek or Roman song, and charm away the wrath which Philip nurtured against the world of Constantinople.

And though 'the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,' its sorrows are soon exorcised, and its spirit of hope is inextinguishable. Philip was looking forward to days when even yet he might be comforted by the dawn of brighter circumstances, when suddenly the thunder-bolt fell upon them both.

The Bishop of Gabala had obtained an order for their

arrest. They were returning from one of their seaside strolls and a bathe in the blue waters of the Bosphorus when, as they turned the corner of the street in which they were domiciled, Eutyches suddenly clutched Philip by the arm, and pointed.

Two of the Palatini, in full armour, with their tall spears in their hands, stood before the door of their abode.

To turn and fly was useless. Where could they go? Who would shelter them? Was it not certain that they would be overtaken and arrested? There was no help for it. Claspings each other by the hand, they advanced. The Palatini at once crossed their spears before the entrance, forbade their ingress, and arrested them in the Emperor's name.

'Show me the order of arrest,' said Philip. The soldiers showed it. The charge that they were incendiaries and virulent Johannites was countersigned with the loathly autograph of Severian.

They gave themselves up. Fetters were placed on their wrists, and, with a soldier on either side holding the end of the chain, they were led off to the common prison. As they passed along the streets they were repeatedly seen and recognised. The crowd gave free expression to their pity, and, with their usual license, uttered fierce execrations against Eudoxia, against Optatus, against Severian and his tools. But they did not dare to attempt a rescue, for there were patrols of soldiery in almost every street, through the midst of whom Lucius, their commandant, often strode in full armour, with a threatening scowl upon his hard features.

Flung into prison, with its stifling atmosphere and comfortless foulness, they were left there many days with the express object of weakening their spirits and making them look squalid and haggard, until the bright colour of youth should have faded from their pinched cheeks and the buoyancy of youth from their unflinching hearts. But the base plan did not succeed. There was a certain sense of inspired and inspiring exaltation in the soul of Eutyches, as though, in his innocence, he 'fed on manna dews and drank the milk of Paradise.' And when they were led together before the tribunal — the dark-eyed youth with his high and

dauntless bearing, and the fair lad whose face was the face of an angel — not looking squalid and haggard, as their accusers hoped they would, but only pallid, an involuntary murmur of pity and admiration was heard among the throng. This did not improve either the temper of the pagan præfect, or of the Christian bishop whose portly presence seemed to occupy so large a place by his side.

‘That boy will be cowed easily enough,’ whispered Optatus to the Bishop.

‘We will try it, at any rate,’ said the pitiless prelate.

‘What induced such a young ne’er-do-well as you to set fire to our great church?’ said Optatus, bending on Eutyches his most savage frown.

‘I would rather cut off my right hand, sir,’ said Eutyches modestly, ‘than set fire to a church of God.’

‘Oh! ay, you talk, you accursed young hypocrite!’ said the judge, ‘but we know you to be a rebellious Johannite, for all your white, simpering prettiness. Come, let us have no nonsense!’ he shouted, ‘or we will tear the truth out of you somehow. If you didn’t set the church on fire yourself, the court has no manner of doubt that you know who did.’

‘I do not know, sir, in the least,’ said Eutyches. ‘Our hearts ached to see our beloved church in flames, and no one who really loved the Patriarch can have committed such a crime.’

‘The Patriarch, you impudent chatterer! Do you mean his Beatitude the Patriarch Arsacius, or the thieving, blaspheming, railing man whom his Eternity the Emperor has sent off to rot at Cucusus?’

‘Shame!’ shouted some of the auditors.

‘Shame!’ roared the Præfect. ‘I’ll have you *canaille* arrested and flogged wholesale in batches if you speak another word. Answer, prisoner!’

‘Sir,’ said Eutyches, ‘I meant the late Patriarch John, whom I ever revered as a most holy man.’

‘Oh! that is your line, is it? Now, anathematise the ruffian John, and we will believe that you are innocent, and set you free.’

‘Stand firm, my Eutyches,’ whispered Philip, who stood beside him in the dock.

The boy's only answer was to turn towards him with a radiant and half-reproving smile. Could Philip imagine for a moment that he would quail?

Optatus did not relish this by-play. 'You other prisoner,' he shouted, 'speak another word before you are questioned, and you shall be whipped with leaded ropes by way of preliminary to your examination! Now, boy, curse the ex-Patriarch John.'

'I cannot, sir,' said Eutyches, 'and I never will. He was my benefactor, almost my father. I was an orphan, and he gave me a home. I owe to him my very soul.'

'Oh! you cannot, cannot you? Look, boy. Do you see those things? Jailer, show him some of those pretty playthings.'

The jailer drew a curtain, touched the boy on the shoulder, and pointed.

There Eutyches saw a collection of the instruments of torture. They scarcely differed in any respect—except that they were not refined by science to such entire perfection—from the instruments which the Papacy so often wielded with such frightful and long-continued malignity in many lands to coerce the free consciences of men and women and boys who would not sell their souls for a lie. There was a burning brasier, in which various iron instruments were being heated red hot; there were gridirons, like that on which St. Lawrence was martyred; there were pincers and thumbscrews to crush the fingers and tear away the nails; there were racks; there was the wooden horse, with its back cut in sharp ridges, on which prisoners were tied with heavy weights attached to them; there were pincers to twist and rend the limbs; there were strips of rhinoceros-hide weighted with nails and lumps of lead; there were the abhorrent *ungulæ*, with long handles and sharp claws, with which the executioner carved the flesh into bloody furrows.

Eutyches turned his gaze towards them, and for a moment grew pale.

'Do you see them?' said Optatus; 'pretty, aren't they? Do you want to feel them, too?'

The boy only turned his eyes to heaven and murmured

an inaudible prayer; while Philip again murmured, 'Courage, my Eutyches!'

'Strike that impudent scoundrel on the mouth, soldier,' said Optatus, in a fury; 'say one word more, and your tongue shall be torn out.' The Prætorian dealt a fierce buffet on the face of Philip, which grew livid under the blow; while Eutyches, as he saw it, started and uttered a cry. 'And you, you young dog of a prisoner!' shouted the judge, 'don't think to come over us with pretty airs of martyrdom. Once more, anathematise John, or ——' His cruel finger pointed to the instruments of hell.

'I cannot,' said Eutyches in his low, sweet voice, which thrilled all hearts. 'I may not! I will not! Lord Jesus, help me!'

'Do not deceive yourself, boy,' said Severian, with unctuous piety; '"though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."'

Eutyches turned on him his pure glance, while over his face passed an involuntary shade of contempt, and through his body ran an involuntary shudder of aversion.

'We waste time,' said Optatus. 'Strip him bare.'

They tore off his clothes.

'Lash him with the *scutica*.'

The dread scourge whistled through the air, and made horrible blue wheals as it fell on the boy's white back. But he spoke no word, and there was a lustre as of heaven in his blue eyes.

'Once more, anathematise John.' Eutyches could not speak, but he shook his head.

'If that is not enough to break down his stubbornness, lay him on the rack.'

They laid his swollen and lacerated limbs on the sharp points of the wooden horse.

'Now try the *ungulæ* on him.'

Philip's heart was full even to bursting; he was sobbing uncontrollably, convulsively, hiding his face in his hands.

The torturer drew the *ungulæ* down the side of Eutyches, tearing the flesh into deep gashes.

'Philip! Philip!' he moaned under the anguish, and stretched out his hand. Philip grasped it, and pressed it, till the executioner tore his hand away and smote it hard

on the knuckles. But Eutyches had been thinking more of his friend's anguish than of his own, and now his soul passed into a sort of trance of exaltation. He felt as though white angels were standing by him; as though Christ Himself were now holding and pressing his hand. When the executioner rasped the horrible *ungulae* down the other side he was scarcely conscious of it; a sea of light seemed to encompass and roll over the sea of darkness; agony was merged in an ecstatic and pain-obliterating rapture. He uttered not a word.

'Pretty creature!' said Optatus. 'Executioner, you must spoil his beauty a little. Try the *ungulae* on the forehead.'

The man tore off the skin of the lad's forehead, tearing off the eyebrows with it. The blood deluged and blinded his eyes, and clotted the curls of his fair hair. But he spoke no word.

'Speak you shall!' said Optatus.

'Hold a torch for half a minute to the wounds on his side,' whispered Severian, mad with impotent spite; 'he will speak then.'

It was only said in a whisper, but Philip, whose senses were strained by excitement and horror to intense acuteness, heard it, and was swept away by a mighty storm of passion.

'Oh, you fell dog!' he cried, leaping to his feet and uplifting his hands, on which the fetters clanked. 'Oh, monster of wickedness and cruelty! A bishop—you? Nay, surely the very devils must blush for you! God be judge between you and us! God smite thee and curse thee, thou whited wall, and may this mystery of iniquity haunt thee till thou art a *magor-missabib*, a terror to thyself on every side.'

The words of Philip's curse smote like hail on the ear of the guilty Bishop. He visibly recoiled and trembled before them, and for all his rubicund portliness seemed to shrink into nothing, and held up his hand between himself and Philip's avenging glance. But Optatus only turned on the youth his lurid smile, and said, 'It will be your turn next, young man. But we have not done with the other yet. Executioner, hold the torch to his side.' The fire touched

him. He half-raised himself, and then cried in a voice of thrilling joy, 'I see Cherubim and Seraphim!—and—Thine own self—Oh, Lord Jesus!' He fell back. The man held the torch to the wounds, but Eutyches winced not, moved not, spoke no word more. They looked at him with amazement. He lay there unconscious; his torn skin hung over his features; his beauty was defaced; his bright hair was dabbled and clotted with blood; his white skin was covered with crimson stains. They unbound him. He was dead!

An awful hush of horror fell on the assembly, and in that hush many afterwards averred—for they were intensely excited—that they had distinctly seen the flashing of angels' wings, that they had distinctly heard the melody of angel-harps.

The hush was broken by the hoarse tones of Optatus. 'Take that carrion away! Now for the second prisoner. He seems likely to give us sport.'

Ah! let us drop the curtain on these deeds of hell, committed by men who called themselves Christians, and in the name of religion!—for some of the clergy sat with Severian, as assessors, in the interest of Arsacius, abetting, as such men have often done, the vilest works of the devil in the Holy name of Christ.

Philip was stripped of his clothes; he was beaten with the leaded thongs; his sides were torn with the *ungulæ*. Then he was laid upon the rack and his arms were, joint by joint, dislocated till they left but his right hand which was not out of joint; and that for the same reason as they did it in the case of Savonarola—that he might be forced to sign some incriminating statement later on.

But their malice wholly failed. They could not wring from Philip one single word of any kind. It would have been a relief and a delight to them if only he would have moaned, or unpacked his heart in curses. But he spoke neither good nor bad, and it became monotonously horrible to hear in silence the clank of his fetters, the scraping of the *ungulæ*, and the grinding of the rack, while the sufferer did not so much as emit a single groan.

They were proceeding to still worse extremities, which could not have left him with his life, when there rose

among the spectators so savage and wrathful a murmur that the very executioners trembled, and hesitated in their task. Even the judges by this time had supped full of horrors; and it became manifest that the multitude, sickened, enraged, maddened by the fate of the innocent Eutyches, might break at any moment into furious riot, might slay the torturers, and the Præfect, and wreck the entire building. So there was an involuntary pause. Philip still lay on the rack as one dead. He did not hear that hoarse hum of the multitude, as of a sea murmuring under the first rush of the cyclone; and he said afterwards — long afterwards, in happy days, when he could bear for once just to allude to these things — that he doubted whether he was really sensible of the anguish. There are states of tension in which the soul has become unconscious of the body, just as the soldier is often unconscious of the throbbing of his wounds, or even that he has been wounded at all, till the battle is over. And Philip's mind had been so excited, so maddened, and then so stupefied, by watching the atrocities inflicted upon Eutyches, and afterwards so wafted into the seventh heaven by what he himself believed that he had seen — a vision of seraphs and a sound of their heavenly harps — that every other sense was deadened. They might have tortured him till he, too, sank dead; but finding themselves hopelessly and finally foiled, and no longer able to overlook the cries of fierce menace which rose from every part of the hall of justice, they adjourned the session of the court.

‘Unbind him,’ said Optatus, sullenly. ‘Toss him back into the prison.’

‘He has long been unconscious, you vile murderer and impure demon!’ shouted a youth from the crowd who had known Philip, and had often delighted in his bright smile of welcome and genial words of greeting.

‘Who was that?’ roared the Præfect. ‘Bring him here; scourge him; stretch him on the rack; tear him with the *ungulæ*. What! you can’t tell which of the crowd it was? Liars, you want scourging yourselves! Soldiers, clear the court! Use your swords, if you like. I will be your warrant.’

But the very soldiers had by this time grown utterly

disgusted. They did not even pretend to use force, and the people, as they dispersed, greeted the Præfect and his assessors with yells of 'Demons' and 'Murderers.' Severian was the special mark of their abhorrence. They insulted him in spite of his escort of soldiers, who, indeed, loathed him so much themselves that they hardly took the trouble to defend him. They yelled at him; they hissed at him, and spat upon him on all sides; they pelted him; they hit him on the head with stones; they aimed blows at him with staves and clubs, and the soldiers only laughed. He began to think that, even with the Empress to protect his iniquities, he had made Constantinople too hot to hold him. He slunk away by night, to fill up the cup of his iniquities at Antioch and elsewhere. But never again thereafter was he anything but a terribly haunted man. He seemed ever to hear footsteps behind him. It was to him as though the earth was made of glass, as though the very stars looked down upon him like burning and innumerable witnesses. He constantly started, as at voices prophesying woe. He heard the howls as of bandogs following him. The face of Eutyches looked in upon him; and sometimes, if he sat alone,

There came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood;

and sometimes at night he woke up with a scream, and saw the angel pointing him out to Megæra faces, which glared at him and shook torches before his bloodshot eyes. And all the time the brand of Cain became more and more visible upon him. When he slunk back to his deserted sheep in the wilderness in the wild gorges which enclosed the wretched Galilean village of Gabala it was as a foiled, hated, disgraced, haunted, beaten man—a man who had sold himself for futile and unfulfilled ambitions—a man who had entangled himself in hateful and intolerable crimes. The fate of Ananias of Bethel, the fate of Pashur of Jerusalem fell on him, and hunted him pitilessly down the vale of his remaining years.

When the jailers had carried the body of Eutyches out of the court they did not feel quite sure that he was dead:

but by the time they had passed into the open air it became plain that they were only carrying the crimson spoils of his martyrdom.

'What is to be done with him?' said one. 'We cannot take a corpse back to the crowded prison.'

'Those fellows had better take care,' said his comrade, pointing back with his thumb over his shoulder to the place where the clerics sat. 'A good many in the city knew this young lad, and if they saw him as he is now some persons' lives would not be too safe.'

'Best let the priests know,' said the first.

A message was sent to the judges' bench, and several presbyters hurried out. 'We must bury him ourselves,' they said. 'Quick, somebody, fetch a sheet, and throw it over his face.'

No sheet was at hand, but one of them, glad to hide a spectacle which pained even *their* eyes, flung his upper robe over the boy's remains, and then they hurried with the bier to a burial-place. They attempted to say some words of prayer over the shallow and hasty grave. But their tongues stuttered and stumbled, and they felt as if angel voices rang in their ears, which said in words like those of the modern poet:

How shall the funeral rite be said, the funeral song be sung
By you — by yours, the evil eye, by yours, the slanderous tongue
Which did to death the innocence which died, and died so young?

They tried to say no more; but they confidently affirmed to others, when the name of Eutyches was added to the Martyrology, that they had heard celestial music, which floated and hovered above the lowly resting-place where his beautiful body mingled with the unremembered dust.

But Philip's unconscious and cruelly mangled form was hurried back into the prison — for he still lived — and was flung down, carelessly, in the corner of the dungeon, on a heap of rotten straw, which formed his only bed. It was there that the charitable wife of Aurelian found him; for a voice seemed ever to ring in her ears: 'I was sick, and in prison, and ye did not visit me.' Her heart ached to see the unhappy youth, of whom in the bright days of

Chrysostom's first arrival at Antioch her noble husband had so often spoken to her as his lively and modest companion. There he lay, among the crowded, despairing prisoners—each daily expecting the same or a similar fate—untended, though the fluttering remains of what poor life was left to him seemed to require such careful and loving tendance night and day.

‘Poor, poor youth!’ exclaimed Aurelian with a sigh when she had told in what condition she had found him. ‘These are dreary and terrible days, my Claudia. I remember how gay, how modest, how faithful that dark-haired youth was when he almost forced Amantius and me, against our wills, to let him accompany his master to this evil city; and I remember with what blythe cheerfulness, often with happy songs upon their lips, he and that other dear lad, Eutyches, the chorister, whom I hear they brutally tortured to death to-day, used to traverse the city streets on errands of service and of mercy.’

‘Could you not plead with the Emperor for him?’

‘Dear Claudia, Arcadius, as you know, means Eudoxia, and what Eudoxia is, when her hate is aroused, you also know.’

‘Yet, surely even she would not object to the effort to snatch from death one cruelly tortured youth. Oh, Aurelian! risk something and try to save him.’

‘I will go, and that instantly,’ said the Prætorian Præfect. ‘What is life, after all, but service?’

He put on his purple mandye and went at once. His high rank secured him an immediate audience, and Arcadius, who sincerely honoured him, was glad to see him. He briefly mentioned his request, while the Emperor shifted about uneasily in his chair.

‘I wish these days were over,’ said Arcadius in a peevish tone. ‘I am naturally kind-hearted, yet one seems to be listening all day long to the whistle of scourges, and the sullen people scowl at me even on my way to the churches. The very Amphitheatre is affected with elements of wrath and regret.’

‘Can you not end this persecution of the Johannites, sire?’ said the Præfect, falling on one knee.

‘What can I do?’ answered the miserable ruler of the

world. 'I wish I had never listened to the plot of those bad bishops—for they are bad bishops, and the Patriarch was a holy man. And now the whole horizon looks black. God will be sending us another earthquake. But what can I do? Here is that old dotard of a Patriarch, on one side, urging me to find congregations for him; and on the other side is Eudoxia, goading me to fresh banishments and fresh executions. I wish——' The wish, whatever it was, died away unspoken.

'I am sure that if your Eternity would but express a strong desire, this cruel persecution of the innocent Johnanites would cease. It is a shame to your beneficence that men should be daily stretched on the rack, and women scourged, and boys torn to death.'

'Express a desire? Ah! you little know. But this youth's life, at any rate, shall be saved, if it can be done. I will write an order for his release, and sign it here and now.'

He sat down, and, dipping the stylus into his great golden inkstand, wrote the order in the clear, beautiful handwriting which was his sole accomplishment.

Aurelian hurried home exulting; and when Claudia had ordered her easiest litter to be got ready and filled with the softest cushions, Aurelian accompanied her to the prison with the best physician in Constantinople. The body of Philip was lifted with the utmost care and tenderness upon a bank of cushions, and he was carried to the sedan. Then the physician did all that skill could do to set his wrenched arms, and he was gently conveyed to the palace of Aurelian. There, in a large and airy room which caught the fresh breeze of the sea and tempered the burning heat of mid-summer, he was laid on a princely couch, and tended with every service which skill and solicitude could render.

He lay unconscious, hovering between life and death, for many weary days.

CHAPTER LVII

GLEAMS OF RETURNING DAWN

The grey secret lingering in the East.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

FOR many weary days—but youth triumphed, and life won the supremacy, aided by the sound influence of a pure and healthy frame.

Hitherto, since the cruelty to which he had been subjected, he had never awakened to clear thought. It was as if a red mist had ever been floating before his eyes, and for some time nothing but his feeble breath and slight movements had proved that he was alive. But now he began to show signs that he would recover.

One day Aurelian and his wife, Claudia, stood by his bedside with the physician, who was a kindly Christian man. Aurelian was looking at Philip somewhat sadly. ‘How changed,’ he said, ‘from the bright youth of six years ago! Will the colour ever return to that pale cheek, or the old strength and swiftness to those suffering limbs?’

‘Yes,’ said the physician; ‘I have expended my best skill upon him, and, with God’s blessing, it has not been in vain. But when he awakes to full consciousness there may be a reaction of despair and mental agony, which I greatly dread.’

‘What do you advise?’

‘He would be better in the country. When he is able to think and to remember, the tramp of soldiers in your courtyard below will trouble him, Præfect; and, assiduous as the Lady Claudia has been in her kindnesses, he will need someone to tend him day and night.’

‘Olympius would gladly nurse him till his recovery,’ said Claudia. ‘She came to see him, not without danger

to herself, a few days since. She often used to talk to him in the house of the Patriarch.'

'Nothing could be better,' said the physician. 'In the island-city of Cyzicus, where Olympias now lives, he would breathe the pure air of the Propontis. The Lady Olympias is a skilled and devoted nurse, and it will be good for her, as well as for him, that he should be under her care, and help to dispel her overwhelming melancholy by the pressure of kindly duties to be done.'

The next day Philip woke sane. Claudia was sitting by his bedside. He did not recognise her. His eye wandered round the unfamiliar chamber. He could hardly recall who he was, or form any distinct recollection of the past. Claudia laid her hand on his forehead. 'What place is this?' he asked in a low voice. 'It does not look like the prison.'

'You are in the house of Aurelian, the Prætorian Præfect.'

'And you, lady?'

'I am Claudia, the Patrician's wife. We have been nursing you.'

A long pause followed.

'And *he*? Is he alive? Where is he?'

Do you mean the Consular Aurelian? He is in the next room.'

'No! *He* — the Patriarch John.'

'He is well; he is at Cucusus.'

'Oh! I remember; I remember all.'

'And Eutyeh——?' His voice was choked as he tried to utter the word.

'Do not talk or think now, Philip. All you have to do is to get well.'

'But does he live?'

'Yes, Philip — he lives in that land where God wipes all tears from off all faces.'

'He will never wipe them from mine,' said Philip in a faint whisper; and, indeed, the silent tears which he was too weak to wipe away were coursing each other down his hollow cheeks.

'Shall I ever rise from this sick-bed?'

'Yes, Philip, and be strong again, and well, and happy.'

‘Never happy,’ he said, with a low moan.

‘Yes, happy, dear youth,’ said the physician, who entered at that moment — ‘if only you will now dismiss all trouble from your mind, and rest.’

For a week after that time he talked little; but it was so evident that his mind was working, and that he was sinking deep into a sea of gloom, that they thought it advisable to remove him, with the utmost care and caution, to the villa of Olympias. Accompanied by the physician, and proceeding by easy stages, amid every comfort, he gained rather than suffered by the journey to Cyzicus. In the course of a few days he could lie on his couch in the open air, amid the gardens and groves and orchards which embowered the villa of Olympias; and before long he could walk again, and the tide of youthful life began once more to pour through his veins.

But, as the physician dreaded, the frightful memory of his recent experiences weighed on him like lead. Was it not a hopelessly unaccountable thing that wickedness, and lies, and mean intrigues, and sham religion, could have triumphed, and that the reward of innocence and righteousness should have been defeat, humiliation, exile, torture? Chrysostom was in a bleak and frightful Armenian village, harassed by the raids of brigands, overwhelmed with hatred and victorious calumny; Olympias, Pentadia, Nicarete, exiled, fined, humiliated; the faithful Johannites beaten, imprisoned, tortured; Eutyches barbarously murdered; Michael, David, Miriam absent and silent; he himself racked, buffeted, all but killed, every hope frustrated, every gleam of happiness for ever dead. No one was triumphant but Eudoxia, and Severian, and Theophilus of Alexandria. Had God removed into His infinite blue heaven, far away from the wickedness of the hypocrites and the misery of the good? Did Christ, after all, hear prayer? or — And there Philip seemed to drown in a subterranean Erebus of doubt and despondency, and did not so much as wish to live.

Slowly but surely hope came back, and God’s consolations increased upon his soul ‘with the gentleness of a sea that caresses the shore it covers.’

He had become very taciturn; and Olympias herself had

been so crushed by calamities that her mind, too, was all darkened with clouds, through which no star looked. But one day he asked her: 'Has he inquired after me? Does he know? Has he written?'

Olympias knew whom he meant, and said: 'Yes, the Patriarch has again and again inquired about you. For his own dear sake we concealed from him all we could; but a sword pierced his heart when we could not but tell him that Eutyches had been martyred, and that you were lying between life and death. He might say, with David, "All thy waves and storms have gone over me." But he has written to you, and now that you are well enough to read his letter, I will hand it to you.'

Philip took the letter with a trembling hand, and retired into the garden to read it by himself.

'My heart bleeds for you, my Philip,' so the letter ran. 'I have heard from Olympias what shame and agony God has called on you to endure for my poor sake—let me say, rather, for the sake of truth and duty. When I heard of your sufferings, and of the death of our beloved Eutyches, I wept as if my heart would break, and I found no comfort till I had poured out my soul before God. I cannot weep any more for *him*, though it is sad to think that we shall see his face and hear his sweet voice no more. But why should we weep for one whom the world can never more stain or torment, and who is now a happy spirit in the nearer presence of his God? For you, whom I have ever loved as a son, I have never ceased to grieve, and no day passes that you are not mentioned in my prayers. Never, never shall I forget you, and all your goodness and love to me—first, in those dear days at Antioch, and then amid the troubles of Constantinople.

'Olympias tells me, dear Philip, that your recovery might be complete if it were not retarded by the oppression of sorrow. Your sorrow is most natural. Nevertheless, trust thou still upon God, and hope in Him, for He is, and will be, the light of thy countenance, and thy God. You have often seen the black clouds roll up from the Euxine and obliterate the azure; but did you not always know that they were only the clouds of earth and of our

lower atmosphere — that they were themselves created by the sun itself, and that, behind them, the sun was still flaming, though for the time he was hidden? My Philip! God is that sun; and He knows no setting; He is for ever in the zenith. For He is light, and with Him is no darkness at all.

‘So cheer up, my Philip; God will never leave you nor forsake you, if you put your trust in Him. Write and tell me that your heart is not overwhelmed. Write to me, if you can, in that happy mood which has helped to brighten so many years. Of myself I will say nothing now, for our beloved Olympias knows my concerns, and she will tell you how I fare in this far-distant place of exile.’

The letter comforted him, though he could not yet embrace its deeper topics of consolation. And as the messenger would start the next day with many letters to the banished Patriarch from his friends in Constantinople, Philip entrusted to him a few lines.

‘My father,’ he wrote, ‘I am still too weak, and my right hand shaken too much, to write more than this greeting. Oh! we have gone through dark and cruel times. Pray for me, father, that my faith fail not. By the time that your next letter reaches me I hope to be well again. Bid me come to you to Cucusus, and I will fly as on the wings of the wind. It would be joy indeed to hear your voice once more, to sit at your feet, and serve you, and devote my life to you.’

Another comfort helped to dispel Philip’s gloom. As yet the one horror which constantly overcame him was the thought of Eutyches — first, the memory of so many mirthful and innocent hours spent with him and David in the dear anteroom of the Patriarcheion; and then the indelible spectacle of that face and figure on the blood-stained rack. It was this vision which Philip sometimes thought would drive him mad. One day it had specially tormented him, and had seemed to push him back into drowning whirlpools. He was sitting on a grey, lichened rock under the trees. The tears burst again and again through the fingers of his hands, on which he rested his weary head. And then, in his anguish, he cried to God to exorcise this phantom, and enable him only to think

of his lost friend as he was before that cruel scene. As again and again he repeated the cry a sudden conviction came over him that his prayer had been heard. That night he sank to peaceful sleep; and, while he slept, happy dreams waved their light wings over his head. He seemed to see the golden ladder between heaven and earth, and angels ascending and descending upon it, and over it the face of the Son of Man. He seemed to see the midnight sky bursting open to its depths, and bright spirits, amid the glory, carolling as they carolled on the first Christmas night. He seemed to see the Elders and the Immortalities, the lucent Seraphim of knowledge, the burning Cherubim of Love, casting their crowns of amaranth before the sapphire-coloured throne. And amid all these radiances he saw always the face of Eutyches innocent, beautiful, happy — more innocent, more beautiful, more happy than he had ever seen it in his most joyous hours. Then he thought he had raised his outstretched hands, yearning to speak to him; and in white robes, a palm-branch in his hand, the boy had stood by his bedside, and said to him, 'Philip, why should you grieve so much for me? I am often very near you; and eye hath not seen nor ear heard the blessings of heaven, our home. Grieve no more for me, Philip, and so live that we may all meet in this land, where there are no more tears.'

With these words still sounding like music in his ears Philip woke, and it seemed to him as if the room were still full of light and peace. His prayer had been heard. He never mentioned the dream to anyone but Olympias, but he was inwardly convinced that it was something more than an illusion of the night. Thenceforth, whenever the image of Eutyches recurred to his thoughts, it was as an image, not of horror, but of beauty and of peace.

And then one more blessing exorcised the incubus of his despair.

What, he often thought, was to be his future? As to his means of living he was spared all anxiety, for he was well provided for. Chrysostom had handed over to him and Eutyches his property in Antioch, and that alone would suffice him. A friend of Chrysostom, the good priest Constantius at Antioch, saw that this heredity was

duly administered, and had also taken charge of the house and money left by Hermas, Philip's father. To these two sources of maintenance there had been a gratifying addition from a very exalted quarter.

Ever since Aurelian, the Prætorian Præfect, had interceded with Arcadius for Philip, the Emperor, whose impulses were far from unkindly when he was left to himself, had felt an unwonted interest in the youth. He had encouraged Aurelian to talk about him when Eudoxia was not present, and so had learnt the story of the way in which the quick resource of Philip and Eutyches had devised the masque which terrified the marauding Goths of Gainas, who would otherwise, beyond all doubt, have sacked his Palace, and perhaps have sacrificed his own life and that of his Empress, and even have changed the destinies of the Empire. For this service he could not but feel intensely indebted, and he was struck with the nobly modest reticence which had never even mentioned so memorable a proof of loyalty. With what frightful ingratitude had the poor youth been requited, when so many of the corrupt, the worthless, and the disloyal had been crowned with honours which they did but abuse! Arcadius sent for his Count of the Imperial Largesses, and ordered him to see that privately, but without fail, Philip was supplied with a yearly pension of a hundred *aurei*. He further desired the Count, without mentioning the fact to anyone, to keep an eye on Philip, and to use any opportunity which might occur to further his interests. In case of his complete recovery the Emperor commanded that the young man should be summoned to a private audience.

This was communicated to Philip, and he was now at ease as regards his future sustenance. God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, was beginning to show mercy upon him after such heavy strokes of calamity. But, even now, what was a future without friends and without love? Oh! if he could but hope that one day the lot of Miriam would be linked with his!

The return of perfect health was still retarded by these thoughts, when one day one of the slaves of Olympias came to tell him that a friend was asking for him, and awaited him in the *tablinum*.

'A friend!' said Philip, with a sigh. 'What friend is left me in Constantinople? All whom I loved are dead, or in prison, or in exile.'

'But the friend, sir, told me to tell you that he came from Palestine.'

'From Palestine!' Philip's heart gave a great leap, and he followed the slave to the room.

A tall, graceful youth was standing with his back to the door, gazing on the boats which furrowed the blue Propontis.

He turned round as Philip entered.

'David!' exclaimed Philip; and in one moment their arms were round each other's neck, their heads on each other's shoulders.

Philip was the first who found voice to speak.

'Oh, David!' he sobbed for joy. 'Is all well? Is Miriam well—but your smile and your happy face have already told me that all is well.'

'Yes, Philip, with us all is well, thank God!'

'Your father? Miriam? Oh, David! does she love me still?'

'She loves you, Philip, with a love as strong, as pure, as faithful as your own.'

'David! David! why did none of you write to me?'

'You cannot think that we did not, Philip. We have written at every opportunity in our power; but you had left no message at the Patriarcheion. I traced you to your lodging by the Chrysoceras; I traced you to the prison. There I learnt that you had been set free by the Emperor's order, and only from Aurelian did I learn the secret that you were here.'

'Oh, David! we have gone through awful times and awful scenes. Eutyches——'

'I know all,' said David, tears in his voice and in his eyes. 'Before letting you know that I was here I had seen the Lady Olympias. Ah! God!——'

Philip hung his head. 'God's ways are strange,' he said. 'We have been scattered as with hot thunderbolts. The happy days are over for ever.'

'For ever is a very long word, my Philip. But oh! how pinched, how haggard you look—in no wise less be-

loved, but more tenderly beloved — but oh! how unlike that old, beloved Philip.

‘I have been cruelly tortured, David; I am but a wreck of my former self. All mirth is quenched, all health gone. Miriam can never wed me now ——’ And the poor youth burst into uncontrollable weeping.

‘Nay, nay, my Philip. Cheer up!’ said David. ‘My sister is yours, your betrothed; yours in sickness and in health, in life and in death. Fear not!’

But as Philip would not be comforted, he led him gently by the hand into the garden, and sat down with him under one of the great trees.

‘Listen, Philip,’ he said; ‘you know my father. You know that, perhaps from the holy purity of his faith, God sometimes vouchsafes to him to see what shall be. You will remember that he foresaw these days of anguish. He seemed to be suffering with you in spirit while he prayed for you. His last words to me were, “David, my son, you will find Philip. Tell him that all will yet be well with him. He will recover perfect health. Miriam, by the traditions always kept among us, is too young to marry, and I would fain have the blessing and the sunlight of her presence a little longer. But Philip is her betrothed, and in two years, if he will come to us, he shall wed Miriam and take her to his home.”’

‘God grant it! God grant it!’ murmured Philip; and hope seemed already to have rekindled a lustre in his eye and a faint flush of colour on his wan cheek.

Olympias invited David to stay at her villa; but duty and work recalled him home, and he could only stay for ten days. Those were Philip’s first happy days since the great disasters, and every day seemed to bring him more of strength and life, as he strolled about or sailed on the Propontis with Miriam’s brother, the friend of his own age whom he loved most on earth. The winter of his life began to melt into the promise of a new spring.

CHAPTER LVIII

THE RETURN OF KALLIAS

As on the sun-scorched lily's bell
The silver dew descends,
So on my weary spirit fell
The sympathy of friends.

Two letters, together with the course of circumstances, indicated for Philip the immediate direction of his life.

If Chrysostom would allow him to come to Cucusus he felt that he should go there as soon as it was possible for him to travel. It might look like the obliteration of all pleasure and of all youthful ambition to make his home in that squalid Armenian hamlet, and in due time to ask Miriam to share with him its dangers and privations. But Chrysostom was his father, and his more than father, and, where duty summoned him, there would God bless his life.

But before David took his departure the Patriarch's answer came to him.

'It was a deep pleasure to hear from you, my beloved Philip,' he wrote, 'and to see one more proof of the depth of your love towards me. And indeed, dear son, no earthly pleasure would be greater to me than to enjoy as in the old days the support of your youthful strength, the cheer of your youthful brightness. But it would be utter selfishness in me to doom you to years, perhaps, of dreary inactivity in this chill, wild place, so dull, so poverty-stricken, so liable to perpetual alarms. I was ever so constituted that, while I could bear whatever God sent to me, and thank Him for all things, my sorrows were beyond measure intensified if I felt that through me others were brought to suffering. And therefore, my Philip, you must not come. My love for you would make it a

torment for me to see you dragged down into my misery. No! your life is before you. Think of me; write very often to me; pray for me; do all that you can for me, your poor father, in other ways—but I cannot accept the sacrifice of your young life. It is adapted for larger and nobler ends—which in due time God will make plain to you—than the service of one infirm old man. And even in my exile God has not forsaken me. I have found unexpected alleviations here. The humble Bishop of Cucusus has been very kind. He even wished to resign his see in my favour. The chief burgher of this little town has entirely given up to me the use of his own house. My relative, the Deaconess Sabiniana, is with me, and looks after my wants. And you must not think that I am idle. My correspondence is large. Oh! how I sometimes long for you and David, and Eutyches and Kallias, again! But it may not be. I am trying to establish missions among the Goths, among the Phœnicians, among the Persians. Even here and now God suffers me to be in some sense a guide and leader of His Church.

‘What, then, are you to do? I can think of nothing better than that you should go to Antioch, and live in our old house. It is, as you know, a delightful city. There are many there who know and love you, or will soon learn to know and love you; and there, if it be God’s will, you can serve Him for many years in Church and State. God bless you, and restore you to perfect health, and keep you in His faith and fear, my own Philip, until—if we meet no more on earth—we meet in His many mansions beyond the grave!’

Philip talked over this letter with Olympias, and she concurred in its advice. She knew that Chrysostom had prevented many other friends from joining him at Cucusus, where the sight of their life, surrounded by troubles and hardships, would only aggravate his sufferings. Antioch was the home of Philip’s early years. It would be best for him to go there, and he would now be soon quite well.

‘I knew that your health would return, Philip,’ she said, ‘when some of your happiness returned. Since that dream of which you told me, and still more since David’s visit, you have made amazing progress. You will soon

look like the happy Philip whom I first saw with our saintly Patriarch, and with your young companions, six years and more ago.'

But Philip soon found that his departure to Antioch had better for the present be delayed.

For the good old Bishop Flavian had died, full of years and full of honours. The wish of all the city and of every good man throughout the East was that the excellent Presbyter Constantius should be elected in his place. But this would not at all suit the plots and purposes of Severian of Gabala and his episcopal allies. For Constantius had been for years the ardent friend and admirer of the true Patriarch of Constantinople. This cabal of alien bishops not only interfered with the election, but did so in the most monstrous manner, which ended in intruding upon that long-afflicted see a man no less pernicious, if possible, than themselves.

This was an ambitious ecclesiastic named Porphyry. He first intrigued and bribed to get Constantius banished, and then tricked the Christians by going to the church with a handful of bishops and people when the vast mass of the citizens were at some Olympian games at Daphne. The doors were locked, and Porphyry was hurriedly ordained with a mutilated service by Acacius, Severian, and Antiochus, who, knowing that their gross trick would awaken the vengeance of the inhabitants, fled from the city with precipitation. But the mischief had been done, however infamously, and it was vain for the people to threaten to burn Porphyry's house over his head. He obtained from Constantinople the assistance of a body of troops, seized the church by violence, and furnished one more instance of the mad greed of episcopal ambition in these corrupted days.

Such being the state of things at Antioch, Philip saw that it would be unwise for him to face once more, and in vain, the horrors of sacerdotal wickedness which had wrought such havoc at Constantinople. He must postpone his settlement in the home of his childhood until there had been such subsidence of the storms of persecution in the Christian community as might promise him a reasonable safety. All was uncertain. Whither could he turn

during the two years which must elapse before he could make Miriam his own?

God usually makes the way of His children plain before their face, and Philip's plans for the present were decided by a letter from Kallias.

Kallias, it will be remembered, had been sent by Chrysostom, before his exile, with despatches to the Bishops of Aquileia, Milan, and Rome, informing them of the terrible condition to which the Church at Constantinople had been reduced, and entreating their sympathy and assistance. He had written several letters; but in the troubled state of Italy and Illyricum, and the recent changes and excitements, his letters had failed to find their destination, and no answer had come to him in return. But now a few lines from him reached the hands of Philip. They were written from Rome, and briefly stated that he had delivered the various documents entrusted to him by Chrysostom into the hands of Pope Innocent, and had been sent back by him with letters to Aurelian, Briso, Amantius, Anthemius, who was now Consul, and other powerful friends of the exiled Patriarch. He was requested to procure further evidence and to secure their co-operation in the endeavour to obtain the Patriarch's recall. Kallias said that he hoped to see Philip very soon after the day when the letter would reach him, and that he would then tell him all further news.

Philip eagerly awaited his arrival, and was standing to receive him with warm welcome on the little quay at Cyzicus, from which he had recognised him as his boat drew near. So much had passed since they last met that at first they could only grasp each other's hands in silence as they walked to the villa of Olympias. After supper Philip, in broken words, told his friend of the course of events in Constantinople, of which he had only heard the vaguest rumours. The tears of Kallias flowed fast as Philip told him of the banishment of the Patriarch, the conflagration, the cruel persecution which followed, the martyrdom of Eutyches, and his own sufferings. But Kallias could impart the good news that the great bishops of the West were heart and soul opposed to the lies and brutalities of Theophilus and his myrmidons. He had been

most kindly received. Chromatius, the venerable Bishop of Aquileia, the friend of Ambrose, of Rufinus, and of Jerome, had given him a cordial welcome there. He had gone to Venerius, Bishop of Milan, who had shown him the very basilica in which the people had watched over Ambrose, and in which, on that occasion, Ambrose had first introduced the antiphonal chanting of the West; the font in which he had baptised Augustine; the gates from which he had repelled Theodosius when he came with his conscience burning with the guilt of the massacre of Thessalonica; the pulpit in which he had preached the funeral sermons of the young murdered Emperors Gratian and Valentinian III. Lastly, he had seen the smoke, and wealth, and tumult of Rome; and there the great Pope Innocent had expressed himself in private with almost passionate indignation against the wicked, intriguing Patriarch of Alexandria and in favour of the saintly exile. More than this, Innocent needed a secretary for his vast correspondence, and, struck with the tachygraphy of Kallias, had asked him to return to Rome after he had delivered his missives, and to take a permanent place in his household.

‘Did you see Alaric? did you see my friends Thorismund and Walamir? did you see Stilico? did you see the Emperor Honorius?’ asked Philip eagerly. ‘I am sick of the East. How much I should like to see that Western world!’

‘I saw them all,’ said Kallias, ‘and the beautiful, stately Serena, wife of Stilico; and, if the Lady Olympias permits me, I will give you some little account of my journey.’

‘Yes, but that had better be to-morrow,’ said Olympias, ‘for Philip is still far from strong, and it is time for him to go to rest.’

CHAPTER LIX

WALAMIR AND ST. TELEMACHUS.

Ah me ! how stern and terrible he looks !
He hath a princely countenance.

PHILIP VON ARTEVELDE.

OLYMPIAS at this time was subject to fits of overwhelming depression, in which the wheels of life seemed to stand still. She did not leave her room the next day, and asked Philip and Kallias to excuse her absence.

'It is a lovely day,' said Philip, 'and I know, Kallias, that you are fond of fishing. Let us take one of the boats. While you fish I will lie lazily in the stern, and then we can talk to our hearts' content. The fish won't matter much,' he added, with one of his old smiles.

'Ah !' said Kallias, 'I see you still pretend to be sceptical about my skill as a fisherman. Well, I shall refute your chaff by bringing home a big basketful of thunnies for the Lady Olympias, and you shall not have one.'

'Then I shall talk loud, and drive the thunnies away,' said Philip, as he took his place at the helm, while Kallias rowed the painted shallop over the bright blue waters, which flashed in the morning sunlight.

'Did you ever see "the unnumbered laughter of the sea" to greater perfection ?' said Philip. 'Now, here is a delightful spot to anchor, under this wooded hill ; so fish away, Kallias, and talk at the same time. Where did you make your first resting-place after you left us ?'

'I travelled as fast as I could to the Court of Alaric at Æmona, and there I saw ——'

'Thorismund and Walamir,' said Philip. 'I want very much to hear about them.'

'Thorismund,' said Kallias, 'but, alas ! not Walamir.'

'Alas? Why alas? Are there more miseries to tell? What a world it is!'

'You shall hear. Thorismund's first question — for he had seen me at the Patriarcheion in old days, and recognised me — was about you. He has always loved and admired you since that old wrestling-bout at Antioch, when you both were boys. As I told him the state of things in Constantinople he fretted and fumed with indignation. He loathes the very name of Constantinople. His eyes flash with anger when he speaks of it. Then he asked after Eutyches, and I did not disguise from him the gloomy aspect of our affairs. "But where," I asked, "is your brother Walamir? His soul was knit to that of Eutyches in one of the closest friendships I have ever seen." He bent his eyes down, and said, "We none of us know where my beloved brother is. We were both with King Alaric when he invaded Italy, and when he retreated from Pollentia and reached Verona. But at Verona we were surprised by the forces of Stilico, and his Alan auxiliaries fell on us so furiously that Alaric himself was nearly taken. He escaped by the swiftness of his warhorse, and I was with him. We were not really defeated; all our forces retreated in perfect order beyond the Alps. But, alas! my brother Walamir was taken captive, perhaps slain. We have not heard of him since."

'A pang shot through my heart as I heard this, Philip, for I thought how deeply it would grieve Eutyches; but I murmured to Thorismund some words of hope.

"Yes," he answered, "he may still be alive; but if so, it is in slavery, and that is worse than death."

"Would he not have written to you?" I asked.

"No; the boy's proud spirit would prevent him from writing, even if it were possible, from amid the degradation of slavery."

'I had no more to say, but promised that, as I was on my way to Italy, I would make every possible inquiry, and might perhaps be able to secure the ransom of Walamir if he still lived.

"If not," said Thorismund, passionately, "there is still revenge."

'Alaric had heard that there was a messenger from

the Patriarcheion at Constantinople, and sent to ask me to his evening banquet. He is a splendid young king, a far finer type of Goth than Gaiinas. He has an air of natural nobleness, and the Visigoths say that when they elevated him on their shields no chieftain ever looked braver and worthier; but he keeps no state, and talked with me familiarly about the Patriarch, whom he greatly reveres, and about himself. He is convinced that he shall live to sack the Eternal City. He told me, as he told his long-haired chiefs, that before his first invasion of Italy he had heard the voice, as of an Archangel, cry to him from the depths of a grove, "Speed! Speed, Alaric! Thou shalt penetrate to the City."

"I suppose that the warrior read the doubt in my face, for he smiled and said, "And I did penetrate, *ad Urbem*; not, indeed, this time to the Eternal Urbs, but to the river Urbis, on which Pollentia stands! Tell them at Constantinople that, in spite of the brag of Stilico's bard, Claudian, we were not beaten at Pollentia. The dwarfish Alan, Saulus—whom God destroy!—burst on us upon Good Friday—the ugly heathen Tartar! They seized some plunder, and recovered the old purple robe stained with the blood of the Emperor Valens at Adrianople; but we were unbroken, and Stilico made a treaty with us."

"I never saw anyone so swift to read thoughts as Alaric, Philip. I suppose he read the word "Verona" in my face, for he added, "No, nor were we beaten at Verona either. And the prophecy to me will be fulfilled. Italy has not yet heard the name of Rhadagais. They will hear it next year; and whether I shall help him to ravage Italy, or not, depends on circumstances; and," he added in a low voice, "on Stilico and Honorius."

"Then he began to talk with imprudent frankness, as I thought, of Stilico and of both the Emperors. For Stilico he has an immense admiration, and more than half shares his view that the best thing the Goths can do is to amalgamate faithfully with the Romans as one nation, and found a nobler race. He thinks that Stilico is a born king among a nation of intriguers and drivellers, besotted with a superstition which is but the caricature of genuine Christianity, and slaves to abject despots. He feels un-

bounded scorn for both their Sublimities, Arcadius and Honorius. He regards them both as pale-blooded weaklings, the puppets of their own eunuchs. He calls Arcadius a devotee only fit to grovel over sham relics, and be led by the nose; and he regards the impotent Honorius as a mixture of timidity, cruelty, and slyness. These Goths rarely conceal their opinions. He actually showed at his table — and with me, an unknown reporter, present — a coin which had been struck as a caricature of Honorius, which represents, not the old Roman she-wolf suckling the immortal twins, but a she-ass suckling a hen! It is meant partly, perhaps, as an insult against the Christians under the old calumny of their being *asinarii*, but chiefly to ridicule Honorius's paltry propensity to make pets of hens, in feeding which he spends half his time. "It is the only thing the phantom is fit for," said Alaric.

"I left Æmona the next day, and, amid various adventures, of which we may talk another time, I made my way in the course of two or three months to Aquileia, Milan, and Rome. I found Rome in a state of anxiety and alarm. You know how full the air is of rumours when communications are interrupted. There had been a long drought, and the Romans, who fancied that Alaric would soon be on his way against them, had placed their chief hope in his inability to cross the swollen rivers of Lombardy. One day vast clouds of dust proclaimed the approach of an armed band. The Romans cowered behind their new-built walls, and not even a scout would venture to reconnoitre. Then, as the poet Claudian has since described it, the people, gazing from the walls, saw amid the dust the good white head which all men knew — the noble face of Stilico, shining like a star out of the storm. You can imagine how they shouted. With Stilico among them they felt that Rome was free."

"Were you present at the great triumph one has heard of?" asked Philip.

"Yes, and I never saw, or hope to see, anything so magnificent. Honorius came on purpose to celebrate the triumph, with Stilico, his father-in-law. They had raised a triumphal arch for the occasion, on which they spoke of "The Goths subjugated for ever." I am told that Alaric

and his chiefs roared with laughing when this was reported to them. Honorius was made Consul for the sixth time, and as Rome had only three times seen an emperor during the century, they made the most sumptuous preparations.'

'What did they think of their Emperor?'

'Stilico had given him his cue, and he laid himself out to win their hearts. He would not allow the senators to walk before his triumphal car. He looked unusually well, for a flush was on his sallow cheek, and he wore the diadem, and a jewelled trabea, and strings of Arabian emeralds round his neck. But there were some old Romans who rather despised his jewellery. "Cincinnatus, and Marius, and Julius Cæsar did not ride in that bedizenment; all that pernicious rubbish came in with Constantine," I heard one old officer mutter to the Senator Lampridius, who stood by him; and Lampridius murmured in reply two savage lines of Sidonius on Constantine:

Saturni aurea sæcla quis requirer?
Sunt hæc gemmea, sed Neroniana.'

'Where were you?'

'Pope Innocent had kindly secured me a place on the steps of the Julian Basilica, so that I saw the procession wind all along the Sacred Way, and up the Capitoline Hill, amid all those temples and palaces. Every roof was densely crowded, and there fell a perfect snow of roses and garlands before the horses' feet.'

'Was the Emperor alone in the chariot?'

'No; Stilico was by his side in plain armour, but looking every inch a hero; and more than half the enthusiasm of the Romans was for him. Behind them rode the young Empress Maria, daughter of Stilico — a virgin wife, they say — looking like a flower of perfect loveliness; and beside her, in a very simple attire, her noble brother, Eucherius, who has a great future before him.'

'I say, Kallias,' said Philip; 'you see it is high noon. How about those thunny fish for Olympias?'

'You scamp!' said Kallias; 'I should have caught two dozen at least if you had not frightened them away by making me talk so much. We'll have some lunch now,

and then I won't tell you a word more till I've caught enough. And, to punish you, I assure you that what I have still in store will surprise and interest you immensely.'

'Oh! I say, that is too bad!' said Philip; 'I have a great mind to give you no lunch at all till you have told me.'

They opened the basket which the slaves of Olympias had put into the boat, and found it full of delicious grapes and figs, cakes, and a bottle of rich Thasian wine — for though she was herself abstemious to the utmost austerity, their hostess insisted on dieting Philip in the way which she regarded as most likely to restore his strength.

After their refreshment Kallias told Philip that he had the orders of Olympias to make him rest awhile and take a siesta, and Philip reluctantly obeyed. While he slept Kallias steadily fished on, often glancing at his slumbering features, sometimes with sorrow to see how wasted they were, but with more hope, because he was gradually returning to his normal strength and brightness.

By the time Philip awoke, Kallias had caught as many fish as would serve the whole household of Olympias, and triumphantly showed them to his companion, who at first declared that he must have bought them of some fisherman on the sly, until Kallias punished him by making him wait for the rest of his story till he had caught half a dozen more.

Then he laid his rod and net aside, and proposed that they should row in, and finish his narrative at home, as there were things which perhaps Olympias would like to hear.

They found the lady a little less dejected, and Kallias was glad to help in diverting her melancholy thoughts.

Resuming his account of the triumph of Honorius, he said: 'Philip, I have kept back from you what interested me more deeply than all the imperial pageantry. I told you that Honorius exempted the senators from pacing before him; but immediately behind his chariot walked, two-and-two, a long line of Gothic captives; and first in the row, showing that he was of noble birth, I saw ——'

Philip started up and grasped the hand of Kallias.

'You saw —— Oh! I guess it.'

‘Yes,’ said Kallias, ‘I saw young Walamir, the friend of our Eutyches. He was walking with his looks cast on the ground, in the deepest dejection. But as he passed the steps of the Basilica I attracted his attention. He recognised me; for one instant his face brightened, and then the light faded from it, as though he were ashamed to be seen in the guise of a captive and a slave. But I determined not to lose sight of him, and threaded my way through the crowds which closed behind the procession. I once more got close to him on the summit of the Capitol. I asked where I could see him, but he only shook his head; he did not know.

‘Several days passed, and I sought for him in vain. At the close of a week of pageants, thanksgivings, pæans, and festivities there was to be a splendid gladiatorial show, at which Honorius himself was to preside, with Stilico beside him. Constantine had discouraged gladiatorial shows, and many of our great Christian saints and Fathers had indignantly denounced the butchery of human beings for amusement in the presence of a gloating multitude. But Rome is still a half-pagan, or more than half-pagan, city, and the Flavian Amphitheatre has perpetuated the bad tradition. Honorius, half-curious to see so world-famed a spectacle, offered but a languid resistance to what was deemed a politic concession; and, worst of all, a gladiatorial show afforded the easiest means of getting rid of many of the Gothic captives.

‘Of course, Philip, you and the Lady Olympias will believe me when I say that I had not the least intention to be present, lest I, like the young Alypius whose story is told by Augustine, should be brutalised and carried away by the horrible excitement. I stood by the Arch of Titus to watch the motley, eager crowd rolling its vast volume into the many doors of that colossal amphitheatre. Then a strange thing happened.

‘An Eastern monk in the sheepskin of a hermit passed me, attracting many eyes; for hermits are a far rarer sight in Rome than in our East. He was tall and gaunt, and his hair was grey, and his sheepskin mantle was squalid and tattered. He saw me standing by the Arch, not hurrying forward with the crowd, and, fixing on me his

eyes, which seemed to burn with an inspired lustre, he said in Syriac, "Youth, I see that thou art a Christian, who wilt not follow the multitude to do evil; yet I bid thee come with me into yon revel of demons; it may be that thou shalt see strange things to-day."

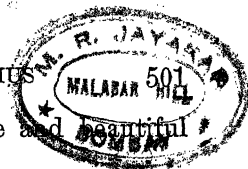
"Who art thou, Father?" I asked.

"Men call me Telemachus," he said. "I am a hermit from Zagba. Few in this city speak Syriac; none know me. If any seek to know my name hereafter, thou canst tell them who I am and whence I came."

"I could not help accompanying him, for his words seemed to have in them a Divine command. We entered the Amphitheatre, which was already so densely crowded that we could only get places among the slaves and the poorest of the people at the summit. I confess it was a splendid sight. The sun shone down on that vast building and the 80,000 people whom it held. The vast silken awning flapped against its straining cords overhead. The galadress of multitudes of women variegated the scene, and they looked like beds of flowers among the white togas of the men. The great area of the floor was strewn with dazzling sand. In the podium, in their richest pomp, sat the Emperor and Empress, with Stilico, and Eucherius, and the Princesses Serena and Thermantia, arrayed in pearls and precious stones, which flashed as they moved. All the senators and aristocracy of Rome were there. I saw, and blushed to see, many even of the clergy present. One chief element of expectation was the news that the general contests after the single combats were to be *sine missione* — that is, that they were only to be terminated by the death of the combatants; and that a young and beautiful Goth of the noble family of the Amalings would fight among the captives. My heart was sick with fear, for I knew that this must be no other than Walamir."

Here Philip, in his excitement, seized the arm of Kallias, and gazed open-mouthed on his face.

"The first part of the show was harmlessly magnificent. Some of the Palatini had a sham cavalry fight, and went through manœuvres on their pawing steeds. There were allegorical scenes and processions. Then wild beasts — lions, tigers, ostriches, even camelopards — were exhibited,



and I, who had never seen these strange and beautiful creatures, was intensely interested.

‘But then began the wickedness to which the huge mass of spectators had been looking forward with a sort of unspoken passion. The first of the gladiatorial fights was proclaimed by the herald’s voice:

“Satyrus, the gladiator, will now be matched against Walamir, the young Gothic Amal, each with swords and in full armour.”

‘As I heard the herald’s sonorous tones my heart burned within me with hot indignation; for Walamir was little more than a boy, and it was monstrous to match him, as they had done, against the most renowned and most successful gladiator of Italy, who had been trained in the schools of the lanistæ from his earliest years, and had gained many crowns.

‘I looked at the hermit, but he seemed to be lost in prayer, and utterly oblivious to everything around him.

‘The two marched round the arena. They saluted the Emperor with uplifted swords. I thought that I detected a note of defiance and despair in Walamir’s voice, as he joined in the heroic customary chant, “*Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutamus.*”

‘Then they stood nearly in the centre, and all those eighty thousand eyes were bent upon them, and the clash of swords began. And still Telemachus neither spoke nor moved.

‘The strength, courage, and agility displayed by Walamir would have stirred the heart of Alaric himself with pride; but I saw from the first that he neither was nor could be an equal antagonist to the cool, trained giant of mature age, consummate skill, and herculean strength against whom he had been pitted. The only marvel to me, as I sat there sick with dread, trembling with excitement, and thinking of you and Eutyches, was that he sustained so long the unequal struggle.

‘Then rose the indescribable panting shriek of “*Habet*” as Satyrus inflicted his first wound, and the red stream rushed over Walamir’s armour. That shout seemed to awaken Telemachus. He sprang up, flung one glance around him, and then stalked with swift strides down the

ambulatories. I did not know at first what he intended to do; and the spectators were far too intent on the combat to notice him, for Satyrus had only inflicted a flesh wound, and Walamir, with undaunted spirit, was renewing the hopeless strife.

But just as Telemachus had nearly reached the cancelli — the gilded barriers erected to prevent any wild beast from leaping up among the people, as had once occurred — a blow on Walamir's helmet smote him to the ground, and instantly Satyrus was striding over him with uplifted sword, and looked up at the spectators as he awaited the signal to slay or save.

Usually the thumb was uplifted and the life spared if the defeated combatant had shown conspicuous heroism; and it might have been thought that the youth, the beauty, the bravery of the young Amal would have pleaded for him. But no; he was one of the dreaded, hated Goths, and without an instant's hesitation twenty thousand thumbs were ruthlessly turned down, to demand that Satyrus should plunge the sword into his throat or breast.

Then it was that, to the utter amazement of everyone present, from the Emperor to the meanest slave, Telemachus, like one inspired, sprang over the cancelli, and, rushing forward with a cry, strode over the prostrate Ostrogoth, and with a gesture of command confronted the victorious gladiator.

Satyrus sprang back astonished, as though he had seen a spirit, and lowered his sword-point. A nominal Christian, he felt a sort of overpowering awe in presence of the strange figure, emaciated face, and flashing eyes of the tall, gaunt hermit. But at the same instant the multitude had recognised the stranger's purpose, and a yell of rage and disappointment arose, as though all the demons had been let loose. Satyrus had drawn back to the wall of the arena staring, with wide-opened eyes, apparently in superstitious dread. Walamir had risen to his feet. Telemachus stood alone between them. But at once every conceivable missile on which the people could lay hands was hurled at him; and then many, quite mad with wrath, had themselves sprung over the barrier and were striking at him with staves. They

hurled him to the ground, they kicked and smote him, and flung stones on him. I, too, had leaped the barrier, but I was one among hundreds. What could I do?

‘It soon appeared that he was dead; and then a wave of remorse swept over the minds of the assailants, and a hush followed. “Who was he?” was murmured from lip to lip. The Emperor was himself as agitated as was possible to his lymphatic temperament. He had risen from his seat, and beckoned the herald to bid anyone who knew the murdered monk to say who he was. I was too much excited to be afraid, and, striding under the Emperor’s box, I shouted, “Emperor, he was Telemachus, the hermit of Zagba.”

‘It seemed, even to myself, as though I had spoken in a voice of unnatural power, and also as if my few words had produced an impression far more intense than seemed proportionate to their simple purport. An awful contagious excitement seized the minds of the multitude. They shrank back on all sides from the body of the murdered saint. It lay in the hot sunlight, dark on the dazzling white sand with which the arena had been strewn, and the blood from his many wounds had dyed his robes; men declared that it lay encircled by an aureole. The Emperor and his attendants rose; but before he left the Amphitheatre he ordered the heralds to proclaim that the games were ended, and would not be resumed, and that the corpse of Telemachus, the hermit of Zagba, was to be honoured as that of a saint and martyr.

‘The awestruck multitude streamed out of the vomitoria, and went home with a sense of supernatural terror in their hearts; but many re-entered the actual arena, until it was thronged throughout its huge ellipse, to gaze more closely on the man who had died to save the lives of men. While their feelings were thus absorbed to the exclusion of every other thought I looked out for Walamir. He was leaning against the wall under the podium, pale and faint from loss of blood. I asked him about his wound.

“It is nothing,” he said, “though I have bled so much. But oh! Kallias, my soul is sick with horror and hatred. Can you not help me to escape to my own people?”

'The thought had occurred to me before he spoke. Very near us was the door of the *spoliarium*, into which the dead bodies were dragged after a fight. I whispered to him to slip into it while no one was looking, and I stole in immediately afterwards. It was empty. The attendants had been attracted to see what was going on; and, most fortunately, the farther exit was also unlocked, for they had expected to have to deal with many corpses. We were standing unobserved in the shadow of the mighty pile. I know not what strange premonition or unformed surmise had made me put in my wallet the thin overdress of a *parabolanus*. But I had done so, and suggested to him to throw off his armour and put on the disguise, folding the cowl over his head. Then he leant on my arm, and we walked by bypaths to my lodgings, which the Bishop had assigned to me near the Lateran. Our steps were marked with blood; but that was unavoidable, and very few people were in the side-streets. On the way we passed a little barber's shop, and by a sudden inspiration I went in and bought a plain black wig, which I placed on the short, sunny curls of the Amal. He was thus effectually concealed from notice, and I took him direct to my own cubicle, and brought him food.

'It was not yet noon; but as not a moment was to be lost, and as escape was hopeless without aid, I decided to go straight to the palace of Stilico and to enlist his sympathies for Walamir.

'It would, I knew, be hard to get an audience with the mighty Vandal, who was at once Prime Minister and Generalissimo, the husband of the Princess Serena, the father of the Empress Maria, and the official guardian both of Arcadius and Honorius. But God's unseen providence favoured me; for in the hall of the palace I saw the noble young Eucherius, Stilico's son. Jealousy raged on every side of the great Vandal like a furnace, and he was therefore most careful to bestow no great offices on his son, and to surround him with no splendour; although even these precautions did not avert the rumour that he was secretly plotting to make him an emperor. As Eucherius came forward I held forth my hand in sign of appeal. He stopped, and I asked him to grant a private interview of

five minutes. He granted it, and I briefly told him the story of Walamir. He is not nearly so Romanised as his father, and I knew that his sympathy with the Goths was strong. Touched by the story, and by the bravery of the young Ostrogoth in his combat with Satyrus of which he had been a witness in the Colosseum, he said: "To-morrow the Emperor and my father are sending letters to Constantinople. The messengers will go by ship from Ostia to Dyrrachium. The Bishop of Rome, in whose protection you are, will be doubtless glad to send you back with answers to the letters you have brought to him from the Patriarch John. Let the young Goth be disguised, and accompany you as a subordinate. I will furnish him with a pass." I thanked him warmly and kissed his hand. Walamir was overjoyed. All went well; and it was worth all the risk to observe his passionate delight when the ship was well out of sight of land, and he was able to strip off the disguise. You would have laughed to see him toss the black wig into the sea, and emerge in his own bright hair.

'Did he get over his wounds so soon?' asked Philip.

'Yes; and he attributes it to the hardy temperance of his training. Aware of the propensity of his nation to excess, neither he nor Thorismund ever touch wine; hence their wounds heal far sooner than those of their comrades.'

'Thanks in part to what he learned from Eutyches, Walamir has before his mind the loftiest ideal of what the Goths should be. He thinks that if they ever come to ruin, it can only be through their own faults and vices. He sets them a high example, and, when opportunity offers, he tells them his convictions. And now I have no more to narrate, and I feel sure that the Lady Olympias must be tired.'

'Did Walamir get safely to the Court of Alaric?'

'Yes, and I had the happiness of seeing his meeting with his brother. They are in truth a *par nobile fratrum*.'

CHAPTER LX

THE VENGEANCE OF HEAVEN

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo.—HORACE.

BEFORE we resume the story of Philip and Chrysostom let us pause to observe whether the wickedness of their enemies ultimately prospered; for those enemies will henceforth disappear from our pages.

The overthrow of the saintly Patriarch was due, as we have seen, to the combined hatred of the Empress; of the corrupt, worldly, frivolous society of Constantinople; of evil-hearted women, headed by a clique of painted and bejewelled widows; of large multitudes of bad priests and deacons, false monks, false nuns, false virgins, constituting the main section of the ecclesiastical world in Constantinople; of the *agapetæ*, or ladies who lived in the houses of the clergy under the thinly veiled name of spiritual sisters; and, most of all, of Theophilus, the wicked Patriarch of Alexandria, and the group of ambitious, intriguing, envious, unscrupulous, and slanderous bishops, of whom Severian and Cyrinus were among the worst, who constituted the execrable Synod of the Oak.

The ways of God with men are often very difficult to decipher. It is only when we are able to trace on a large scale the workings of Divine Providence that we can watch

God's terrible and fiery finger
Shrivel the falsehood from the souls of men.

The apparent prosperity of the wicked, the apparently crushing and miserable overthrow of the just, have been sore problems since the earliest ages of the world. The Psalmist and other saints found comfort in the general

fact that, though the wicked seem to flourish like a green bay-tree, it was frequently seen that they perished suddenly, and came to a fearful end; and that, as a rule, the righteous were not forsaken, nor did his seed beg their bread. But this law of averages was liable to tremendous exceptions, and hardly met the case of saints who died in the midst of affliction, or even perished in the flames of martyrdom. It remained for later ages to find new and deeper solutions of the problem, and to view it with untroubled faith, in the twofold conviction that holiness in itself is happiness, and sin is of its own nature retributive and penal; and that there is a world beyond the grave, where the false weights and imperfect balances of earth shall be redressed. It is not possible for man to furnish perfect theoretic explanations of the state of things in a world so full of sin and death and woe. Job sat in his leprosy, upon his dunghill, a bereaved, abject, humiliated pauper, on whom the very drunkards made their songs. The sanctimonious infallibility of his orthodox friends made them pour oil of vitriol upon his wounds by assuming that his misery was the penalty of secret guilt. Their cruel and infallible orthodoxies awoke the thunder of God's disapproval, and, even if Job had never been uplifted out of the overwhelming deeps into the sunshine of prosperity, men would not have been entitled to adduce his anguish in proof that God cares not for the souls which He has made, and thinks no more of right and wrong upon this atom globe than of 'a trouble of ants in a million millions of worlds.' All that we should be entitled to say, if such cases as that of Job appeared to be the rule, and not the exception, would be, in the wail of the blameless king:

I saw God in the shining of His stars,
I saw Him in the flowering of His fields;
But in His ways with men I found Him not.

But when men of the stamp of Theophilus pointed to the exile of Chrysostom, the martyrdom of Eutyches, the affliction of Olympias, and the tortures of Tigris and Serapion, in proof that God had declared Himself against John and the Johannites, they did not deceive either themselves

or the world. On the one hand, men saw Chrysostom ruined and yet happy; calumniated and yet happy; exiled and yet happy — sick, and persecuted, and suffering, and yet happy — and they would not have exchanged his trials for the gorgeous criminality of the Patriarch of Alexandria, or the full-fed unctuousness of Severian, with his heart fat as brawn, cold as ice, and hard as the nether millstone. Nor was there one woman in Constantinople — not Epiphania, in her gilded boudoir, amid her clerical votaries, nor the most voluptuous of the nuns and spiritual sisters; not even Eudoxia herself in her imperial purple — who would not have been glad to lay aside her unhallowed ease if hers might have been the heart, the life, and the ultimate reward of good Nicarete or woe-worn Olympias. There was enough in the outward colour of events to make men sure that, amid the apparent silence and indifference of the Eternal, they could sometimes see the gleam of His avenging thunderbolts upon transgressors, and the Angel of the Dew standing in the furnace to beat back the flames from His beloved.

If there was one person to whom, more even than to Theophilus, the ruin of Chrysostom was due, it was to the Empress Eudoxia. She blindly abandoned herself to the furies of hatred and ambition. Well had it been for the daughter of Bauto if she had married in her own rank; if Eutropius had never intrigued against Rufinus, and had never shown her portrait to the susceptible Arcadius. Intoxicated by her dizzy elevation, she indulged without stint her passion for flattery and for the exercise of power. Nothing would sate her pride but the burning of perpetual incense. Half of her rage against Eutropius was due to her belief that he helped to delay her investiture with the title and dignities of an Augusta and her claims to statues and universal adoration throughout the provinces, which had caused such disgust throughout the Western world.

In overthrowing Chrysostom because of the real severity of his remonstrances against her faults, and the purely imaginary insults against her with which he was charged by forgers and slanderers, the Empress was acting against the admonitions of her own conscience. This had been shown by the terrified insistency with which she had

demanded his recall from his first banishment, when her superstitious fears had been aroused by the earthquake which shook her chamber. It is not too much to say that after his second expulsion she never enjoyed a happy hour. She was in a perpetual tremor of alarm, and, as she was again expecting to become a mother, her condition became truly pitiable.

The Patriarch had been banished on June 20, 404. Then followed the horrible persecution of the Johannites. On September 30 there burst over Constantinople, the unusual trouble of a furious storm of hail so terrific and so disastrous that men were killed in the streets, and many buildings were seriously damaged. Eudoxia saw in this storm the wrath of God. She became more and more pale, more and more miserable, and the anguish of remorse decided her fate. She was but thirty-one years old, yet on September 30 — less than three and a half months after the departure of Chrysostom — the beautiful Augusta had died a miserable death.

For her troubled mind brought on the pangs of a miscarriage. The infant — such was the terrified whisper of the multitude — had ceased to live three months before its birth, and the dead burden caused her an indescribable agony. There was no strength to bring forth. Then, despairing of all holy or lawful aid, she entreated her wretched husband to send secretly for a magician to the Palace. The sorcerer came, and muttered over her his incantations, and laid magic writing on her breast. The infant was born dead, and the hapless mother died. It was not strange that men should attribute to a visitation of God so untimely and so deplorable an end.

Among the most envenomed opponents of the Patriarch, as we have seen, had been the Egyptian Cyrinus, cousin of Theophilus, and Bishop of Chalcedon. Chrysostom had treated him with kindness and confidence, and had even appointed him one of his three assessors in Asia Minor, whence he had returned an unpitying foe and accuser of his metropolitan. Very swift was the retribution — if retribution it were — which fell upon him. He never recovered from the wounds made on his foot by the heavy tread of Maruthas, Bishop of Mesopotamia, at the meeting

preliminary to the Synod of the Oak. The fierce inflammation and incessant agony did not prevent him from pushing his animosities to the bitter end. He was one of the most violent agitators. He was one of the four who took on their own heads the criminal responsibility from which Arcadius shrank. He was one of the bishops who signed the letter to Pope Innocent containing the lying charge that Chrysostom had set fire to his own church, which letter they had thought fit to send by the dwarfish, deformed, and half-inarticulate presbyter, Paternus. But during the rest of his short life the body of Cyrinus became as inflamed and gangrened as his mind. His foot was amputated, and still the gangrene spread; his leg was amputated, and it still spread. In the following year he died in agonies so indescribable as to be an object of pity even to his enemies.

What happened to Severian of Gabala, and how the lurid sun of his ambition set while it yet was day, leaving him a foiled and haunted man, we have already seen.

Nor did others of the leading conspirators long escape to vaunt their nefarious victory. Though Palladius, Bishop of Helenopolis, drops the veil of oblivion over their names, they were perfectly well known to him and his contemporaries.

One of these, a notorious calumniator of Chrysostom, died of a quinsy, in which his tongue became so swollen that he could no longer speak. In this condition he made a sign that he wanted his tablets, and when they were handed to him he wrote on them a confession of his evil deeds.

Another, seized shortly after with a sort of virulent pyæmia, was eaten of worms, and died a loathsome death.

Another fell violently down a staircase, and was killed by the fall.

Another, seized with chronic gout, found the worst aggravation of his malady in the supernatural terrors which haunted his miserable soul.

Antiochus, Bishop of Ptolemais, after amassing great wealth by the neglect of his duties and his see, employed himself in writing a treatise against avarice, and died despised in his hypocritical worldliness.

Arsacius, the intruded Patriarch of Constantinople, after a year of miserable and disputed power, embittered by contemptuous opposition, repudiated by all that was best and holiest in Constantinople and in the whole Western world, terminated an easy life by but a single year of dishonoured age, and died on November 11, 405.

And Theophilus of Antioch, the arch-criminal, the arch-conspirator, the arch-apostate?

He lived — for a continued life is sometimes a chief element in God's punishments. He lived to feel that his jealous fury against a saint of God would overwhelm his name with infamy, and, in causing his many other crimes to glare under the full light of publicity, would hand him down to an immortality of execration.

He lived to hear the Alexandrians, over whom he tyrannised with a rod of iron, heap their reproaches on him in the streets for his base intrigues.

He lived to know that the fulsome adulation of the pitiable bishops whom he had consecrated to serve his own ends could not drown one howl of the conscience which he had transformed into a bandog within him.

He lived to revile the name of Chrysostom in a written invective as a frantic tyrant of hardened forehead; the sacrilegious patron of sacrilege; not only not a Christian, but worse than a Belshazzar; a hypocrite whose guilt transcended all possible penalties, but would incur everlasting damnation hereafter, and be cast out by Christ into outer darkness.

He lived to imbue his nephew and like-minded successor, Cyril, with the hatred which made him say that to enter the name of John on the episcopal records of Constantinople would be as bad as entering the name of Judas. He lived to vilify the name of the saintly Olympias, before whom, when he hoped to get something from her, he had gone on his knees and kissed her hand. He lived to besmirch the holy name of Origen, for whom all the while he had a secret admiration.

He lived in perpetual dread of death. 'What fear, and trouble, and anguish we have to see,' he said, 'when the soul is parted from the body!' He lived, in splendour and despotism, to express his envy of the desert hermit, Arse-

nius, who had ever been mindful of the hour when he should meet his God.

He was found dead on his bed on October 15, 412.

He had retired to rest from the midst of his episcopal pomp, but had hardly laid down to sleep before a dark and hideous figure took its seat by the bedside.

'Who art thou, that dardest intrude into my chamber?' he cried in fury.

'That tone avails your Holiness no more,' said the figure, mockingly. 'Wicked man! thine hour has come. From this bed thou risest, from this chamber thou steppest forth, no more.'

'Avaunt thee, horrible fiend!' cried the Patriarch, and he made the sign of the cross.

The figure laughed. 'Art thou, then, so foolish, O wise theologian!' it cried, 'as to think that a mechanical motion with the fingers can avert the retribution due to a life of pride and crime?'

'Who art thou?' gasped Theophilus.

'What! dost thou not know me?' said the fiend. 'Not know thine own familiar friend? Not know him who has lived so long with thee, who has whispered all thy masterful lies into thine ear, who has sat on thy shoulder, who has clutched thee by the hair for these many years?'

'I know thee not,' he moaned; 'I never yet saw anyone so hideous as thou.'

The fiend laughed long and loud. 'Not know me? Whom, then, shouldst thou know? Thou hast created me. I am thyself! and wouldst thou now disown me? Nay, for the present moment I am thine, and thou art mine. Look at all the scenes in which we have acted, all the things that we have done.'

He waved his hand, and Theophilus saw before him heaps of gold got by chicanery, by falsehood, by flattery, and by oppression. 'Does it not content thee?' he said. 'See, how rich we are! How useful we found it, you and I. How we bribed the Alexandrian officials with it. How effectual it was in getting the votes of priests and bishops at Constantinople. How it enabled us to suborn a throng of useful perjurers. Perhaps we shall be able to take it with us. Perhaps the angels may be open to a bribe.'

‘Look again.’

Before the miserable eyes of the dying man rose the figure of a youth, bribed with fifteen pounds of gold to bring an infamous charge against a priest, but himself recoiling with horror from his own perjury. Yet the priest, in his innocence, was overwhelmed with agony, and driven to death in squalor and in ruin.

‘Do you recognise the good Isidore, the Hospitaller?’ said the ruthless voice. ‘We tried once, you know, to make him Patriarch of Constantinople. That failed. Nevertheless, in due time we wreaked our grudge on him, and ruined him effectually.’

‘Look again.’

‘I need not tell you who those four Tall Brothers are. See, the face of one of them is bleeding from your cruel blow! What a delicious thing is vengeance! How you imprisoned them, slandered them, scourged them, robbed them, hunted them from city to city, starved them, ruined them, ultimately all but demoralised them, when their best force was beaten down by age and misery; and then you shed crocodile tears over those of them whom you had not already done to death. It is a pleasing sight for your deathbed, is it not?’

‘Look again.’

‘Who is that old man in a frightful Armenian village, liable to the depredations of Isaurian brigands, driven from his see, his body tormented, his name blackened, himself killed so slowly that no man might call it murder? Ah! I see that you recognise the saintly Patriarch of Constantinople. You branded him as an impure demon, doomed to an endless hell. How completely you and your Egyptian *bishops*’—and here the figure laughed again—‘triumphed over him. Ah! but would you not exchange a thousand times your victory for his defeat?’

‘There is plenty more to show you of our doings—much more than the world knows, for by good luck we managed to get the memorial suppressed which the Tall Brothers presented to Arcadius about our past doings. But do you enjoy even thus much of the picture of your life? Farewell!’

The figure and the pictures seemed to fade away. 'Ugh!' said Theophilus, 'it was an ugly dream.'

But then another dark and veiled figure entered. 'Theophilus,' it said, 'thy last hour is come! Prepare to meet thy God!' The figure touched him. He fell back upon his pillow. Next morning they found him lying dead, with a horrid stare in his wide-open eyes.

BOOK VI

DEATH AND LIFE

τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καταναεῖν,
τὸ καταναεῖν δὲ ζῆν;

EURIPIDES.

CHAPTER LXI

PHILIP AND THE EMPEROR

Seest thou a man diligent in his business ? he shall stand before kings ; he shall not stand before mean men. — *Prov. xxii. 29.*

KALLIAS stayed a fortnight under the hospitable roof of Olympias, and during those days he had the pleasure of seeing how greatly his honest and genial simplicity brightened the thoughts both of his hostess and of his friend. The general outline of his own future seemed now to be approximately settled. Like Philip, he had acquired an incurable disgust for Constantinople, with its turmoils, its luxury, its unreal Christianity, its cruel, persecuting, and deeply corrupted Church. He would have to learn in time that in these respects the West was as bad as the East, and that any peace and satisfaction which life can bring must depend far more upon ourselves than upon the place of our abode or the circumstance of our position. But in the West he found an opening for earning his living. His skill as a reporter was unusual, and the great Pope of Rome gladly offered him a liberal salary.

Philip's ultimate future seemed also to be assured ; for as soon as the recrudescence of episcopal trouble at Antioch had been composed he could live in his native city, not only in comfort, but in comparative affluence, and he looked forward, as to a paradise, to the enjoyment of happy years with the maiden of his love. But as his union with her was inevitably postponed, he was uncertain how to occupy the next two years. He would not avail himself any longer of the goodness of Olympias. He was now able to work, and she had so many faithful secretaries, agents, and dependents, that she had no need of such services as he could render, gladly as she would have retained them. Under these circumstances Kallias urged

Philip to employ the time at his disposal by travelling in the West until he could go to claim his bride; and he promised him a warm welcome if he would visit Rome.

A message from no less a personage than the Emperor Arcadius decided his uncertainties. The Præfect Aurelian had written to Olympias to ask whether Philip had recovered his health; and on hearing from her that he was now completely restored, Aurelian told the Emperor. Arcadius summoned Philip to a private audience. Philip was beyond measure astonished by the receipt of this mandate, for it was the characteristic of Byzantine imperialism to surround itself with an awful isolation. He might well have been terrified by the summons, if the kind-hearted Præfect had not assured him that the visit was to be kept entirely private, but that good, and not harm, was intended towards him.

Three days afterwards he made his way to Chalcedon. He was conveyed in an imperial galley to the Stairs, was driven in a covered chariot to the palace-gate, and saw once more, with long and irrepressible shudders, the Patriarcheion, and the burnt area where once had towered the stately architecture of the Senate-house and of St. Sophia.

Aurelian conducted him into the presence, and the Emperor intimated that he wished to talk to the young man alone. Arcadius had been much softened since the loss of his passionate and domineering Empress. With his habitual indolence, he still permitted the continuance of a persecution at once ignoble, cruel, and unjust against the innocent Johannites; but this was mainly because he had become somewhat shy of meddling with ecclesiastical dignitaries, and had not the energy to interfere with the new Patriarch, Arsacius, and his successor, Atticus. The conviction grew ever stronger in his mind that, though he was too weak to throw off the tyranny of his bishops and their partisans, yet Chrysostom was worth all the rest of the corrupted clergy of the capital. In spite of the haughty letter of Theophilus and the decrees of the Synod of the Oak, Pope Innocent and the bishops of the West had declared Chrysostom innocent, had treated the calumnies against him as monstrous perjuries, and had refused to

renounce communion with him. Even in his exile and humiliation he remained an acknowledged leader of the Church, and took a larger share than his enemies in her holiest efforts. It is true that Arcadius had not only rejected the bishops and presbyters whom Innocent sent to him to request the recall of the Patriarch—among whom was Palladius of Helenopolis—but had even allowed them to be treated with a rudeness and cruelty which disgraced his rule; but this was more the work of his agents than of himself, and he might have roused himself to interfere but for the fierce and indignant jealousy which he felt towards his younger brother, Honorius, who, though several years his junior, had taken upon himself more than once to rebuke Arcadius sharply, and thereby to kindle the most intense resentment of which his mind was capable. The presumption of Honorius seemed so intolerable to his elder brother that it helped to smother all his better feelings under the smouldering fumes of sullen wrath.

But meanwhile things had not gone well with him. He was still living in constant dread of the wrath of Heaven—a miserable man. The deaths of Eudoxia, Arsacius, Cyrinus, and others, had terrified him. Besides the terrible hailstorm, another violent earthquake had shaken Constantinople. Pestilence and famine had appeared in the Eastern Empire, and its peace was constantly disturbed by the armed menace of Alaric and Stilico—for both of whom Arcadius felt an intense aversion—and also by the rumours and the actual devastating advance of swarms of barbarians under Rhadagais. He thought that by showing well-deserved gratitude and kindness to Philip, who was so dear a friend of Chrysostom, he might avert impending ruin. He looked on this as a tardy and partial reparation; and he wanted to talk to Philip about many things.

Arcadius often felt very weary of the stereotyped officialism of his Court and the intriguing slyness of his kotowing slaves. He longed to converse with a fellow-man on more natural and simple terms. He had seen Philip with Chrysostom in former days, and had been struck by his air of bright and honest manliness. He began at once by thanking him for the loyal resourcefulness with which he

had averted a double peril from the designs of Gaïnas, and, assuring him of future favour, told him of the pension which he had set apart to reward his services.

Philip bowed low, and Arcadius was not slow to catch the tone of sincerity which rang through the expression of his gratitude. 'And now,' he said, 'lay aside all ceremony, for I wish to talk freely to you. Call me simply "sir." You know the Patriarch well?'

'I lived under his roof,' said Philip, 'as a son for many years. Oh, sire!' he added passionately, 'would that your Imperial mind had never been abused by false tales about him. Never was there a more innocent or a holier man.'

Arcadius was quite unaccustomed to hear himself addressed in language of such frank simplicity; but it was a pleasant experience, though he hardly knew what to say in reply. After a little pause, he said, 'You are quite right to speak to me without reserve.' Then he added, 'I fear you have suffered for your faithfulness to him.'

'I have suffered fearfully, sir,' said Philip, the tears rushing to his eyes; 'but it would all be nothing if your Sublimity would recall him from his cruel exile.'

'Emperors cannot always do what they will, any more than other men,' said Arcadius, with a sigh. 'If I had better bishops near me, it might be so. But power is much more a semblance than a reality. I speak to you unreservedly, and I know that you will respect my confidence. But though it is impossible for me to recall the Patriarch John, I can at least do something for *you*, who are his friend. Shall you still live here?'

'Oh! sir, I *could* not live here,' said Philip. 'Every street teems for me with terrible memories. When things are a little settled at Antioch, God will suffer me, I trust, to return to the city of my birth.'

'Are you married?'

'No,' said Philip, with a blush; 'but ——'

'I see,' said Arcadius, with a smile. 'Is she a lady of Constantinople?'

'She was the daughter, sir, of Michael, of whom your Majesty has heard, in the Chalkoprateia; but they are now living near the holy Nazareth.'

'Then listen,' said the Emperor. 'These are dangerous days. The barbarian Rhadagais is marching with hosts of Alans and Ostrogoths to ravage Italy. The Isaurians make fierce incursions into Palestine. Amid these troubles I want to consult the holy Nilus. I am sending a letter to him by the Chamberlain Briso, who will travel with an escort. But I want some man of resource to travel with him. You shall go, if you will; and then you can go on to Nazareth.'

Philip eagerly thanked him, and embraced the offer.

'I will not forget you when you return with your bride to Antioch; you shall be under my protection,' said Arcadius, kindly. 'But now tell me about your Patriarch. Is he very wretched at Cucusus?'

'No, sire,' said Philip. 'The place is bleak and frightful and dangerous; but he has found many friends, and is still engaged in holy works, and all who are best in the Church of Christ still look up to him.'

Arcadius sighed again. 'Oh that I could recall what has happened!' he said. 'But the bishops, and clergy, and all society united against him; and I was helpless. It was not my fault. Severian and the others took the guilt on their own heads. Does the Patriarch hate me? Does he curse me? Is that why these calamities befall me?'

'Nay, sire,' said Philip, 'you know him not; so far from cursing you, he daily prays for you. There is no word of Christ that he quotes more often than "Forgive your enemies; love them that hate you; pray for them that spitefully use you and persecute you."'

'I thank you for those words,' said Arcadius; 'they are a comfort to me. Do you ever write to him?'

'Yes, sir,' said Philip; 'as often as opportunity occurs.'

'Then tell him — but privately, you understand — that the Emperor asks both his pardon and his prayers. Oh that Eudoxia could but have been reconciled to him before her sad death!'

The eyes of the Emperor filled with tears. 'I have spoken to you very openly, Philip,' he cried; 'but I can always recognise one whom I may trust. I have been glad to talk with you. I will not forget you.' He held out his hand, and Philip, sinking on his knee, kissed it. Arcadius

seemed unwilling to part with him. It was very long since he had ever held any frank, human intercourse with anyone, and he enjoyed it.

'Is it quite impossible to retain you in my service?' he asked.

'Oh, sir, it is your right to command, and gladly would I do my very utmost to serve you. But may it not be elsewhere, not in this terrible city, and among the clergy who have tortured me, my father, and my friends?'

'Be it so, then; though I am sorry. Yet, is there nothing more I can do for you now?'

'Sir, Antioch is thrown into confusion under the new bishop whom Severian has thrust upon her. He hates the Patriarch John, and would persecute me. One line from you to Anthemius, the Patrician, the Præfect of the East, would secure my peace and safety.'

'You shall have it,' said the Emperor, and, dipping his stylus in the huge golden inkstand on the table, inlaid with lapis lazuli, which stood beside his gorgeous chair, he wrote on a strip of vellum, in the delicate calligraphy for which his little son also afterwards became famous:

'On pain of our displeasure we forbid all to molest our servant, Philip. He may communicate with whom he will. — Signed, ARCADIUS.'

'There!' said the Emperor; 'and now kiss my hand once more. But do not let this be the last time I see you.'

The autograph was in the famous purple ink which none but emperors might use on pain of death.

Philip poured forth his thanks, bent his knee, kissed once more the sallow hand of the Emperor, and retired.

CHAPTER LXII

PHILIP VISITS ST. NILUS

Let Sinai tell, for she beheld His might,
And God's own darkness veiled her awful height. — *HEBER.*

BRISO and the escort were to start with the letter to St. Nilus in ten days. Philip wrote to Chrysostom, cheered his heart with the confidential account of his interview with the Emperor, and said that he would write as often as was possible. Then he bade an affectionate and deeply grateful farewell to Olympias. 'To you, lady,' he said, 'I owe my very life. Never shall I kneel to God in prayer without remembering your name. May He lighten your burden of sorrow, and brighten the clouds around your heart with His eternal rainbow!'

'Farewell, Philip,' said Olympias; 'our Patriarch has taught me not to find a fatal stumbling-block in my adversities; and my parting present to you shall be his treatise to me on the truth—which may well be a guide to you throughout your life—that "No one is injured save by himself."'

Philip's keen interest in seeing the world, and the near prospect of meeting Miriam once more, made the voyage full of delight to him. Briso was a kind, pleasant companion. Sailing down the Propontis, and past the blue Symplegades, and then along the coast of the Troad and Lesbos, they touched first at the port of Ephesus, and saw the scene of the labours of St. Paul. Then they sailed among the isles of Greece, and across the Mediterranean to Alexandria. It was well for them that they were bearers of letters from the Emperor, and had an escort, for this secured them from the deadly machinations of Theophilus. After catching a rapid glimpse of the marvels of Egypt, they crossed the desert, and Philip gazed up with unde-

scribable awe on the bare crags of Sinai from under its purple shadows. The cell which Nilus had built for himself was on the little plateau in which is the cleft in the rock where tradition says that Elijah hid himself when he heard the voice of the Lord. It is a hollow enclosed by granite cliffs, and with one tall cypress in the centre, pointing, as it were, heavenwards with funereal finger.

The story of Nilus singularly illustrates the strange vicissitudes and intense religious emotions of the fourth century. He was a man of tall stature, stately presence, and masculine beauty, who had entered into the career of official life, had won great successes at Constantinople, and had even reached the lofty position of Præfect of the East. He had married, and was the father of two sons, and there seemed no doubt that he would die a statesman, wealthy, full of years, and crowned with civic honours. Suddenly, however, the convictions of religious life took hold of him, and in the overpowering contemplation of the three last things — death, judgment, and eternity — all that the world could offer seemed to slip into dust and ashes. In 390, without a word of public warning, he renounced the world, and, taking with him his son Theodulus, retired to the desert of Mount Sinai. Like the great Arsenius, the tutor of Arcadius and Honorius, who followed his example four years later, he had up to that time lived amid the splendour of a luxurious Court, attended by 'slaves in silken garments with golden girths.' Now he abandoned wealth and place, and retired to Mount Sinai, there to acquire a new and far more extraordinary power as the fearless oracle of the Christian world. But he had not escaped from severe trials. He found that even on Mount Sinai he had to wrestle with the demons of temptation no less than in the world. Barbarous marauders invaded the desert, and carried off many of the hermits, and among them Nilus and his son. They dismissed Nilus, but reserved the young Theodulus to sacrifice him to the Morning Star. But after the carouse of the night the barbarians overslept themselves, and the propitious hour of morning twilight was lost. To save themselves trouble they sold Theodulus into slavery, and in time he fell into the hands of a bishop, with whom Nilus

found him. Struck with admiration for their goodness, the bishop compelled them both to accept ordination.

Briso and Philip, with the escort, climbed the steep ascent of Sinai, and Philip had often to lend his arm laughingly to the panting eunuch, who, accustomed to the luxurious ease of the palace, grumbled at the unwonted hardships to which he was exposed. When they reached the plateau where the cell of Nilus stood, beside a single almond-tree of which the pink blossoms were shining in the dawn of spring, the far-famed hermit and his son came out, and gave them a courteous welcome. Briso presented the Emperor's letter, and Nilus said that he would write and seal his answer that evening. During the day he talked long and earnestly with Philip about Chrysostom, for whom he had the highest admiration, which the dangerous vicinity of Theophilus did not prevent him from expressing. 'Surely,' he said, 'if, by giving up the world, a hermit has not learnt fearlessness in the cause of God, he has gained nothing.' He did not hesitate to express extreme disapproval of the conduct of Arcadius. 'And why does he send to me?' he asked indignantly. 'Arsenius is near us, in the Sketic desert. That truly great and holy man was his tutor and godfather, and is far worthier than I to advise and to pray for him.'

'His Eternity the Emperor ——,' said Briso.

'Tush! you are not in the Palace, but in the cell of Nilus, on Mount Sinai.'

'Well, his Clemency Arcadius never liked the great Arsenius.'

'Because he did his duty to him, and chastised him,' said Nilus, 'which Arcadius was too little-minded to forgive.'

Briso shuddered, and raised up a deprecating hand. Was it not high treason to listen to such remarks?

'But what could one expect of a training in which mere children like Arcadius and Honorius sat, while their tutor stood?'

'But,' said Briso, 'his Eternity Theodosius ——'

'His Eternity is dead,' said Nilus, smiling.

'Pardon me,' said Briso; 'it is only a phrase which I repeat from habit. Theodosius came in, and seeing his

boys seated while their tutor stood, was so angry that he indignantly deprived them both of their imperial ornaments.'

'Well done!' said the hermit.

'Do you think I might see the great Arsenius?' asked Philip.

'I would willingly introduce you to him,' said Nilus, kindly; 'but his temper is stern, his love of silence and solitude is a passion. He says, "I am often sorry for having spoken, never for having held my tongue." He would scarcely even allow the Patriarch Theophilus to visit him, and did not so much as offer him a seat. If the mood was on him, he might drive you away with stones, as he once did another visitor; or treat you as John the Dwarf treated *him*, who, though he knew how great Arsenius had been, merely flung him a biscuit, and let him eat it on his knees. No, you had better not visit him.'

They left the next morning, and Nilus gave to Briso his answer to the Emperor. Had Briso known the contents of the missive he would have trembled to give it to Arcadius. For Nilus wrote bitter reproaches against the Emperor for having exiled Chrysostom. 'When I heard of his banishment,' said Nilus, 'I was lightning-struck with the fire of grief. You have quenched the lamp of truth and silenced the trumpet of God.'

If the earthquakes at Constantinople had continued Arcadius would doubtless have been more deeply impressed by the rebukes of St. Nilus: but as they had ceased to shake the foundations of the Palace, he relapsed into his usual masterly inactivity, and let matters take their course.

CHAPTER LXIII

PHILIP AND ST. JEROME

Augustior urbe Romana — Bethleem. — JER. *Eq.* liv. 13.

At this point Briso and Philip parted, for the Chamberlain was eager to return to the ease of the capital, and Philip no less eager to make his way to Nazareth. Theodulus, who was about his own age, kindly undertook to be his guide as far as Gaza, and on the way he caught a glimpse of not a few monasteries, and saw something of the lives of hermits. If Nilus and Theodulus had won his admiration, he was entirely disenchanted by the narrowness, dirt, ignorance, and ferocious bigotry which were rampant among some of those who, in virtue of a self-denial which cost them far less than holiness would have done, passed for exalted saints.

At Gaza he was welcomed by the dear old Bishop Porphyrius, with whose simple and unsophisticated piety he was greatly charmed. Porphyrius sped him on his way rejoicing to Jerusalem, where he received the genial hospitality of the excellent Bishop John. His visit was rendered more delightful by the admiration which John both felt and expressed for his beloved father and master, Chrysostom. The Bishop, entering into the youth's enthusiasm, went with him to many of the sacred places round the city. The Holy Land became to Philip a fifth Gospel. He had seen for many years an utter perversion of the true Christian ideal, a staining of the crystal river of the Water of Life by turbid influxes of Pagan superstition and half-Pagan, half-Jewish ritual. He had been alienated by a combination of excited babble about incomprehensible formulæ, with a savage intolerance which looked with more fury on a barely intelligible diver-

gence of opinion than on the most flagrant violation of the moral law. He had seen the whiteness of leprosy hypocritically parading itself as the whiteness of innocence. He had seen priests and bishops combining the attitude of professional sanctity with the abjectness of intriguing hatred, and posing as saints while they acted like ruffians. He had seen the most ostentatious Pharisaism devoid of the elementary Christian graces, and had heard men prate of an ideal which, in their *practice*, was indistinguishable from the most reprobate worldliness. Nothing could have repressed the disgust which often crept over him had it not been for the influence of Chrysostom, the happy innocence of his friends David and Eutyches, the gentle self-sacrifice of Olympias and Nicarete, and the large-hearted simplicity of Michael, the Desposynos. 'If this be Christianity,' he had often said to himself amid the seething ecclesiastical vileness of Constantinople — 'if this be Christianity, it is a failure; and if this be the Church, then the gates of hell have largely prevailed against it.'

While his mind was thus troubled the storm of ruin had burst upon him, and, if his faith had been but a house built upon the sand, it would have been swept into indistinguishable collapse. But God had spoken to him in his anguish, and a star had shone down upon him out of the midnight. He had learnt to see that the true Church was neither one particular organisation nor one sacerdotal caste, but that it was the congregation of all true Christian men throughout the world, the mystical body of Christ, which is the blessed company of all faithful people.

In Palestine, it seemed to him as if he could better apprehend the eternal teachings of the very Christ, and that he could see what the Gospel was without having to catch mere glimpses of it through the lurid mists of priestly usurpation, worldly corruption, and clanging controversies. The few days he spent at Jerusalem were to him days of memorable happiness, as he gazed on the city from the spot where Christ had wept over it on the Mount of Olives; as he wandered to the ruins of the house of the two sisters, and saw the grave of Lazarus at Bethany; as he stood awestruck on the traditional site of Golgotha; as he knelt to worship in the Church of the Holy

Sepulchre, and trod on the platform-site of that ruined temple where Jesus had so often taught. He would wander for hours by himself down the valleys of Hinnom and of Jehoshaphat, and round the hills which stand about Jerusalem. He mused for many solemn moments under the ragged and wind-swept tree on Aceldama, the scene of the suicide of Judas; and one night, never to be forgotten—it was the eve of Holy Thursday—he went through the Golden Gate, wandered under the huge gnarled olives in the Wady of the Kedron, and stood under the flood of moonlight, alone, beneath the olive-tree of the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, amid

Solitary thinkings such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain.

To move alone with his thoughts amid such scenes was to leave the stained river, and to bathe himself afresh in the fountains of the dawn. He was, naturally, anxious to visit the cavern of the Nativity, and the Bishop gave him a letter to St. Jerome, whose name was famous throughout the world. Philip shrank from meeting him, for he knew that Jerome had translated into Latin the shameful letter of Theophilus, and had thus given it vogue throughout the Western Empire. But he overcame this repugnance, and compelled himself to forgive an outrage which could, he felt, have been due to ignorance alone.

The old scholar, who always had a kindly feeling for the young, received him graciously—and he could be *very* gracious when he chose. Philip would have liked to ask him some questions about the saintly Origen, and his larger hopes for the future of ruined man; but he was aware how easily the jealous suspicion of Jerome took the alarm, and how he was terrified out of himself by the faintest supposition that he could entertain any sympathy for a man whom the current religious ignorance denounced as heretical. But when he talked of the birth of Christ, and asked Jerome to lead him into the Chapel of the Nativity, the old man's eye grew bright. 'Ah!' he said, 'let me go with you. Never can I be weary of that most sacred spot. This cavern was the magnet which drew me

hither from Rome. It makes Bethlehem the most august spot in the world, because there, as the Psalmist sings, *Veritas orta est*. Here I become little with the Little One. Here I offer to Him my sins for His forgiveness.'

He took Philip by the hand, and led him from the cavern in which he lived, and in which he had made the great Latin version of the Bible, into the adjoining cavern, once the stable of the village inn at Bethlehem where was born

The Child
Whose tender, winning arts,
Have to His little arms beguiled
So many wounded hearts.

With indescribable emotion the youth and the old man knelt down by the little silver star round which ran the inscription, *Hic de Virgine Maria Christus natus est*.

Philip left Bethlehem with a courteous and respectful farewell to the world-famous eremite. Jerome had prepared for him a little collation, at which he had the honour of seeing the saintly Roman ladies, Paula and Eustochium. They had left their gilded palaces on the Aventine to accompany the great man, who, when he was secretary to Pope Damasus, had initiated them, and so many of the noblest ladies of Rome, into the mysteries of Hebrew and the principles of Scriptural interpretation, and whom in those days everyone had expected to be elected to the Bishopric of Rome whenever it should fall vacant. But Jerome had incurred the fate of all those who are intolerant of vice and imposture, and, exactly as Chrysostom had done, he had made a deadly enemy of every dandy monk and vicious priest—and there were not a few of both classes—in the great city. In spite of the moral blamelessness of his life, he found himself enwrapped in such a sulphurous storm of slander that he had left the capital of Christendom denouncing her as Babylon, and a 'purple-clad harlot,' and, almost with a curse, shaking her dust from off his feet.

'You must be very happy here, Father?' said Philip, 'away from the storm and stress of Rome.'

'Happy!' answered Jerome. 'Who is happy? Yes, I am happy in the sense that, with many imperfections, I

still strive to serve God, and devote myself to the service of His Son. I am happy in the sense that my sins are forgiven for Christ's sake, and I have that peace, deep within, which the surface hurricanes cannot shake. And I am happy in this holy cave, and in the shady walks of Bethlehem, and when I see the flowers bloom and hear the song of birds in spring. But as for what the world calls happiness, it is not here. If there be any sunshine within myself, there is little or none in my surroundings. God has not seen fit to preserve me from the strife of tongues, and doubtless the fault lies largely in myself. Ah! young man, if you seek for what *this* world calls happiness, crawl along the hedge-bottoms; lie low; never unmask an imposture, never rebuke a vice, never embrace an unpopular cause, never propound a distasteful truth; join the multitude, swim with the stream, answer the Church according to her idols. Then you will be popular, and all men will praise your moderation, and, if you take orders, you may even become Patriarch of your native Antioch.

'And then ——?' said Philip.

'I see,' said Jerome, 'I need say no more. God has taught you to estimate things aright. Farewell! and take with you an old man's blessing.'

CHAPTER LXIV

PHILIP AND THE DESPOSYNI

Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which . . . were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*, Part I., I. 1.

THUS far the journey of Philip had been a very happy one; and it became even happier. God, who had caused all His waves and storms to roll over the young man's head, was now leading him through sunshine in 'green pastures and beside still waters.'

Leaving the kindly hospitality of the Bishop of Jerusalem, he rode northwards, stopping with an interest which can be imagined at Bethel and Shiloh, and resting for an hour by Jacob's well to read from his manuscript of St. John's Gospel the discourse of Christ to the woman of Samaria. Thence he made his way to En Gannin, the turbulent Samaritan village on which the Sons of Thunder had desired to call down fire from heaven; and so into the great plain of Jezreel. At Jezreel he rested for a night, wandering all the evening over the hills of Gilboa, and visiting the fountains which were the traditional scene of Gibeon's test of his followers, and of David's encounter with the giant. Thence, with Tabor in sight, and snowy Hermon, he crossed one of the streams of that ancient river, the river Kishon, and approached the hills of Galilee. Here, at the entrance of the narrow ascent in the limestone rocks which leads to Nazareth, he had the immense delight of seeing his friend David, who had come to meet him with mules and refreshments. They spread a carpet on the abundant green grass among the vernal flowers under the pomegranates, and in their happy talk, which

blossomed with a thousand memories, David noticed with delight that though a shadow sometimes seemed to brood over the horizon of his friend's mind, he was again the bright and genial Philip of former days. In answer to eager questions, he told Philip that they could reach Lubiye, which was the ancient home of the Desposyni, in two days, and that there he would find Miriam well and happy, and looking forward to his visit with an anticipation which was too intense for her expression.

The sweet, green valley, with its palms and white houses opened beneath them as they rode up the mountain-path; and here and there — for it happened to be a day of festival — they met little laughing groups of the bright children of Nazareth in their many-coloured tunics and kaftans. Then they passed the fountain by the side of which the maidens of Nazareth, so famed for the heritage of beauty with which the Virgin is said to have endowed them, were already assembled, carrying their earthen pitchers gracefully on their heads or on their shoulders. One of these, the loveliest of the band, glanced up shyly at David with laughter in her eyes. The radiant smile with which he met her glance seemed to transfigure his whole face. Philip looked inquiringly at him. 'We will follow that maiden at a little distance,' said David, demurely; 'we are to rest at her father's house to-night.'

'Is that all, David?' said Philip. 'Why did you not tell me before? It would have added so much to my happiness.'

'You have guessed my secret,' said David, blushing like a boy. 'Yes, Philip, I am engaged to Ruth, daughter of Andrew of Nazareth. He is a merchant. As we are to be his guests, you will see my betrothed, who is more beautiful even than your Miriam.'

'That I deny,' said Philip.

'And as good.'

'That is impossible. But I congratulate you, David, with all my heart.'

They found a delightful meal outspread for them in the cool court, beside a plashing fountain, and Philip was delighted at the tameness of the white doves, which would nestle on their shoulders, waiting to be fed. Everything

about the house was beautiful, yet simple, and when David went out with him to see Nazareth, Philip was gracious enough to acknowledge that, though the young Ruth could not, indeed, be compared with Miriam, she was full of grace; and he grasped his friend's hand with hearty congratulation.

They went to the shop where He had toiled whom men called 'the carpenter of Nazareth.' They saw the scenes of that sinless childhood which had grown up 'in wisdom, and stature, and favour, with God and man.' David showed the green mound where, as legend said, the boys of Nazareth had chosen the boy Jesus for their King, and crowned Him with a wreath of flowers, and made every passer-by come and kneel to Him with homage. Then they climbed the hill of Nazareth, where He must have stood so often with the wind in His bright hair and on His cheek, as He gazed towards the blue Mediterranean, beyond the purple heights of Carmel, or northwards to snowy Hermon, or to the plain below the hills on which His village stood, which has ever been the battlefield of Palestine.

Enchanted with all that he had seen, Philip was still eager to press on, and early the next morning, when they had breakfasted in the open courtyard, under its sheltering vine, the mules stood ready for them, and they made their way past Cana of Galilee—where were still shown the six water-pots of stone—to Lubiye. On its low hills stood the humble farm and hamlet which for four centuries had been handed on from father to son in the family of Jude, the Lord's brother. Michael stood at the door to meet them, and half-hidden behind him stood Miriam. It would require greater skill than mine to describe the rapture with which the long-parted lovers met; but as they were betrothed, and betrothal was little less sacred than marriage, Philip was allowed to raise the girl's veil, kiss her cheek, and fold her in his arms in one long embrace. Then he gently pushed her back to gaze on her face, to which the dawn of womanhood had added a more perfect loveliness. Not less earnest was her gaze on him. Seas of bitter anguish had flowed between them, and though the laughter of youth still lingered on the lips and

in the eyes of Philip, an indefinable shadow, as of death, had passed over them; and it saddened her.

'Am I so changed, Miriam?' he asked, reading every thought which expressed itself on her guileless features; and as she was silent for a moment, he cried, 'Oh, Miriam! am I not the Philip whom you knew in those happy days? Have illness and grief and torture made me different from him whom once you loved?'

Her only answer was to hide her face on his shoulder. 'You are changed, my Philip,' she murmured; 'but the change has left you no less beautiful, no less dear. Anguish has passed over that happy face, but has not left it less full of love. Perhaps, Philip,' she added, looking up — 'perhaps, if God grant it, I may help to bring the old sunlight into it again in years to come.'

He could not speak. He could only fold her to his heart.

The rigid etiquette of Eastern life was a little relaxed in the simple home at Lubiye. The Gospel had elevated women. From being the slaves and playthings of men, thrust into dull and unintellectual seclusion, they had been uplifted into equals and helpmeets. They could move about far more freely than of old; and Miriam had never been a mere silent, soulless, muffled shadow in her father's house, but the light of her home, and the constant sharer in her father's and her brother's thoughts. Hence, in these days she had many opportunities to talk long and earnestly with Philip over the future and the past, and they found more and more that, not only were their hearts knit together in the bonds of perfect love, but also that they thought alike on many subjects of the deepest import. For the thoughts of Miriam about the most sacred and solemn things were of that large and simple character which, since the days of Christ, had remained unaltered in the family of His earthly kin.

Those were delightful days! David showed Philip how their shepherds knew the sheep, and called them by name, and walked in front of them, followed by the flocks, and sought the lost lambs among the hills. It was spring-time. The branches of the palms were green; the vines gave a sweet smell; the voice of the turtle was heard in the

land. Seated with Miriam and David by some fountain-side, and often outstretched on the soft green turf, Philip was never tired of watching the eagles soaring overhead in the deep blue, and the white pelicans winging their way to the lake beneath, and the playful, crested hoopoes, and the bright flash of the roller-bird, which looked like a living sapphire. He would pluck the lilies-of-the-field, the scarlet tulips, the purple arum, the golden amaryllis, and bid Miriam weave a garland from them for her dark hair. He would watch the doves settle upon some dusty heap of the village potsherds, and then 'reflect the sunshine from every varying plume' as they soared upwards; and he thought of his own present happiness, and of the verse, 'Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, which is covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold.'

'But are you not afraid of the Isaurians?' he once asked suddenly, as though it was impossible that such peaceful happiness should continue on this earth.

'Not to any terrible extent,' said David. 'They have made one great raid, but their object is not to devastate hamlets. They have a notion that vast treasures are hidden in Jerusalem, and specially in the tombs of the kings; so they sweep downwards like a torrent, and though they do mischief and cause anxiety, we have not suffered much from them. Lubiye^h lies out of their main routes, of which one leads to Tyre and down the coast, and the other the way of Genesareth, by Galilee of the Gentiles.'

'But we have been attacked by chance bands of the marauders,' said Miriam.

'Don't look so alarmed, Philip,' said David, laughing. 'We have scouts as far away as Lebanon, and whenever the Isaurians are on the march fires flash from the top of Hermon, and from hill to hill, in a moment, so that we have the amplest notice of danger.'

'Besides which we have a secret way of escape,' said Miriam; 'show it him, David, for he looks as frightened as if he saw the Isaurians now.'

'What! show our secret to this worst of Isaurian marauders, who is going to take you from us, Miriam?'

'Yes, do,' said Philip, 'and then you will not be tempted

to hide Miriam when I come with an army to demand her, as I shall do if you don't take care. You forget,' he said, laughing, 'that his Eternity of Constantinople is now my warm friend, and I am his ambassador; so look out!'

'We can't escape this terrible personage and tremendous courtier, Miriam,' said David. 'Come along, then.'

He led him a little way down the hill on which they were sitting, and showed him more than one unsuspected cavern of large dimensions, of which the entrances were so much hidden by tangled masses of creepers and foliage as to be only observable when you came close to them.

'These are our fortresses,' he said. 'Into one of these caverns we drive some of our choicest cattle. It winds under the hill, and has an opening out of sight on the farther side. We leave out some of our sheep, and some of our corn and wine and oil, for the brigands to seize if they like. Then we carry all that we possess which is of any real value into other caverns more hidden than this, in which also our women and children are sheltered under an armed guard. They could defend its entrance against hundreds of men, and it also has a secret exit if the worst came to the worst. But the robbers have never found their way to the cavern, and have been content merely to take toll as they passed—like you, you worse Isaurian!'

'And who is going to act the Isaurian in a certain home of Nazareth?' said Philip.

'Oh! that is quite different. Nazareth is near. For instance, Andrew and his household are coming to visit us to-day, for Ruth is a dear friend of Miriam's. But you are going to take off your booty to the ends of the earth.'

'Only to Antioch,' said Philip. 'If you are very good, you shall come and visit us there.'

Michael was rich, and pitying from his heart the heavy trials which his young future son-in-law had suffered, he did his utmost to make him happy. He planned a delightful excursion of a week to the Sea of Galilee, with mules and tents and attendants, in which not only Miriam was to accompany them, but also the merchant Andrew and his daughter.

They stopped first at Kurn Hattîn, the Mountain of .

Beatitudes, and on its summit read aloud the sermon on the Mount. Then they made their way past the little hamlet of Hattîn, where Christ had healed the leper; down the Vale of Doves, with the aromatic herbs scenting the air beneath their feet; under the caverns of the robbers whom Herod had driven out. Then they passed the village of Magdala, of which the ruins and the mud huts were covered with masses of purple convolvulus; and so down to the shining level of the silver inland sea. It was an intense joy to Philip to wander over the rich and sunny plains of Genesareth, to ride under the pink bowers of flowering oleander, which reminded him of the banks of the Orontes; to watch the black-and-white kingfishers seated patiently on the plumed reeds, and every now and then darting down on a fish which passed through the crystal waves with a gleam of silver or of gold. He and David bathed on the lovely strip of silver sand beside Bethsaida, where the fishermen Peter and Andrew and the sons of Zebedee had so often mended their nets. They listened to the twittering of the numberless little brown birds in the watercourses, of which, as Philip recalled, not one falleth to the ground unmarked of God. They visited the ruined marble synagogue, with the pot of manna carved over its lintel, in which Christ had preached at Capernaum. They stood astonished amid the maze of confused *débris* which were once the 'Chorazin' on which Christ had pronounced His 'woe.' They took boats, and rowed and sailed across to the Wady Kerza, the scene of the healing of the Gergesene demoniac, and to the grassy, flowery little plain at the north of the Lake where Christ had fed the five thousand; and they climbed the hill to the summit of which He had fled to find calm and solitude for prayer.

As he moved among these scenes an indescribable peace and brightness flowed over the soul of Philip. He seemed to recover the simplicity and sincerity which were in Christ Jesus, the exultation and unrippled surface of that pure, sweet faith which was the heritage of the early Christians. The corrupted Christianity of Constantinople, with its sanctimonious hypocrisies and deeply seated worldliness, seemed to slip off from him, like some cope whose heavy

golden broideries were stiff with pomp, but stained through and through with defacing stains. He saw the Church of Christ in her white robe and bridal flower, clad in her maiden purity, with the words of simple faith and simple hope upon her lips, and Christ's banner over her of love. He found it infinitely less difficult to realise the true teaching of Christ on the shores of Galilee than in the churches of Severian and Arsacius.

To Philip these scenes and memories had been as a fountain in the wilderness, but now they were coming to an end. He shrank from another year of separation from Miriam amid the trials and tumults of the world. They were all sitting together outside their tents one lovely evening, while before them the Lake gleamed in the sunset:

Clear silver water in a cup of gold
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara.
It gleamed — His lake — the Sea of Chinnereth —
The waves He loved, the waves that kissed His feet
So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves!
O little silver, happy sea, far-famed,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara!

He was holding Miriam's hand, and David was sitting on the grass at the feet of Ruth. With a sudden burst of feeling, he turned to Michael and said, 'Oh, sir! Oh, father! why should you postpone our marriage for another year? Life is short and uncertain; the times are troubled. If I am to go wandering about for twelve long months, who can tell what may happen? The cup of innocent happiness has been at our lips; why should we put it down?'

Michael mused a little. 'Philip,' he said at last, 'it may be that it would be an error to postpone your union with Miriam, and David's with Ruth. But ought you not at least to visit Antioch first, and to see that you really have a home ready for your wedded life, which, in God's will, may last for years to come?'

'I will fly to Antioch on wings, and make all things ready.'

'Will not Bishop Porphyry have something to say to you? Will Antioch be horrible Constantinople over again?'

Philip smiled. Loyal respect for the Emperor's confidence, he had only told them in general terms of his visit to Arcadius, and of the pension bestowed upon him. Now he mysteriously opened a little embroidered bag which hung round his neck, and which Miriam had given him. It contained the carcanet of coins which was so precious a relic, and the pledge of their betrothal, and a strip of folded vellum. Unspreading this on the palm of his hand, he displayed before their astonished eyes the protective autograph which Arcadius had given him.

'Why, Philip,' said David, 'we shall yet see you Count of the East! Who ever heard of such condescension on the part of "his Eternity" as to give his edict in autograph to ——?'

'To a mere clerk, you meant to say, David,' said Philip with a hearty laugh. 'But though the poor clerk is now comparatively a rich man, he won't quite be Count of the East. Yet, though he is not the rose, he is near it; for Anthemius, the new Count of the East, loves our father, John, and will be kind to Miriam and me for his sake.'

'Philip,' said Michael, 'it shall be as you say. You know that though we live here so simply, I still have some interest in commerce ——'

'Nearly all his gains are given to the poor,' whispered David.

'— and one of my vessels will sail in a day or two for Asia. It can stop at Seleucia, and you can land there for Antioch. If you find your home in readiness, come back at once. You shall be wedded to Miriam, and David to Ruth, on the same day, God willing, in the Church at Nazareth.'

CHAPTER LXV

TWO HAPPY BRIDALS

The vested priest before the altar stands ;
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
Of God and chosen friends your troth to plight
With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
Solemnly joined. — WORDSWORTH.

PHILIP was not slow to carry out the suggestions of the Desposynos. The ship bore him to Seleucia with soft and favouring gales. Again, as in his boyhood, he saw Mount Casius, crowned by the now ruinous Temple of Zeus, flinging its huge dark purple shadow over the Ægean. Again he passed the enchanting grove of Daphne, with its wilderness of roses, its shrine of St. Babylas, and its scathed Temple of the Sun-God. Again he saw the Orontes glimmering under its blossoming groves. Again he traversed the road over which he had followed the chariot which bore Chrysostom away; he passed through the Golden Gate; gazed up at the huge Charonium; saw the lovely statue of 'the Fortune of the City'; shuddered as he rode by the Prætorium and the Court of Justice, which had witnessed his boyish agony; looked up at the stately building with which Rufinus had bribed into silence the murmurs of Antioch at the brutal murder of Count Lucian; saw the wild gorge of the Parthenius, up which he had gone in the early morning with Anthusa to the cave of Macedonius; and, thrilling through and through with commingling memories of shadow and sunshine, entered Singon Street, and stood before the old familiar door from which he had stepped forth less than eight years ago.

Less than eight years! Yet what unfathomable seas seemed to separate him from the light-hearted boy whom Chrysostom and Anthusa had snatched from misery and

death to share their home with him, and to treat him as a much-loved son.

Old Phlegon opened the door at his summons, started to see him, trembled, and then, in the sudden rush of emotion, fell back and almost fainted.

‘Master Philip!’ he murmured.

‘Ah! Phlegon,’ said Philip, gaily. ‘Cheer up, dear old friend. To you, I see, I am still the little boy. But, Phlegon, please God! I am coming here to live with you all always, and to bring back with me a blooming bride.’

‘Miriam?’ said the old man, with a faint smile.

‘Yes, Miriam, about whom our Eutyches used so often to chaff me.’

‘Tell me about my dear, dear master, the Patriarch.’

‘He is, as you know, at Cucusus, in Armenia; but he is very active in God’s cause, and, in spite of exile, and trouble, and cold, and sickness, many are kind to him, and he is happy because he trusts in God.’

‘Oh, master Philip!’ said the old slave, ‘why do you not go to him? I would myself go in a moment, but I am old, and, even if I survived the journey, I should be useless to him.’

‘Do you think I would not have shared his exile had it been possible?’ said Philip, reproachfully. ‘But for many weeks and months after his banishment I lay in helpless sickness, from which, but for Olympias, I could never have recovered; and when I got better he would not allow me join him at Cucusus. I implored him to let me come; but he said — and I know that he said truly — that the thought of making me unhappy — though I should not have been unhappy with him — would weigh him down, and add to the soreness of his trial. *I could* not join him contrary to his express command and wish. You know all that happened at Constantinople?’

‘I heard that they had tortured you, master Philip. Oh! how often I have wept for you, and for my master. Weeping and prayer — that has been my life for many a long day! And — that dear young boy, Eutyches — will he come with you?’

‘Don’t you know, Phlegon? Alas! alas! how happy would he have been to be here with me to-day! and what

lovely sunshine his presence would have made! Phlegon, that fair face will never be seen on earth again.'

'Did they kill him?'

'Do not ask me now, Phlegon. I cannot bear it. But I know—I know that his beautiful spirit is now in bliss.'

All was in exquisite order in the old home. Until Porphyry had been intruded into the see Constantius, the chosen candidate of all the people, aided by his good sister Epiphania, had managed the property both of Chrysostom and of Philip. When Porphyry had driven him out of the city, he gladly shared the exile of Chrysostom at Cucusus, but by the ceaseless machinations of the bad usurper at Antioch had at last been driven to take refuge in Cyprus. Alexander, who ultimately succeeded Porphyry, and united the distracted see, had at his departure undertaken the same charge. Philip found the dear old home, of which every corner was so familiar to him, in perfect readiness to receive him, and his affairs were safe and flourishing.

After a day or two devoted to making arrangements and visiting all whom he knew and loved in Antioch, he flew back to Seleucia. He soon found a ship bound for Berytus, whence he made his way at his best speed to Nazareth and Lubiye.

Michael no longer desired to postpone the double marriage. It was to be celebrated at Nazareth, and Bishop John of Jerusalem undertook to come in person and perform it. The bright scene was long remembered. Michael was the chief person in the neighbourhood, and everyone in the little town knew and loved him. The church could not contain half the number of those who flocked to it, but they assembled outside, scattering roses of Sharon and lilies-of-the-valley before the brides and their maidens. Every boy in Nazareth who had any voice at all was trained to join in the marriage hymns, and rarely had such a volume of sound rung through the little basilica, and rarely had it witnessed so gay and bright a scene.

CHAPTER LXVI

PHILIP AT ANTIOCH

Que' fu al mondo persona orgogliosa. — DANTE, *Inf.* viii. 46.

IN the evening Michael ordered tables to be spread on the green turf round the fountain for the children of Nazareth, and gave them a happy meal. The scene — the gay dresses, the flowers, the balmy air, the pealing hymns, the assembled children, the beautiful maidens of Nazareth, of whom none were so beautiful as Miriam and Ruth — was one never to be forgotten; nor did the wedded pair ever forget the fervent and touching description of Christian homes given by Bishop John in his address to them.

‘Whence,’ he said, ‘are we to find words enough fully to set forth the happiness of that marriage which the Church cements, and the oblation confirms, and the Benediction signs and seals — of which angels carry the news to heaven, which God approves? How blessed is the marriage-bond of two believers, sharers in one hope, in one desire, in one discipline, in one and the same service! Both are brothers, both fellow-servants; the two are one flesh and one spirit. Together they pray, together they prostrate themselves before the throne of grace. Mutually they teach, mutually they exhort, mutually they sustain each other. They are alike in the Church of God, at the banquet of God, in straits, in persecutions, in refreshments. Neither conceals aught from the other; neither shuns the other; neither is troublesome to the other. With freedom they visit the sick, they relieve the indigent. Their alms, their sacrifices, their daily diligence find no impediment. They join in “psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,” in happy emulation of heart and voice.

When Christ sees and hears such things, He rejoices. To them He sends His peace. Where the two are there is He, and where He is the Evil One is not.¹

David and Ruth were still to live in the house of their father, for David was needed to relieve Michael of the cares of business and agriculture combined; but after a blissful week spent largely in the open air and under the woods beside the Sea of Galilee, Philip and his bride started on their journey to Antioch. They went by land, for Philip did not like to expose Miriam to the possible storms of the Mediterranean. They therefore travelled leisurely, and visited Tyre, and Sidon, and Damascus, and Berytus, on the way.

The household at Antioch was assembled to meet and greet them, scattering roses and lilies. Miriam entered with joy upon the modest duties of her home, while Philip watched for an opportunity to occupy his talents as best he could in the service of God and man.

He had scarcely been a month in Antioch when they were troubled by the imperious threats of Bishop Porphyry.

He was well aware that Philip was living in the house which belonged to Chrysostom, and had been regarded by him in the light of an adopted son. He hated Chrysostom with the concentrated hatred of a base nature; and he hated Philip for his sake, and was determined to use every means to crush him.

He therefore sent a priest to summon Philip into his presence, in order to coerce him into submission, and if he had not been under the immediate protection of the Emperor, Philip must either have fled from Antioch or suffered fresh experiences of priestly dungeons and priestly tortures. But as it was he knew that he was perfectly secure, and that Porphyry would never have dared to molest him had he been aware that he was under the sacrosanct shadow of Imperial kindness.

Philip dismissed the priest, whom he astonished by the message that he denied the right of Bishop Porphyry to summon him, but that as a matter of courtesy he would go.

¹ See Tertullian's *Ad Uxorem ad fin.*

Before he went, however, he thought it well to pay his respects to Anthemius, the Count of the East. The Count gave him a cordial welcome, and had the Emperor's commands to protect him. He had often seen him at the Patriarcheion, and knew in what high esteem he had been held by Chrysostom, whom he himself regarded with affectionate reverence. For the intruding Bishop of Antioch he felt a scarcely disguised contempt, and, on hearing that he meant to interfere with Philip's rights, he determined to surprise him by a visit at the very time at which he had ordered the young man to come.

So Philip went to the Bishop's palace, where he found himself received in the hall with the shrugs and sneers of Porphyry's clergy. He strode through the midst of them with indifference, only informing the attendant that he had come by the Bishop's appointment.

The attendant announced him, and came out, but Philip was not bidden to enter. He was left standing, and not being even asked to take a seat, he at last went and sat down on a bench at a distance, waiting for some message; but not a word was spoken to him, and there was a silence as of night, while the priests glowered on him with tragic countenances. Luncheon was going on, but he was ostentatiously ignored, as though he were not present at all.

Patience had never ranked among Philip's most conspicuous virtues, and as the attendants came in and out, summoning others who arrived later, but not admitting him into 'the shrine' where Porphyry sat, he at last started up, and said in a voice indignant enough to be heard not only through the hall but behind Porphyry's curtain:

'Tell Bishop Porphyry that he summoned me at this hour. If he does not wish to see me, I shall go. I have no time to waste.'

The priests, accustomed to the awful deference which their bishop demanded, were thunderstruck at the message.

'Insolent!' exclaimed one of them, advancing with a threatening gesture.

'Touch me with one of your fingers,' said Philip, 'and I will bring you before the Court of the Præfect.'

He turned round, and was striding out of the hall, when

the attendant hurried up, saying that he could now be admitted.

He entered the Bishop's presence in angry mood, and as he was received without even the semblance of courtesy, he did not choose to go on his knees and kiss the Bishop's hands, but contented himself with a slight bow.

'How dare you!' asked Porphyry, purple in the face with rage.

'How dare I — what?'

'How dare you come into my presence without an obeisance?'

'I did not know that they were regarded as compulsory.'

'Am I not a bishop?'

Philip was silent. 'You are no true bishop of Antioch,' he thought. 'You were intruded into the see, against the wishes of the people, by a conspiracy and a trick.'

Porphyry read his thoughts, and angrily exclaimed:

'I have sent to order you to communicate publicly with me, or to take the consequences.'

'I am unable to do so,' said Philip.

'I know your fanatical devotion to that impure demon, the expelled Patriarch of Constantinople; nevertheless, the Emperor's decree bids all men to communicate with me, and you shall do it.'

'He whom you call an impure demon,' said Philip, with flashing eyes, 'is a saint of God, whom I revere with all my heart.'

'Then you refuse to communicate with me?'

Philip remained silent.

'Ah!' said the Bishop. 'We will soon tame this contumacy. You have felt the rack before, I think? Was it pleasant?'

'I have felt the rack, and doubtless it might be your will to inflict it again,' said Philip, swept away with uncontrollable passion; 'but it will not be in your power.'

'His Excellency, the Count of the East is here with his lictors,' announced the attendant priest.

'Admit his Excellency,' said Porphyry, 'and take this young man out. I have not done with him.'¹

¹ See Greg. of Nyssa, Ep. 1. He was treated exactly in this way by the haughty Helladius, Bishop of Cæsarea.

'No!' said Philip, with a smile.

As Philip went out the Count was entering, and said to him, 'Come back with me; my visit concerns you.'

Anthemius greeted the Bishop with cold dignity, and said, 'I observe that my secretary, Philip, has been with you. I have come to tell your Religiosity that he is not to be molested by ecclesiastical squabbles.'

'Ecclesiastical squabbles!' exclaimed Porphyry. 'The Emperor's authority is, I should hope, loftier than that of your Excellency, and he has expressly ordered everyone in his dominions to hold the faith held by me, Theophilus of Antioch, and Acacius of Beroëa.'

'Do you question my orders?' asked Anthemius.

'I shall consult the Emperor on the subject, Count.'

'Be it so. Has your Religiosity ever seen the Emperor's autograph?'

'No.'

'Then you shall see it now. I have just received this order from him to take Philip into the public official service;' and Anthemius showed him an order written by the Emperor's own hand.

'That cannot cancel the previous edict,' said Porphyry, still resolute to coerce.

'But *this* exempts me from it,' said Philip. 'Your Religiosity will now be able to recognise both the purple ink and the Imperial signature.'

He laid on the table the protective order which the Emperor had given him. 'The Count of the East,' he added, 'is aware of what this order says. After this your Beatitude will perhaps think it safer to persecute the unprotected, and to leave me alone.'

Bishop Porphyry stared at the document, and grew pale. He greatly feared that Anthemius and Philip might make an unfavourable report of him to the Emperor. As he remained silent they bowed and withdrew. The priests, who came in expecting to receive an order from Porphyry to throw Philip into prison and confiscate his goods, were received by the discomfited Bishop with a burst of fury, and bidden never again to allude to the subject.

CHAPTER LXVII

THE EXILE AT CUCUSUS

'Dirotti brevemente' — mi rispose,
 Perch' io non temo di venir qua entro ;
 Temer si dee di sole quelle cose
 Ch' hanno potenza di fare altrui male :
 Dell' altre no, chè non son paurose.

DANTE, *Inf.* ii. 86-90.

AND now a prospect of the utmost peace and happiness seemed to open itself before the path of Philip. There was something about him which conciliated the regard of honest men, and Count Anthemius was attracted by his character, as the Præfect Aurelian had been, and so many others, including the Emperor himself. To be able to recognise capable and trustworthy men is one of the most valuable gifts which rulers can possess, and Anthemius possessed it in an eminent degree. He appointed Philip to a responsible and lucrative office in the Prætorium which placed him near his own person, gave him great influence, and offered opportunities for winning still higher distinction. To this public good fortune was added the singular happiness of Philip's home. He was surrounded by the household of Chrysostom, who were all Christians, and were of tried fidelity. Miriam, trained in refined simplicity which wealth had never tempted into luxury, not only proved herself an excellent manager of his domestic affairs, but also undertook with ardour those kindly offices among the poor which enabled her throughout life to realise how true it is that

The high desire that others may be bless'd
 Savours of heaven.

In due time a little son was born to them. Haunted by the memories of the past, and unwilling that prosperity

should make him forget them, Philip called his boy Eutyches, and the health and beauty of the infant seemed of good promise for the years to come. When the child was born Philip made his way to the cavern in which Macedonius, the barley-eater, still held his dim and dreary abode. Worn and ill, and often weighed down by unspeakable fits of sadness, the white-haired old man welcomed him with eagerness, and gladly assented to his request that he would come down and stand as godfather at the baptismal font for the firstborn of the young man whose life in his early boyhood he had made a brave effort to save. The kind consent of Macedonius was fertile of further consequences, for, now that years and infirmities were increasing upon him like a flood, he was persuaded to leave his cavern, only visiting it occasionally, and to make his home in a cell which they built for him in the valley hard by. Here he was close beside their home, and here Miriam could provide for him some of the alleviations necessitated by his state of health.

But never for a single day was Chrysostom absent from the thought of his foster-son. In one of the letters which they interchanged on every opportunity Philip had asked him always to be with him in spirit at five o'clock on every afternoon, that their mutual prayers might mingle, like incense in the golden censer of the great High Priest. Letters were often lost *en route*, for the brigands who infested every mountain-path frequently robbed the messengers, and made all communication precarious. Still, Chrysostom had been kept informed by Philip of his recovery, his travels, his marriage, his settlement in Antioch, his domestic felicity; and had again and again, with firm consideration, forbidden Philip to sacrifice his own young life—as he had been eager to do—by coming to Cucusus. Even this loving prohibition might have been unavailing if Philip had not been convinced that the difficulties of the Patriarch's situation were in some respects enhanced by the presence of every new visitor who came to see him in that far-away and afflicted town. Two devoted friends performed for him every office which a watchful love could suggest. One was his aunt, the Deaconess Sabiniana, his father's sister, a lady of exalted

saintliness; the other was the good presbyter Evethius, who had accompanied him on his journey. A rich citizen of Cucusus, named Dioscorus, had given up to his use his own house, which was the best in the town, and had himself retired to a neighbouring villa. Adelphius, the excellent bishop of this out-of-the-way retreat, thought no kindness burdensome which he could extend to the illustrious exile. Sopater, the governor, waited on him like a son. At first it seemed as if the tranquillity of his new home and the absence of tumults and enemies would be better for his health and happiness than Constantinople, with its measureless insults and cruel persecutions. But when the snows began to cover the peaks of Mount Taurus, and winter clutched the whole region in its icy grasp, the Patriarch's sufferings were cruel. He was shaken by a severe cough. If he kept up large fires, the smoke nearly suffocated him; if he let the fire sink low, he was perishing with cold. Accustomed to the soft climate of Antioch and Constantinople, he was compelled to take to his bed, where, tormented with insomnia, and filled with disgust for every kind of food, he lay covered with blankets and only just enough alive to feel life's miseries. His woes were alleviated when spring returned. He could enjoy the beauty of the opening flowers and the balmy vernal breeze; above all, communication with the outer world became possible once more, and he could receive the letters despatched by Olympias and Philip. Yet all the while death was at his door. The Isaurians were a constant terror. They plundered the villas, they harried the cattle, they burnt the farmhouses on every side, they slew all who offered resistance. To take a walk outside the walls was to run the risk of being captured and carried off to the mountains, only to be redeemed, if at all, by an exorbitant ransom. At times the alarm was so acute that numbers fled for refuge to the dense woods which clothed the mountain-sides, and took shelter in what dens or caves they could find. On one occasion even Chrysostom and his little household were driven to this miserable resource.

This state of things became so intolerable that it was necessary to fly for shelter to Arabissus, a lonely fortress

on the hills twenty leagues distant, built on the summit of almost inaccessible rocks. There, too, Chrysostom met with kindness from the governor, and from Otreius, the bishop, or, as we should call him, the vicar of the hamlet; but the place was worse than a prison. He was now unable to take the daily exercise which was essential for his health, and could only gaze with indescribable sadness on the dreary prospect of icy mountain-peaks and leagues of unbroken snow. Soon, too, the fortress was overcrowded by the numbers of hapless fugitives who fled to it for safety, and famine and pestilence added to the accumulated forms of anguish. Nor even here were they safe from the hungry and ruthless bandits. Some of the more active—especially the young men—in sheer despair wandered into the forests, and tried to make their escape into more hospitable regions; but they paid the forfeit with their lives, and their bodies were found frozen to death. One night three hundred Isaurians attacked Arabissus itself, and were only repelled after a desperate fight. Of this peril Chrysostom was, happily, unconscious. He was asleep, and as they did not awake him, he did not hear of the averted peril till the morning had brought safety.

It can easily be understood that, under circumstances so deplorable, it was undesirable for Chrysostom's own sake that he should be burdened with the anxiety of extra visitors, whose difficulties would deepen his distress. A young reader named Theodotus came to him from Antioch. His father was a man of noble birth, from whom the youth had wrung a reluctant consent to visit the exile. He made his way to Arabissus in spite of many dangers, and brought with him splendid presents from his father. These Chrysostom returned with a courteous letter, and sent back with it the young Theodotus. How could he be of any real use in training the young man in a scene so harassed with massacre and tumult, brigandage and conflagration?

In spite of these difficulties, and the Patriarch's obvious reluctance to entangle others in his own calamities, so many flocked to him, and he occupied so exalted a position in the eyes of the Christian world, that he at last re-

kindled the undying embers of jealousy and hatred in the mind of Atticus, the Patriarch who had succeeded Arsacius at Constantinople, and still more in the cankered hearts of Severian and Porphyry. 'All Antioch is at Cucusus,' wrote Porphyry in savage ill-temper to Severian. 'This man, disgraced, banished, condemned, is directing missions to Persia and Phœnicia; preventing me from acquiring my just authority at Antioch; uniting the Pope of Rome and all the bishops of the West in a conspiracy against the Patriarch of Alexandria, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and myself. This dead man continues to be a hindrance and a terror to the living; this conquered heretic is getting the upper hand of us victorious Catholics. You must leave no stone unturned to frighten or cajole the Emperor to remove him to some still more distant and desolate spot of the Empire—the farther, the better; and if he dies, or disappears on the way, or falls into the hands of Huns or Isaurians, so much the better for the Christian world.'

Armed with this precious missive, Severian paid a visit to Atticus, and, with soft murmurs of regret and ready tears of crocodilian magnanimity, implored him, for the sake of that peace which is so dear to all Christian hearts, to procure from Arcadius an edict for the farther banishment of the ex-Patriarch John. When the bishops had taken on their own heads the responsibility of Chrysostom's expulsion, Arcadius would fain have been rid of the matter, and the deaths, miseries, and earthquakes which had ensued made him still more desirous to meddle with it no further. But Atticus knew on which string to harp. He persuaded the Emperor that the name of John was being used as a nucleus of conspiracy of the Western against the Eastern Church, and that Honorius and Stilico—these were the two names which would most surely rouse the Emperor to sullen wrath—would make these ecclesiastical matters an excuse for the most dangerous political interference. With little difficulty, by the use of this weapon, he procured an edict for the removal of Chrysostom to the remotest corner of the entire Empire. Severian's malignity had already hit upon the place. It was the desperately repellent and ruined town of Pityus, on the

Euxine. There he would find no Christians at all, and in the midst of Heniochs, Lazes and Huns, might eat away his heart in vain.

The management of the affair was entrusted to Atticus and Severian. The two officers who had accompanied Chrysostom to his exile at Cucusus—young Anatolius and Theodotus—had by accident been kind-hearted men, who had treated the sufferer with consideration, and availed themselves of every alleviation of his journey which circumstances allowed. The bishops took care that this mistake should not be made a second time. The two officers selected were men in whom no capability for compassion was to be suspected. They had been given secretly to understand that the bishops would give them a handsome recompense and secure their early promotion if they acquitted themselves satisfactorily of their task. By still darker innuendoes it was made plain, even to their obtuseness, that it was of no great consequence whether Chrysostom even arrived at Pityus or no. If he 'happened' to die by the way, then reward and promotion would be equally, and perhaps even more, secure, while at the same time much annoyance and difficulty would be prevented.—The names of these two officers were Secundus and Cythegius.

'Pretty plain that!' said Cythegius to his comrade as he left the Thomaites, where the bishops had given them instructions.

'Yes,' said Secundus, with a broad grin on his hard features. 'It is only the roundabout way which their Religiosities have, and it means "murder him," only do it so slowly that people won't *call* it by the ugly name of murder.'

'He is worth the whole lot of them put together,' said Cythegius.

'That is no affair of ours,' replied the other, shrugging his shoulders. 'It isn't *we* who will have to go to hell for it.'

CHAPTER LXVIII

THE MARTYRDOM

Fateberis non illum martyrio, sed martyrium illi defuisse.

Edd. Benedict. Vit. S. Ambrosii.

PHILIP received early intelligence of the desolating news that even Cucusus was not regarded as remote enough to destroy the influence and starve out the life of his beloved father, and that in the frightful ruins of Pityus he was doomed to end his days. The news decided him to action. He thought at first of flying to Constantinople and exerting his whole influence with Aurelian and the Emperor to secure a recall of the edict. But this would have been a desperate task, and it was already too late. When the news reached Philip the escort which was to remove Chrysostom had set out upon its way.

The only course which remained was to start for Arabissus at all costs, and do everything which could be done to render the exile's journey more tolerable, and to gain for him every possible comfort in his last retreat. Great as was the sacrifice involved, neither Philip nor Miriam felt a moment's hesitation, in the belief that this was the call of duty. So Philip entrusted Miriam to the watchful care of his friends at Antioch, Anthemius himself giving ready leave of absence, and promising to see that Miriam should not be molested by any subterranean plots of vengeance concocted by Bishop Porphyry and his priests. Philip left her with the less anxiety because the holy Macedonius was close at hand to counsel and protect her.

Then he sped over the bleak hills and burning plains, amid numberless dangers, which in the absorbing eagerness of his purpose he scarcely noticed. Nobody who saw

him with hardly any luggage, stained with incessant travel, and forced to content himself daily with fare much worse than coarse, would have conjectured that he bore on his person a considerable amount of gold. From any danger which might arise from provincial bishops or jacks-in-office he was sufficiently guarded by a letter which he carried with him, and by the Emperor's autograph, which he concealed in his clothes, to be produced only as a last resource. He reached Arabissus without serious mishap, and Chrysostom enjoyed one last gleam of earthly happiness as he pressed to his heart his loving and faithful son.

Philip fretted with vain indignation at the prison-like squalor of the Patriarch's surroundings, which were nearly as bare as, and far less wholesome than, the hermit's cavern on Mount Silpius; but he was filled with admiration at the noble fortitude with which the Saint bore every hardship, and the beautiful serenity of his untroubled faith. In two days Secundus and Cythegius, with their quaternion of soldiers, arrived, and issued the surly order that next morning the journey to Pityus must be begun. Neither Evethius nor any servant was to be permitted to accompany the Patriarch or attend to his needs; and when the officers looked at his frail and shrunken figure, and observed how weak and ill he was, they felt quite certain that without an overt act of murder they would not miss the reward and promotion which the bishops had promised them.

Come what would Philip was determined to be with Chrysostom, nor was he ever far from him during the last three harassed months of his friend's misery. The orders of the officers were to avoid all towns, lest the sight of their illustrious prisoner should awaken the populations to indignant pity. They were only to stop at wretched country villages, where none of the conveniences of life were to be had, where the dirt and vermin were an intolerable annoyance, and where even the rudest necessities were barely to be procured. Philip soon divined their ruthless purpose when, following close upon their tracks, he observed, on the first day of their journey, that the escort resented the slightest exhibition of pity towards their prisoner, and pelted and insulted everyone who showed him any compassion.

He would not start with them, for he was afraid that they might invoke authority to prevent this; but when they were on their way he followed them at no great distance, and stopped at the village where they rested for the night. Here he sought an interview with the two officers. He found that Secundus was a man of impractically brutal character, who was determined to carry out his instructions to the letter. Philip saw that he had made up his mind that Chrysostom should never reach Pityus alive, and that on this consummation, regardless of conscience or compassion, he intended to base his claim to advancement and reward. In Cythegius, on the other hand, all sparks of humanity were not wholly quenched; but, unfortunately, Secundus was the senior officer.

Philip asked them to allow him to accompany the expedition, and to do what he could to save the Patriarch from needless sufferings, which to one at his age and in his state of health could not but be terrible. He pointed out that, in endeavouring to procure little comforts for Chrysostom, he would be able at the same time to make the hardships of the way a little less intolerable to the officers themselves and their quaternion. Secundus was not only unwilling to make this small concession, but declared, with an oath, that he would not allow Philip to accompany them at all. He had been promised gold and a step in military rank 'if he did what was expected;' and 'I mean,' he said, 'to stick to my instructions.'

'There is nothing in your instructions to forbid my coming with you,' said Philip. 'I do not wish to traverse your orders; I only plead with you for a little ordinary humanity.'

'A fig for your humanity!' said Secundus.

'There is no harm in letting him come with us, and attend on the Patriarch,' said Cythegius.

Secundus glared at him. 'I am senior here,' he said; 'and as for you, young man, clear out of this, or you may yet taste the rhinoceros-hide on your back.'

Philip was in a blaze of indignation, but he felt that the bully was a coward. He had meant to offer the wretch a bribe, but now he determined rather to appeal to his fears.

'Man!' he said, 'you do not know to whom you are talking. I see that you have been bribed by Atticus and Severian practically to murder your prisoner, and that you expect great advantages from doing so. Take care! Exercise the least violence to me, and your reward shall be a gibbet. Did you ever hear of Anthemius, Count of the East? Yes? Then read that, and don't attempt to hector and swagger to me.'

He flung on the table the safeguard of Anthemius, which Secundus read with some alarm.

'And perhaps you have heard of a certain Count Aurelian, Consular and Prætorian Præfect, who will make very short work with common men like you. Then read that'—and he showed him a mandate which he had obtained from Aurelian, that all soldiers should treat him with civility.

'Once more, it is hardly likely that a man of your stamp should ever have seen the purple ink and the Imperial signature; but do you think your bishops can save you against the sacred majesty of the Emperor?'

He displayed before the officer's astonished eyes the autograph of Arcadius, and said, 'Your fellow-officer is a witness; and it is perfectly well known to many great personages that I am here, and that I mean to go all the way with you; and perhaps you will learn henceforth that it is as much as your head is worth to talk to me of the rhinoceros-hide again.'

Secundus was now thoroughly crestfallen, but he retained his dogged sullenness. Philip took occasion that night to see Cythegius alone, promised him a sum of money if he would meet his wishes, and pointed out that he might be even more likely to gain advancement from men like Anthemius and Aurelian than from the Bishops Atticus and Severian. Cythegius promised to offer no molestation either to the Patriarch or to Philip, and to do all he could; but he said that he could not prevent any arrangements made by his senior officer.

So Philip day by day went with Chrysostom, and exerted himself to the utmost to cheer and comfort him. They had many a long and delightful conversation about the days which were no more; and the sweetness, courtesy,

and resignation of the afflicted victim so deeply touched the hearts of Cythegius and one of the soldiers that, whenever a secret opportunity offered, they testified to him their pity and goodwill, and did their best to lighten his sorrows. The old man, as he toiled along, nearly always on foot, used to lean on Philip's arm; and Philip was deeply thankful that he was able to do much in many ways to make life a little less cruelly intolerable to his father and benefactor. But he was powerless to interfere with the fell purpose and dogged malignity of Secundus. Even for a young and hale traveller, with all appliances and aids to boot, a journey over such rude paths, and byways which forced them to climb rocky passes and traverse torrent-beds and mountain-streams, would have been severely trying, especially since its pitiless fatigue was so tediously prolonged, and no opportunities for rest were given. It took them no less than three months to make their miserable way from Arabissus to Comana. Determined to kill his victim, but without actual violence, the brutal soldier availed himself of every change of weather to hasten his purpose. During their journey the roads and the country were daily burned to dust by the broiling heats of the summer and early autumn; but, however scorching the heat, Secundus would give the pitiless order to advance, and exulted to watch Chrysostom's fainting and stumbling footsteps as, supported by Philip's arm, he barely crawled along, red all over with prickly heat, and with the hot sun blazing on his bald, uncovered head. If violent thunderstorms came on a new opportunity offered itself; and he relied on the chance of the Patriarch's being smitten down with some deadly fever, as he forced him to trudge along with all his clothes wet through, and with streams of water trickling down his back and breast. It was a matter of daily astonishment to all the party that Chrysostom so long bore up against this frightful ill-usage; and it really seemed possible that under Philip's watchful care the murderous purpose of Secundus and his abettors might be defeated after all, and Chrysostom might reach Pityus alive. There were many altercations between Philip and the officer on the way. Philip remonstrated with

the utmost impetuosity of his nature, and even ventured to threaten the wretch that he should rue his cruelty. Secundus would certainly have killed him if he had dared; but he trembled at the thought of the vengeance which would befall him from the Emperor himself. For Cythegius often took Philip's part; and even the soldiers, won by his geniality and by his secret but liberal gifts, showed him their sympathy as much as they dared. Philip on one occasion denounced Secundus to his face, and told him that even if he succeeded in getting rid of the Patriarch by over-fatigue and cruelty, many who were in high authority should certainly hear of it, and they were men by whom his future chances of promotion were more likely to be influenced than by two bad ecclesiastics.

At last the unhappy cortège arrived at Comana Pontica, in Cappadocia. There it would have been possible for Chrysostom to obtain some of those resources for health and refreshment of which he stood so sorely in need. But Secundus had no intention that they should rest there. He hurried surreptitiously through the most distant outskirts of the town, and did not stop till they had reached a little martyr's tomb some six miles beyond it. There they had to stop for the night, more because the officers and soldiers themselves needed rest and sleep than from any consideration for the sufferer.

The little chapel of the martyr was dedicated to St. Basiliscus, a Bishop of Comana who, in the third century, had suffered martyrdom with Lucian at Antioch, at the hands of the Pagan emperor, Maximus Daza. Here the good provincial priest regarded it as an honour to be allowed to do his utmost for the Saint who was obviously not far from death. He gave up to him his own bed, and, to the disgust of Secundus, lavished on him every comfort in his power. For the last time on earth Chrysostom had a refreshing sleep, and in his dream the martyred bishop, St. Basiliscus, appeared to him with his palm-branch in his hand, and said, 'Be of good cheer, brother John; to-morrow we shall be together.' The priest, too, had a vision of St. Basiliscus that same night, who said to him, 'Prepare a place for our brother John, for he is

coming to join me!’ Convinced of the reality of his vision, the priest entreated Secundus to postpone the hour of starting at least till noon. The Prætorian’s only answer was to give the order for instant departure.

With an aching heart, Philip, in spite of Secundus, took his place beside his father, supporting him, and pouring into his ear the words of hope and tender consolation. In the extremity of his weakness and feverish unrest Chrysostom still showed a serene and indomitable courage.

‘You will not be burdened with the care of me much longer, my Philip,’ he said, ‘I feel that my sands of life are running low.’

‘Oh, my father!’ he said, ‘you do not mean it when you talk of burdening me. To you I owe everything — my life, all the happiness I have ever had — yes, my very soul.’

Chrysostom smiled on him with a look of affection. ‘I know your love for me, my boy,’ he said; ‘but I saw St. Basiliscus last night in my sleep, and I shall not outlive the day.’

‘If we could but get you safely to Pityus,’ said Philip, ‘you might find friends there, and still have blessed and tranquil years.’

‘As God will, Philip; but if to me to live is Christ, assuredly to die is gain. I will not ask, with Euripides, “Who knows if death be life, and life be death?” for we know that to those who love God death is life. Nor will I say, as Socrates did to his judges, “I go to death, and you to life, but which is the better God alone knows,” for to us Christ has revealed which is the better, and St. Paul has told us that to depart and be with Christ is not only better, but “far, far the better.”’

‘But how ill can you be spared in this corrupted and distracted Church of Christ!’

‘No man is necessary, Philip. The work goes on though the workman passes away. Dark times are coming on the world; but Christ has many a servant to labour for Him, not more sincere, I trust, by God’s grace than I am, but much more wise and great.’

The words were spoken slowly and with difficulty.

Chrysostom gasped for breath, and a few moments later sank fainting into Philip's arms. They had advanced about thirty furlongs from the martyr, and were compelled to halt.

'Fling a little water over him,' said Secundus, 'and press on. It is only a device to gain time.'

'He is dying,' said Philip. 'Surely you will not have the brutal barbarity to drag him farther? If you do, you will have to carry back a corpse on your shoulders to the martyr.'

Philip, supporting the head of Chrysostom on his arm, had sprinkled a few drops of water over his burning face and poured a few drops of wine through his parched lips, and the Patriarch revived a little.

'March on!' snarled Secundus.

'March on then by yourself,' said Philip; 'not one step farther shall the Patriarch go.'

'We will see to that,' said the officer, lifting the flat of his sword to strike Philip in his rage.

'At your peril!' said Philip, looking at him, and the wretch cowered under his glance, while Cythegius and the soldiers strode forward for his protection.

'It is useless to advance,' said Cythegius. 'The Patriarch will never outlive to-day.'

The assenting murmur of the four soldiers showed that they agreed with their junior officer.

'This is mutiny,' said Secundus savagely; 'you shall answer for it.'

Cythegius took him by the arm and led him aside. 'Comrade,' he said, 'do not be an utter fool. Your only chance of getting either your reward or your promotion is by not driving that young man to desperation. Each of these soldiers—yes, and I too, if you drive me too far—would be a witness against you. It is as much as your head is worth not to let well alone.'

'March on!' he roared in a frenzy of rage.

'Not one step farther will we march with a dying man,' said the soldiers.

'If you persist,' said Cythegius to Secundus, 'we will disarm you, and put you under arrest.'

Secundus cursed and swore, and stamped his feet on

the ground in fury; but seeing that it was useless, and might be dangerous, to persevere, he sullenly gave the order to return to the martyrdom.

Chrysostom could no longer walk, but, aided by Cythegius and the soldiers, Philip, now contemptuously disregarding of the orders of Secundus, cut down some straight branches of the wood through which they were passing, improvised a rude litter, heaped clothes upon it, and, gently lifting the half-unconscious exile, helped to carry him back to the chapel. When they arrived, the priest, who had foreseen their return, had food and cordials ready, and once more laid Chrysostom on his own bed.

‘I am dying, presbyter,’ he said; ‘I would fain die clad in white robes, to remind me of the chrisom garment of my baptism.’

The priest brought out some white vestments, and Philip helped to robe the dying Patriarch. As he took off his own garments, even to the shoes, he distributed them to those present, for whom in after-days they acquired the value of priceless relics. To Cythegius and the soldiers who had shown him any kindness he gave what little money he possessed and other trifling souvenirs. To the kind priest he left his pallium and a little golden altar-vessel. And then he asked to be left alone with Philip.

‘Dear son,’ he said, ‘you, whose love and loyalty have brightened many happy years and solaced many troubled ones, you, who have been a son, and almost more than a son to me, the childless old man — may God bless you a thousand times for all your goodness! You have passed through terrible trials for my sake; may He requite you with His hundredfold blessings! May the light of His countenance shine upon you in a happy home bright with children’s faces! May your little Eutyches grow up to fill your cup with earthly happiness, and your Miriam be your joy and comfort even unto death!’

Philip was kneeling by the bed, his face hidden in his hands, and he could not speak.

‘Why should you weep so much for me, dear Philip?’ said Chrysostom. ‘There is no cause for sorrow here. The most troubled days of a troubled life, thank God! are ending. “I have fought the good fight. I have finished

my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

'Nay, nay, Philip, you must not weep like this. On the contrary, be glad for my sake; and I want you to tell Olympias, and all my old friends at Constantinople, and my old servants in Antioch, that I die in the faith and fear of God and of His Christ, and in the communion of the Spirit, perfectly happy. Take this gold chain off my neck, which I have always worn under my robe because it was left me by my mother, Anthusa. A golden medal hangs from it with a figure of the Good Shepherd on it. Wear it always, Philip, for my sake. And now, farewell, and receive my blessing.'

He laid his weak hands on the head of his kneeling son, and fervently blessed him. Then he asked to be carried to the Holy Table and to receive for the last time the blessed mysteries of the Eucharist. He followed the brief supplications, and repeated slowly and with difficulty the Lord's Prayer. Then a great glory seemed to come over his face. He half raised himself from the bed, gazed before him with a look of rapture, as though he saw the heavens opened, exclaimed in a clear voice, 'Glory to God for all things! Amen!' and fell back dead into Philip's arms.

'He has laid aside the dust of mortality,' murmured the good priest. 'He is gathered to his fathers. Be comforted, dear youth. Which of his friends could wish him back again in such a world as this?'

The next morning they laid him in his humble grave by the side of St. Basiliscus. The two martyrs slept together in peace.

It was September 17, 407. Chrysostom was sixty years of age. For nearly seven years he had been Patriarch of Constantinople; for three years and three months he had been a deposed, calumniated, and banished man. He did not live to see the clearing of his name, the scattering to the winds of the lies which had been heaped upon his innocence, the deep repentance of the children of his murderers. Fools counted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he counted among the children of God, and his lot among the Saints!

CHAPTER LXIX

A LAST VISIT TO ARCADIUS

This Falernian is only a little grape-juice, and this purple robe some sheep's wool dyed with the blood of a shell-fish. — MARCUS AURELIUS.

It only remains to bid farewell to some of those whom we have learnt to know in these pages.

When Philip returned to Miriam at Antioch he found her and his little Eutyches safe and well; and, sad as had been the last days of his friend and father, Chrysostom, his name soon became a happy and tender memory among his friends. When all is over, and a man has died in the defeat of misery and persecution, jealousy dies, and rancour has nothing left on which to feed. The Theophiluses and Severians were sated with successful malignity, and their own retribution, as we have seen, failed not to fall upon them. Meanwhile, in the unanimous admiration of the West the name of the Patriarch John began to shine with brighter and brighter lustre. Pope Innocent and all the great Italian bishops vindicated his innocence, denounced the vile plots of which he had been the victim, and, treating with indignant contempt the libels of Theophilus, translated by Jerome, they honoured his character and cherished his example as that of a saint and martyr. All that could now be done for his memory was to induce the Patriarch Atticus to restore his name to the *diptychs* which recorded the succession of the Patriarchs of Constantinople. In this, in spite of the angry opposition of Cyril, the nephew of Theophilus, and now Patriarch of Alexandria—who said that it would be as bad to record the name of Judas as that of John—they eventually succeeded.

Meanwhile the fate of Chrysostom produced age-long

consequences, both in the Eastern and Western Empires. Henceforth the Eastern Patriarchate produced no champion of the people against oppression, robbery, and wrong; no 'God-gifted organ-voice' of prophecy to denounce the ostentation of selfish luxury and the guilt of sensual corruption; no mighty Church leader to confront the banded unions of civil tyranny. The succeeding Patriarchs of Constantinople were most frequently commonplace nullities like the worldly Nectarius, or narrow bigots like John the Faster, or sticklers for the niceties of theological shibboleths, or at the best amiable scholars like Proclus. In the long lapse of the ages not one great saint or orator like Chrysostom swayed the diminished powers of the Church in the great Eastern metropolis.

Further, the dispute about Chrysostom widened the breach between the East and the West. The ever-dwindling authority of the Western Emperor — till the Empire was extinguished in the feeble person of the poor boy who, in the singular irony of history, was known by the double name of Romulus Augustulus — tended to increase the ever-deepening influence of the Popes of Rome. A distracted age yearned for guidance, and, finding none from its civil rulers, looked up to the chief Bishop of the West, who, in the persons of men like Leo I. and Gregory the Great, became, almost by the natural force of circumstances, the oracle of a world face to face with the difficult task of reconstructing a civilisation which was being submerged under flood after flood of barbarian invaders.

To Philip the memory of Chrysostom remained through life an ideal and an inspiration. He had passed through the deep water-floods in youth, but his manhood was peaceful and very prosperous. For, with his experience of life, his natural shrewdness, his ready tact, his knowledge of business, his conscientious diligence and unswerving integrity, he soon made himself indispensable to Anthemius and to his chief officials. An Antiochene by birth, he understood the temperament and knew the susceptibilities of the Syrian people among whom he worked; a Pagan by birth, he was quick to recognise the best and kindest method of winning the confidence of sincere Pagans; a Christian of broad sympathies, he did not carry into the

civil government the furious spirit with which the 'theological insects' of the day were constantly endeavouring to sting one another to death. Favoured by Arcadius, who not infrequently inquired about him, and even condescended to send him messages, he rose with extraordinary rapidity in the political world, and before he had reached the prime of manhood became one of the leading personages in his native city. The brightness of the sunshine came to him all the more delightfully from its contrast with the blackness of the preceding storms.

About six months after the death of Chrysostom the Count Anthemius sent Philip with important despatches to Constantinople. Accompanied by an imperial escort, he traversed the same ground over which he had ridden with the soldiers of Aurelian, when he was an unknown youth accompanying Chrysostom to the fulfilment of his mysterious destiny. It was natural that, in his altered circumstances, he should revive many memories; but now the happy peace of his home and the success of an honourable career helped to soften all thoughts of bitterness. He stayed for a few days at the little farm now contentedly cultivated by Palladius, the former Bishop of Helenopolis, who had been driven from his see as a Johannite. It was from Philip that Palladius mainly derived the vivid picture of the exile and last days of Chrysostom which he has embodied in his lively and famous dialogue. He also visited the ruined area of the church of the orthodox Goths, where he had been a witness of the dreadful massacre; and he watched the now nearly completed restorations of St. Sophia and the Senate-house. He received a cordial welcome from his friend Aurelian, now for the second time Prætorian Præfect, and from the chamberlains Amantius and Briso. He went, naturally, to the house in the Chalkoprateia, where he had first seen Miriam, the wife of his heart, and David, the friend of his life. He even ventured to visit the Patriarcheion, with which he had been so familiar. He would not visit the Patriarch Atticus; but an attendant showed him the Thomaïtes, and his old bedroom, and the antechamber where he and his friends had spent so many happy hours. Then, with bowed head and folded hands, he went into the room which had been Chrysostom's

study. It looked very different from what it had done in old days. It was now a subordinate guest-chamber, richly adorned with tapestries and hangings, and showing all the magnificence with which the Palace had arrayed itself in the days of the Patriarch Nectarius. Philip closed the book of his old memories as with a golden clasp as he knelt long in silent prayer beside the obscure grave of the beloved young martyr, Eutyches.

He paid his respects to Nicarete in the humble home to which confiscation had reduced her, and he found the dear old lady as bright and cheerful in her poverty as she had been in her wealth. She still went among the poor with her little medicine-box; and Philip, whom she pronounced to be as saucy as ever, chaffingly declared himself to be the victim of all sorts of unheard-of maladies, and demanded pills and simples for the certain cure of premature elephantiasis, and other disasters, of which he felt sure that Nicarete read the traces in his features, though they now shone with contumacious health.

He never saw her again. He visited Olympias in her villa at Cyzicus, and she listened with eager interest to all the details of the death of him of whom she now always spoke as 'God's martyred saint.' She never recovered from the deeply seated melancholy which had overmastered her spirit amid the tremendous outburst of calamities which had accompanied and followed the overthrow of the Patriarch. She died in Nicomedia, whither she had removed from Cyzicus. The legends which grew up around her name related that on her deathbed she was bidden by a vision to order that her coffin should be cast into the sea. It was carried from the Propontis into the Bosphorus by winds and waves, a current swept it away from the evil city of Constantinople, and it was cast on the opposite shore at Brocthi, where she was buried, and many miracles attested the sanctity of her tomb.

Before he left Constantinople Philip was again summoned to a private interview with the Emperor. Arcadius greeted him with unusual warmth, and again begged him to lay aside all ceremonious formalities, and speak to him with perfect freedom as man to man.

'I am somewhat lonely since Eudoxia died,' he said,

'and though I am cheered by the prattle of my children, I do not often find anyone to talk to as a man talketh with his friend. I hope you are happy at Antioch, Philip. I told Anthemius to look after you well, and I hope that his Sublimity has done so.'

'He has been most kind,' said Philip, 'and I humbly thank your Imperial goodness.'

'You know I am indebted to you, Philip, and I mean to show myself grateful. You have seen my handwriting before. I am rather vain of it. Here is another specimen of it. Read it.'

It was what we should call a patent of nobility. Philip read with astonishment that hereby the Emperor raised him to the rank of an *Illustris*. Arcadius watched him with a smile. He knelt on one knee, kissed the Emperor's extended hand, and, humbly thanking him for this signal mark of his favour, said that he would make it his utmost effort to promote the Emperor's best desires in Syria.

'You have done so already, Philip,' said Arcadius kindly. 'Antioch was never in a more quiet and satisfactory state than now; and Anthemius writes to me that this is due in great measure, not only to your capacity and faithfulness, but also to your great popularity among your fellow-citizens. *They* will be pleased as well as you by the rank I have conferred upon you. But now I want you to tell me all about the death of the poor Patriarch John.'

Arcadius felt a little astonished by the flow of his own conversation; 'but then,' as he said to himself, 'I have so many intriguers, sycophants, place-hunters, and hypocrites about me. It is not once a year that I get the chance of talking to a sincere and true man.'

Philip recounted to him the last scenes, of which he had been a witness, and Arcadius sighed deeply. 'I never intended all this,' he said; 'I gave no orders for it. It was all the doing of the bishops. I will order Aurelian to cashier that wretch Secundus, and to raise Cythegius a step.'

'You graciously accord me great freedom in speaking to your Clemency,' said Philip. 'I trust I do not abuse it if I venture to urge that you should order the Patriarch

Atticus to restore John's name to the diptychs, and to bring back his remains from Comana, and have them buried in St. Sophia.'

Arcadius opened his eyes wider than usual. 'Ah!' he said, sighing again, 'you little know what tumults and troubles that would cause. I dare not. Perhaps it may be done hereafter by my son. Have you ever seen my little Porphyrogenete?'

'I only saw him as an infant, sire,' said Philip, 'when he was baptised in the Cathedral, and when the little hand of the Augustus held the petition which, for his sake, you granted to my kind friend, the Bishop of Gaza.'

'You shall see him,' said Arcadius; and, summoning a gorgeously dressed slave by the tinkle of a golden bell, he ordered him to lead in the young Augustus.

The little Prince — a child of six — was led in by the Count of the Chamber. He was dressed in purple silk embroidered with gold, and was a splendid little boy, in whom was reproduced the fine beauty of his Frankish mother rather than the poor physique of his father. Arcadius, who was intensely fond and proud of him, took him in his arms, and pressed him to his heart.

'Who is *you*?' said the child, when Philip had given him his respectful homage.

'That,' said the Emperor, 'is Philip, an *Illustris* of Antioch. When you sit on your father's throne, my Theodosius, you must know him and love him, and he will be your good servant and adviser.'

'I likes you,' said the ungrammatical child, looking at Philip with large eyes. 'I wants to kiss you.'

Philip was alarmed by the suggestion of such an unwonted honour as a kiss from the lips of the august infant; but Arcadius said, 'Kiss him, my child, and remember him.'

Philip thought of his own little Eutyches, and frankly returned his kiss. Then the Emperor sent the boy back to the Purple Chamber, and said to Philip, 'I used to think, after the hailstorm, and the earthquake which shook down the golden cross on the Capitol, and the famine and plague, and rumours of troubles from the East and from the West, that God was angry with me;

but when I look at my little Pulcheria, Arcadia, Marina, and Theodosius, I feel sure that I am forgiven, though Nilus gave me no encouragement. Have you heard the signal mark of His mercy which God gave me a few days ago?’

‘I only heard a vague rumour,’ said Philip.

‘I had been to worship in the Karya, the large martyr by the nut-tree on which the martyr Acacius was hanged. I had barely left the place, and all the crowd of spectators with me, when the whole building suddenly collapsed. Had it happened a moment or two earlier hundreds might have been crushed to death. The people regard it as a miracle, for not one was hurt. It made me feel very happy.’

‘It was assuredly a marvellous deliverance, sire, and a clear mark of God’s protection.’

‘Farewell, my good Illustris,’ said the Emperor. ‘I am not well. I do not think that my life will be prolonged. Before you go take this, and wear it for my sake, and as a mark of my favour — I had almost said, of my affection.’

He took off a gold ring set with immense emeralds, and slipped it on Philip’s finger. ‘An “Illustrious” should have ornaments suitable to his rank,’ he said.

‘I know not how sufficiently to thank your Imperial Dignity for so many and such great favours,’ said Philip, as he again kissed the Emperor’s hand. ‘I will endeavour to be worthy of them, and I will daily pray to God for your happiness.’

They never met again. Arcadius died on May 1, 408, seven months after the death of Chrysostom. He was only thirty-one, and was succeeded by the little Theodosius II., for whom his sister Pulcheria acted at first as regent.

CHAPTER LXX

AFFAIRS IN THE WEST

She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climbed the Capitol.

BYRON, *Childe Harold*, viii.

So Philip returned to Antioch a great man, wearing the emerald ring of the Emperor, and elevated to a rank which placed him among the first men of the city. And to crown his felicity Miriam presented him with another fine little son, whom he baptised by the name of 'John.'

Macedonius gently warned him against the peril of being intoxicated by such sudden and immense success. 'You are still young, Philip,' he said, 'and you are now rich and ennobled, and high in the favour of the Count of the East, and of the Emperor himself. You have a fair wife and two beautiful little boys, and your future seems to be assured. But, my son, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"'

'My father,' said Philip, 'Misfortune has been a blessed, if a stern, teacher. She has taught me to estimate things at their true value. I know that riches make to themselves wings, and fly away; I know that earthly fortune is more brittle than glass; I know that life is uncertain, and at the best but short. It is my daily prayer that no treasure on earth shall make me forget the treasure in heaven.'

'I believe it, my son,' said Macedonius; 'and may God ever keep you in this mind!'

Philip received from Kallias a letter of congratulation. Kallias was neither so old nor so dear a friend as David was, or Eutyches had been; but Philip was attached to him, and knew him to be honest and true.

Kallias in his letter, and in subsequent letters, told him some of the news of the West. He told him first the

thrilling intelligence of the murder of Stilico, and the extinction of all the hopes and ambitions of his family; and this was of the deepest interest to Philip, because he had been taught by the poems of Claudian to admire the brave and magnificent Vandal.

Stilico fell a victim to the vile Court intrigues of palace-cliques, and to the fact that he was the object of fierce jealousy as an alien. Men of narrow hearts and limited insight could not understand his large and far-sighted policy. That act of dastardly assassination was chiefly due to the hypocritic Olympius, whom he himself had first raised from the dust, who had insinuated himself into the confidence of Honorius, and who hid his craftiness under a Pharisaism which deceived men like St. Augustine. The base intrigues to overthrow the great Vandal warrior came to a head at Pavia, where the troops were secretly instigated to rise and massacre his partisans. He might have marched from Bologna, where he then was, might have crushed the conspiracy, and made himself master of the fleet. But he kept his loyalty, and thereby so deeply disgusted the strong and savage Gothic chieftain, Sarus, that he surprised Stilico's camp, killed his bodyguard of Huns, and compelled the Vandal to fly to Ravenna for his life. As troubles thickened around him he fled into the church for asylum. There his tragic end was brought about by one of those hideous pieces of chicanery, the prevalence of which shows that a nation is ripe for destruction. Heraclian came with a body of troops to seize him. He agreed to leave the sanctuary if he received the Emperor's oath that his life should be spared. He was shown a letter from Honorius to that effect, and went forth. No sooner had he stepped out of the church than a second letter of Honorius was produced, ordering that he should be slain as a public enemy. Even at that supreme moment his friends and soldiers would have rescued him at all costs; but he forbade and repressed their efforts, and, kneeling on the ground, offered his neck to the blow of the miserable Heraclius, who struck off his head with his sword, and for this brutal assassination was elevated to the rank of Count of Africa. He went forth to meet his own just doom thereafter.

Stilico's ruin involved that of his family. His daughter Thermantia was divorced by Honorius — who had already divorced her elder sister, Maria — and was sent under an escort to her mother, Serena, at Rome, with her brother Eucherius. Eucherius was murdered by the Emperor's orders as soon as he reached Rome. The jealousy of the Romans, and their groundless dread that Serena would betray the city to Alaric, caused them to order her execution; and rumour said that she was strangled in prison, wearing on her neck the pearl necklace which she had taken from the statue of Vesta. Thermantia and Maria died not long afterwards; and with them the family of Stilico, the father-in-law of the Emperor, and for so long a period the chief man in the Western world, came to a disastrous end.

Swift retribution fell on all concerned in this vile plot. The removal of the only great general who could have checked his career made the path of Alaric more easy. Thrice he had Rome in his grasp. On one of these occasions he held the memorable interview with the Roman ambassadors — at which Kallias was present as a reporter on behalf of Pope Innocent — which has been immortalised in history from the notes which he took. The ambassadors first assumed a grandiloquent tone, which did not for a moment deceive Alaric, and which (as Kallias told Philip) made Thorismund and Walamir break into broad smiles as they stood beside the royal Visigoth. They spoke boastfully of the immense multitudes of inhabitants in the Eternal City, and of its boundless resources.

'The thicker the hay, the more easily it is mown,' replied Alaric.

'What, then, will you leave us?'

'Your lives!' he answered, with a grim laugh.

The miserable Romans, crippled by Alaric's possession of Ostia and by imminent starvation, were barely able to pay the ransom which Alaric demanded, and in order to do it were compelled — a terrible omen! — to melt down the statue of Virtus. It was as though they abnegated all right to claim the 'manliness' for which Rome was so famed of old. Kallias was the eyewitness of many other

memorable scenes during that time of terror. He saw the investiture of the rhetorician puppet, Attalus — who was little more than a frivolous aesthete — with the imperial insignia, when Alaric thought to reduce Honorius to reason by setting up a rival emperor. In the dire stress of famine caused by Heraclian's closing of the grain stores of Africa, Kallias heard the multitude yelling to Attalus in the amphitheatre, '*Pone pretium carni humanæ*' ('Set a price on human flesh!'). He stood by the side of Walamir — who entertained towards him an intense gratitude for the aid which he had given to his escape from slavery — when Alaric contemptuously stripped Attalus of his purple and diadem, and sent them as a present to conciliate Honorius.

Alaric had felt a tremendous sense that he was but an instrument in the hands of destiny when, for the third time, he besieged the Eternal City, which had never been captured for seven hundred years. A hermit had warned him not to be guilty of an outrage so tremendous upon the capital which, for a thousand years, had overwhelmed and dominated the world. The reply of the young Visigothic king was that, so far from challenging the wrath of Heaven by a deed which shook the hearts of the nations, he was only obeying a Divine behest, since a voice rang perpetually in his ears which bade him capture the city. And so on August 24, 410, Alaric, with Thorismund and Walamir in full armour by his side, burst at midnight through the Salarian Gate of Rome, and delivered over the city to three days of pillage.

Although most of the Goths were Christians, and although they respected the asylum of sanctuaries, it was not possible that a vast horde of Gothic soldiers should for many days remain master of such a city as Rome, with its long-accumulated treasures, without the occurrence of many sad and cruel scenes. The two young Ostrogoths, Thorismund and Walamir, had hearts which burned with the sense of wrongs which their almost extirpated nation had suffered at the hands of a corrupt civilisation; but they had a deep respect for religion, and while they freely availed themselves of the plunder of patrician houses, they used their utmost exertions to prevent cruelty and mas-

sacre. Walamir knew the home assigned to Kallias by Pope Innocent, in the precincts of the Lateran, and it had been his early care to get from Alaric a safeguard which would secure the immunity of his friend. The Pope himself was, providentially, absent, for he had gone to Honorius at Ravenna, to induce that poor sluggard to arouse himself to defend the interests of his capital. Kallias, bearing letters to Innocent, accompanied the messenger who was despatched from Rome with the tidings — which made men's hearts stand still as though the end of the world had come — that

She who was ~~named~~ Eternal, and arrayed
Her warriors to conquer ; she who veiled
Earth with her haughty shadow, and displayed
E'en till the o'er-canopied horizon failed,
Her rushing wings ; oh ! she who was Almighty, hailed

was now the helpless prey of barbarians ! He went with the messenger into the imperial palace, and a deeply agitated eunuch, with unwonted obliteration of etiquette, in the supreme excitement of the moment, pushed aside the purple curtains unbidden, and abruptly announced to the Emperor :

'Sire, Rome has perished !'

'Has she ?' said Honorius, quite startled. 'How can that be ? Why, she was quite well an hour ago, and was feeding out of my hand !'

'I do not mean Rome, your hen,' said the Chamberlain, 'but the city Rome.'

'Oh !' said Honorius, much relieved. 'I was afraid, my friend, you meant Rome, my favourite hen.'

The eunuch came out with his lips tightened into a grim, sardonic smile. 'What a master,' he said, 'even for eunuchs to serve !'

But when Alaric had withdrawn his forces and advanced to the south of Italy the condition of Rome became so wretched and uncertain — it presented such an aspect of squalor and desolation, and suffered so constantly from the pressure of famine — that Kallias longed to leave it. He did so the more because a beautiful Roman maiden had promised to be his bride. Her family had suffered severely

in the Gothic pillage, and as there was no security that other barbarian raids might not be imminent, he was anxious to find for her a more secure and happy home. He mentioned this in a letter to Philip.

Philip was now in the full tide of success and prosperity. He had Anthemius as a friend at Court, and a claim for real services, which was all the more prominent because officials of perfect loyalty and incorruptible integrity were far from common. Theodosius II. had raised him with unusual rapidity from the rank of an *Illustris* to that of a *Spectabilis*. A third son, whom he named David, had been born to him, and a daughter, whom he christened Anthusa. The house at Singon Street was now neither large enough for his requirements nor suitable to his high rank as one of the leading senators of Antioch. He therefore built himself a residence not far from the Orontes, with a garden, and a vineyard, and a grove, and more than one fountain tinkling musically into its marble basin. He was never tempted to plunge into luxury. The furniture and adornments of his house were refined and beautiful, but with no trace of vulgar ostentation. He was mindful of the duties of generous hospitality, and he, as well as Miriam, exercising a wise and watchful charity, were surrounded by the benedictions of the poor.

He knew the ability of his old friend, and wrote to Kallias, offering to him the house in Singon Street for his abode, and the certainty of ample and honourable employment in the offices of the Præfect of the East. Kallias gratefully accepted the offer. He was wedded to his Marcia, by Pope Innocent himself, in the Lateran basilica. The Pope was sorry to lose his services, and gave him a handsome token of his regard in the form of a gilt ampulla, at the bottom of which was painted the picture of the 'Three Children in the Furnace.' But the Pope himself had been greatly impoverished by the sack of Rome, and was little able to bear the expense of a skilled secretary. He saw that far better prospects opened before Kallias in Antioch, and sent him to his new home with his patriarchal blessing. Philip and Miriam gladly welcomed him and his bride, and he found the house in Singon Street all that he could have desired.

From the two young Gothic Amalings Philip was separated by the wide diversity of their destinies, but he occasionally heard of them, and even from them. They followed the fortunes of Alaric, and it was ever their delight to temper with mercy the inevitable cruelties which attended the victorious raids of their countrymen. When the Goths were devastating Campania, they came to Nola, and seized the good Bishop Paulinus. The decorations which he had lavished on the church and monastic buildings of St. Felix made the Goths suspect that he was the lord of vast hidden treasures; but, as St. Augustine says of him, 'he had long ago placed his treasures in the bosom of the poor.' Of this, however, it was difficult to persuade his Gothic captors, and while he was in their hands he offered the prayer, 'Lord, let me not suffer torture for the sake of silver and gold, for whither all my goods are gone Thou knowest.' It was owing to the energetic remonstrance and interference of Walamir that he was set free by the rude soldiers and saved from further molestation, though he lost what little he had left, and was reduced from comparative opulence to extreme poverty. He was grateful to Walamir for that efficient act of protection, gave him his episcopal blessing, and said that he would pray to St. Felix for him.

'I thank you, Father,' said Walamir; 'but would you mind offering your prayer for me to God instead?'

The brothers marched with ~~Alaric~~ to the town of Rhegium, witnessed his wild grief at the loss in the stormy straits of the fleet with which he had intended to sail and conquer Africa, and stood by his death-bed at Consentia in 410, when he passed away, at the early age of thirty-one, leaving so many of his vast designs still unaccomplished. Alaric had learnt to love and trust them more than almost any of his comrades. They closed his eyes; they received the last faint pressure of his dying hands. The Goths diverted the course of the little river Busentinus, raised a mound over his remains, heaped it high with precious spoils and trophies of Rome, and then turned the rushing torrent into its course again. They slew the captives who had performed the task, that

none might know where their hero lay, or disturb or plunder his tumultuous resting-place.

Thorismund and Walamir had not approved this last act of barbarity. Savage deeds like that made them despair of the Goths acquiring enough of civilisation and self-control to make them the permanent lords of the Kingdom of the West.

The Goths chose Ataulph, the brave and beautiful brother-in-law of Alaric, as their new king, elevating him on their shields immediately after the burial of his kinsman.

But there was one man against whom Thorismund cherished an intense feeling of wrath, and on whom he desired to inflict the vengeance which he regarded as his due. It was Sarus, whom Thorismund regarded as a traitor to his countrymen, the practical murderer of Stilico, the insulter and hereditary foe of Alaric. Sarus was a warrior of gigantic size and of herculean strength, and had been made *Magister Militum* for his treacherous services. But the same levity of spirit which had made him turn against Stilico caused him to desert Honorius for the usurper Jovinus. Ataulph heard that he was scouring the country with only a handful of followers. He sent a large detachment under Thorismund to seize him; but the chivalrous young Ostrogoth rushed upon Sarus in person at the head of a small contingent. Sarus and his bodyguard performed prodigies of valour. Thorismund spurred his horse against him, and wounded him with his spear, but was struck down dead by the chieftain's mighty arm. Seizing the opportunity of the personal encounter, a Goth flung some sacking over the head of Sarus; he was entangled in it, flung to the ground, overpowered, and dragged alive into the presence of Ataulph, who, after bitter reproaches, ordered him to be executed.

Walamir mourned long over the dead body of his brother. He was now the last Amal of his race, and nothing but the higher lessons of his boyhood, learnt with Eutyches in the Patriarcheion, prevented him from sinking into sullen melancholy and despair. Ataulph loved and honoured him no less than Alaric had done, and he exercised over the Visigoth a strong influence for good.

He was present at the famous marriage of Ataulph with the Roman princess, Placidia, at Narbonne, when the Gothic king presented his beautiful bride with fifty youths, clad in silver robes, to be her slaves, and when each youth knelt and presented her a golden bowl full of rubies and other priceless gems, the spoils of Rome. He became Ataulph's constant companion, and was by his side at Barcelona when he fell a victim to the murderous stab in the back by which the deformed slave, Wernulf, avenged the wrongs of his former master, Sarus. Walamir smote the murderous villain to the earth with his own sword. Contrary to all his wishes and to his strongest entreaties, the Goths chose as their new king Sigeric, the brother of Sarus. Sigeric cherished a fierce grudge against him. When the new king, who was even a worse savage than his brother Sarus, heaped insults on the daughter of the great Theodosius by forcing Placidia to walk twelve miles on foot before his chariot, Walamir so openly and hotly expressed his indignation, that a quarrel arose, and Sigeric in a fit of fury stabbed him with his own hands.

Thus ended the race of Ostrogothic Amalings of the House of Gaïnas. Their lives were brief and tragic. They had taken the sword, and, like so many chieftains of those days, they perished by the sword.

CHAPTER LXXI

HAPPY CHILDREN AND PROSPEROUS DAYS

Like the flower of roses in the spring of the year, and like lilies by the watercourses. — *Ecclesiasticus*.

WE need not chronicle the peaceful years of Philip's manhood. Michael passed away, and was buried in the church at Nazareth. David became more and more influential and respected in Northern Palestine. At the request of the Governor of Jerusalem he was made a deputy-governor of the province, and, as he was universally beloved and trusted, the revenues of Galilee flowed regularly and without disturbance into the imperial exchequer. The aid rendered by the Desposynos was so marked that he too received the rank of an *Illustis*, and was assured of the Emperor's approval. He paid several visits to Antioch, and Philip and Miriam also visited him at Lubiye.

As their elder boys were of the same age, it was agreed that Philip's Eutyches and John should be confirmed in the Church of St. Babylas, at Antioch, at the same time with David's Philip and Andrew, by Bishop Eustathius, who, after the death of Porphyry, and after eighty-five years of schism, had at last united the distracted see under one episcopal head. On that occasion David and his family paid a long visit to their friends and kinsfolk at Antioch.

On the fourteenth birthday of Philip's heir there was a little festival in their new house on the banks of the Orontes. Kallias and his son Innocent, and his little daughters Galla and Pulcheria, were invited; and the groves and gardens round Philip's house, and the vineyard by the side of the river, laden at that time with its rich purple clusters, rang that evening with shouts of young laughter as all the children played together. The boys,

had got up a gymnastic contest — a complete Pentathlon — in which they were to contend with some kinsmen in the second generation of Philip's own boyish friends Achilles and Eros, who had been executed in the terrible sedition of Antioch. The little girls of Kallias wreathed garlands of laurel and parsley, entwined with roses, with which they were to crown the victors. Philip had given his boys the wholesome physical training of young Greeks, so that they had the advantage in skill over David's lads. Of the five contests, they won the crown in quoit-throwing and javelin-hurling; but David's sturdy sons, accustomed to the free shepherd life on the hills of Galilee, beat them in leaping and in the race, and were their equals in the wrestling bout.

Sitting by the fountain in the hall, Philip, David, and Kallias, with the mothers of the children, watched them with happy hearts. Philip thought of the day when he had wrestled with Thorismund in the garden of his adopted father, and as he recalled all that had happened since then, a wave of sadness passed over his mind.

'Ah, David!' he said, 'these are happy days! But when I remember the scenes through which we have passed, I almost shrink from the certainty of the trials which must befall these bright lads and little maidens.'

'Let us treasure the happiness of the present,' said David; 'we will not darken it with the forecast of days to come.'

But Philip murmured half to himself the lines of Homer:

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies:
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these as those have passed away.

'Yes, that is as it should be,' said David. 'We may thank God that we are not immortal. We may thank Him that the good man's life, however it may end, is crowned by the blessed birthright of death.'

'What do you say, my silent Kallias?' asked Philip.

'I say,' said Kallias, 'that if we may, by God's grace,

leave to our children the priceless heritage of character and good example, we leave them the best of treasures, and may be much more than content.'

At this moment Philip's happy son burst in, the picture of health and gladness. 'Spectabilis, and Illustris,' he said, with bows of mock gravity to his father and David, 'and you, Mr. Secretary, and you, ladies, you are all bidden by the voice of the herald to come and see the victors crowned.'

'And who are the great Pentathlic victors?' asked Philip.

'Your eldest son, great Senator, who is fourteen years old to-day, and *ought* to be arrayed in the manly toga; and yours, illustrious sir,' he said, his eyes full of laughter, as he bowed to David.

They all rose and went to the vineyard, where, in a green, open space by the river, they had got up a little masquerade of heralds and Asiarchs, and where, amid loud applause from the circle of comrades and school-fellows, the little maidens of Kallias placed the garlands on the dark hair of the two boys, who were then clad in festal robes, and ceremoniously conducted in procession to the festal banquet which Miriam had prepared for them. And, seated not far off, under the dense foliage of the trees, old Macedonius himself watched them, and smiled as he lifted up his hands and blessed them in their happy youth.

CHAPTER LXXII

THE GREAT REPARATION

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust. — SHIRLEY.

THERE was one event in the years to come which brought a great flood of joy and gratitude into the hearts of the three friends who had been secretaries in the Patriarcheion. It came in the year 437, when they were all three well advanced in years. It was the triumph of innocence, the ultimate reward of justice to the wronged memory of their friend and patron, the Patriarch John of Constantinople. By that time he had already begun to be spoken of by the admiring title of Chrysostom, the Golden-mouthed, which posterity substituted for his actual name.

He had had two successors — Arsacius, who died in 405, and Atticus, who died in 425. Atticus, in spite of the angry opposition of Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, had been compelled by the unanimous opinion of the West, as well as of all the best and holiest men of the Eastern Church, to restore the name of John to the diptychs of the Church of Constantinople. Succeeding Patriarchs were no longer fierce anti-Johannites; and in 434 Proclus, who had been a reader and secretary of Chrysostom himself, was elevated to the Patriarchal throne. One day in the year 437, on the festival of Chrysostom, he was pronouncing a panegyric upon him to the people in the great cathedral, when he was interrupted, not only by the loud applause of the assembled multitude, but also by cries, 'Restore to us our exiled Patriarch! Restore to us the body of our father John!' Proclus made known to the Emperor the wishes of his subjects, and Theodosius II.,

who had read with delight the writings of the great orator, and used to speak of him as 'the teacher of the universe, and the mouth of gold,' granted the request with alacrity. For thirty years the embalmed body of the martyr had been lying in its humble tomb in the Chapel of St. Basiliscus. Theodosius ordered it to be now removed to the capital. In every city through which the coffin was carried it was received by the rejoicing homage of multitudes of ecclesiastics, as well as of the people. At Chalcedon Theodosius had sent an Imperial tribune to receive it; and he himself awaited its arrival in the midst of his senators and high officials and soldiers. It was now January 27, 438. So vast was the concourse of vessels of all sizes that, in the rhetorical figure of the contemporary historian, 'the Propontis was transformed into a continent.' It was night, and the surface of the sea reflected the blaze of innumerable torches, as the citizens poured out in their myriads to welcome back the mortal remains of the Saint who had been expelled from their midst with ignominy and torments. The bier was accompanied in magnificent procession to the Church of the Apostles, where lay buried the former Patriarchs of Constantinople and the Christian emperors, and Arcadius and Eudoxia. No sooner was the coffin laid down than Theodosius knelt before it with his beautiful sister Pulcheria. Then he stripped off his purple mantle and placed it over the saintly relics, and, casting his eyes to the ground and leaning his forehead against the edge of the coffin, prayed aloud for his father and his mother, and that the sins of deadly ignorance which they had committed against God's holy servant might be forgiven them. Before finally enclosing the corpse in the golden shell which had been prepared for it, Proclus had it seated upon the episcopal chair, and a shout arose and reverberated along the gilded roofs. 'Receive thy throne once more, O Father!' Then, not far from the graves of Arcadius and Eudoxia, the body was reinterred, and in that 'great temple of silence and reconciliation' the mortal remains of the martyr and of his murderer mingled in the common dust.

Philip and David and Kallias were all present in

honoured places at this superb ceremony of reparation; for the Patriarch Proclus knew them in old days, and remembered them, and they had been expressly invited to be witnesses of the splendid scenes because they were among Chrysostom's oldest and dearest friends.

When the service was over, Proclus received orders to conduct them to the palace, that they might be presented to the Emperor. He received them separately, and addressed them in words of the most gracious kindness; for he said that he could not better evince his remorseful reverence for the dead Saint than by showing favour to those whom he had loved.

To Kallias, whose name had been favourably mentioned in a letter from Pope Innocent, and also by the Count of the East, he presented a golden inkstand which had once been used by Arcadius himself—the very one, as Philip remembered, into which he had seen the late Emperor dip his stylus at his first memorable interview with him. And he further conferred upon him the title and rank of Protonotary.

He bade David mention any guerdon he desired, and thanked him for his able administration of Northern Palestine. David asked for, and immediately obtained, some enrichment of the humble Church at Nazareth, and a small largess for a festal day among its citizens.

Then Philip entered, and Theodosius received him with yet warmer cordiality. He had heard from his oldest and most honoured officials of the services which Philip had rendered in the days of the Gothic peril; and Arcadius, among his private memoranda, had left a note requesting that Philip might always be regarded as one whom he loved and honoured. Further, the interview at which Arcadius had bidden him kiss Philip, when he was a little boy not seven years old, had been impressed on the memory of Theodosius II., because it had happened shortly before his father's death. It is true that in the thirty years which had elapsed since then the dark locks of Philip had become plentifully sprinkled with silver; but the Emperor still remembered his fine presence, and recognised the Imperial ring, with its shining emeralds, which Arcadius had placed upon his finger.

'Hail, my *Clarissimus!*' said the Emperor, smiling.

'Only a *Spectabilis*, by your Clemency's distinguished favour,' said Philip, bowing low.

'No!' said the Emperor; 'henceforth, after this auspicious day, no less than a *Clarissimus*. Receive the patent of your promotion; there you will find something more than this recognition of your services by your elevation to the highest rank of nobility; but you must not open it till you leave my presence.'

Philip knelt and kissed the hand of his benefactor. 'But that is not all. We owe you a very deep debt of gratitude, both at Constantinople and Antioch, and I bid you to ask of me any boon that you desire.'

'Your Imperial munificence has loaded me with so many favours,' said Philip, 'and has elevated me to a rank so far above my humble birth, that I have nothing to ask.'

'Nevertheless, you *must* ask some favour for my sake, if not for your own.'

'Sire,' said Philip, after a moment's pause, 'there is a boon which would, I think, be most appropriate to this day of reconciliation. When the Patriarch John was banished, David, Kallias, and I had a very young fellow-secretary, named Eutyches, deeply loved by the Patriarch, as by all who ever knew or ever saw him.'

'I have heard of him,' said Theodosius. 'All who talk to me of those days say that he was beautiful as an angel of God.'

'And as innocent as he was beautiful, sire. He was most cruelly tortured to death by the Præfect Optatus, at the instigation of bad bishops and priests. The boon which at your Imperial command I ask is, that a little martyr should be built above his grave.'

'It is but just, Philip. It shall be done at once.'

So over the humble grave of Eutyches rose in due time a little chapel radiant within with lustrous mosaics. Over its small apse was Christ as the Good Shepherd, folding a lamb in His bosom, while others of the feeding sheep looked up at Him. In the ornaments that ran round the walls were the Christian symbols of the Fish, and the Dove with the evergreen leaf, and the ship and palm-branch, and winged genii playing among green leaves and purple

vine-bunches. On one wall was Daniel standing naked but unharmed between two lions, like the soul between the lions of Sin and Death. On the other the Three Children trod the flames of the furnace with bright faces and unscarred feet. Underneath the apse was a mosaic of the head of Eutyches, and under it, in Greek, the inscription:

IN PEACE,
IN CHRIST,
EUTYCHES, MARTYR.
HE LIVES.

L'ENVOI

CHAPTER LXXIII

THE GOOD COUNT OF THE EAST

Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place
The virtues which adversity had bred.— WORDSWORTH.

PHILIP had left the Imperial presence with his heart so tremblingly full of gratitude to God that he did not at once open the document by which the Emperor had promoted him to the highest rank of the nobility. He was too much absorbed in other thoughts to attend to it. How good had God been! In what unsearchable ways had He manifested His eternal purposes! The Patriarch John had suffered, as so many of God's best saints have been called upon to suffer, and to be purged like fine gold in the furnace, by God's mysterious plan. But how had the Eternal Mercy vindicated itself in the slow development of circumstances! Were the brief sufferings of the Patriarch's life to be compared to the exceeding and eternal weight of glory into which he now had entered? Were they not the conditions of his luminous and world-wide example? In spite of the all but universal corruption of the Eastern Church, his rectitude and his innocence had been conspicuously vindicated. His name had been restored to its honoured place in the diptychs of the cathedral. Philip had seen him lowered into his lowly grave in the far-off, humble martyrdom; now he had seen his golden coffin inhumed beside the Imperial tomb. John had been exiled and martyred by an Emperor and an Empress; now their son and successor, accompanied by his sister, had knelt over his remains with tears of penitence and prayers for pardon. Philip's mind was full of the confession extorted from the malevolent wickedness of the persecutors of God's saints in the Book of Wisdom: 'We fools counted his life madness, and his end to be

without honour. How is he set among the children of God, and his lot among the saints!'

It was not strange that Philip should lose himself in these thoughts, for where was he? He was enjoying the hospitality of the Patriarcheion, now the palace of Proclus, who not only loved Chrysostom, but whom Philip could well remember as a young reader in the service of his master. Nay, more, Philip had asked to be accommodated in the dear old anteroom, next to the Patriarch's study, and close by the bedroom in which Eutyches had nursed the wounded Walamir. Memories crowded upon him, and he sank into a dreaming reverie. As he lay there, with closed eyes, he saw, or seemed to see, first Chrysostom, and then Eutyches, each in the glory of their immortality, come on either side, and take his hand, and look upon him with blessings and with smiles.

He awoke and saw the Emperor's missive lying before him. He opened it, and there read, with a start of intense surprise, that Theodosius II. had not only made him a *Clarissimus*, but had actually appointed him Count of the East!

It was a position of almost royal dignity. But Philip did not shrink from it. He had not sought it. It had been bestowed upon him in the Providence of God. He sought Count Anthemius, who was now a Patrician, and chief Minister of the Empire. Anthemius was already in the secret. He rose, with a broad smile on his handsome face, and bowing low, said, 'All happiness to the most illustrious, Count Philip!'

'What am I to do?' asked Philip.

'You are to start for Antioch in two days. You will be sent thither in an Imperial chariot, with an escort of Palatini, and you must remember that your position now requires every adjunct of state dignity which must surround the chief ruler in the East.'

So Philip returned in magnificent state along the old well-known road which he had first traversed riding on the horse of a prætorian, beside the chariot which was conveying Chrysostom to his glory and his doom.

He was received at Antioch with the rapturous accla-

mations of the assembled multitude, and he — the son of the humble tradesman — took official possession of the palace of the mighty and luxurious Seleucid kings. He gave up the house and grounds on the bank of the Orontes for a leper-hospital as a thank-offering to God.

He ruled Antioch and the Præfecture of the East in honour, with inflexible integrity, in merciful justice, with wise tact and universal acceptance. He held his high office for many years. His children grew to manhood in the stately palace, and were a source of blessing and happiness to him. He was universally known as *The Good Count of the East*. He did not attain a great age, but died in the unbroken fulness of his powers. The admiring people would fain have honoured him with gorgeous obsequies, but he desired a simple funeral, and was more than happy in the thought that he was 'descending to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor.'

They wanted to erect to his memory a splendid mausoleum, but he had ordered that his tombstone should only be a simple alabaster slab in the Church of St. Babylas. At each corner was a small mosaic. At the top the three fishes in circle, which typified at once the Lord Jesus and the Trinity: and the famous monogram of Christ from the Labarum of Constantine. Below were carved unguis and a leaden scourge — for had not Philip, too, been a confessor, almost a martyr, for the truth? — and a dove bearing in her beak a green leaf as from the Tree of Life. And the inscription was:

IN PEACE,
IN CHRIST,
PHILLIPUS,
COUNT OF THE EAST.
IN CHRIST HE DIED,
IN CHRIST HE LIVES.

THE END

4/4/96 v.m.

